THE LITERARY DIGEST

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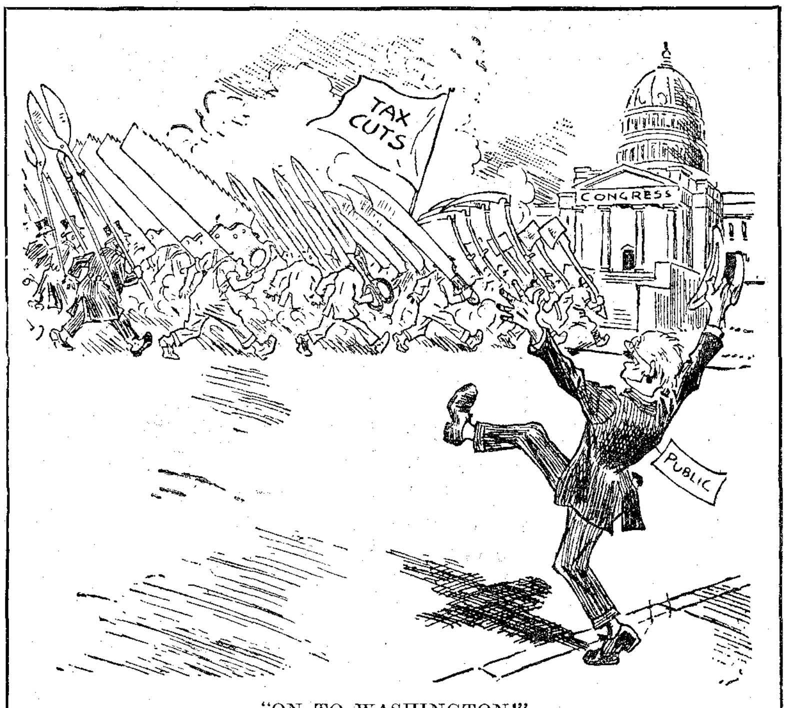
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

TAX-REDUCTION FOR EVERYBODY

THE CHEER OF THE APPROACHING Christmas season takes on an added glow with the publication of the House Ways and Means Committee's comprehensive program of tax-slashing, which puts in the exempt class a million small incomes taxed under the present law, and cuts in two the maximum surtax, the particular bane of the millionaires. At the same time, we are told, it relieves the pressure on the intermediate incomes. "Pretty much everybody" is going to get something in the revenue bill drafted by the House Committee, remarks the Philadelphia *Record;* and another Democratic daily, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, agrees that "from the point of view of small and large taxpayers alike the reductions offered are as substantial as reasonably could have been expected." The equity with which this bill distributes its tax relief is recognized and commended in many other editorial pages, and the Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.) attributes this virtue to the fact that it is a compromise measure, embodying Democratic as well as Republican ideas of tax-reduction. This fact, thinks *The Journal*, "probably assures its emergence from House and Senate in something like its original form." The Committee's bill "is as much a Democratic as a Republican measure," remarks the independent Newark *News*, which sees in it "a return to sanity" that will benefit the taxpayer and raise Congress in public esteem. "Public opinion is making the new tax-bill," declares the New York *Herald Tribune*.



"ON TO WASHINGTON!"

—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.

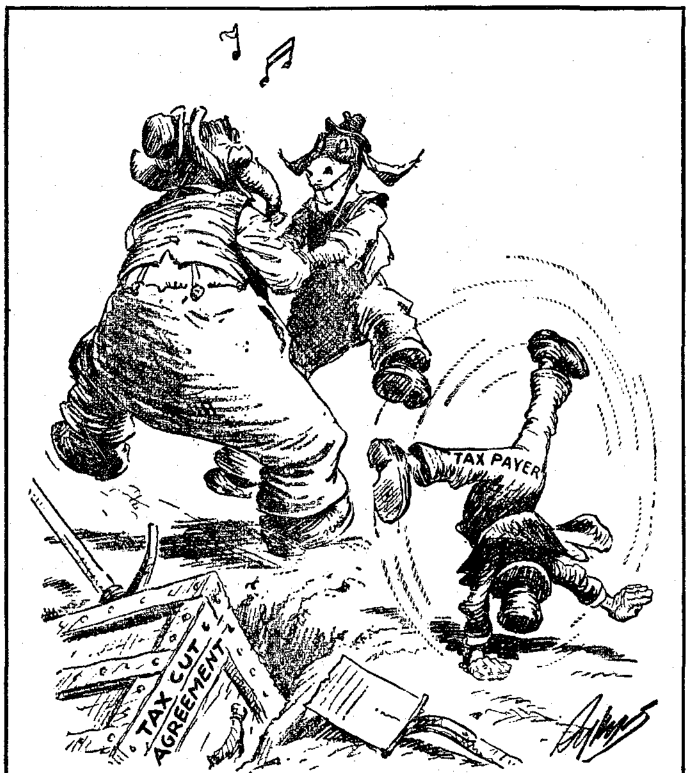
This bill, we are told, will be presented to Congress within a day or two of its assembling on December 7; and Speaker Longworth has assured the President that in its final form it will be enacted into law not later than March 15. Or, as the Boston *Globe* states it, "income tax-reduction by the House is promised as a Christmas present, with the prospect of favorable action by the Senate early enough in the coming year to make the preparation of returns a decidedly pleasant task."

The various reductions in the people's tax bill proposed by the Ways and Means Committee amount to a total of something over $300,000,000. Of this sum, $200,000,000 will be accounted for by raising the income-tax exemption for single men from $1,000 to $1,500 and of married men from $2,500 to $3,500; by reducing the normal income-tax rates; by reducing the maximum surtax rate (now 40 per cent.) to 20 per cent. on incomes above $100,000; by reducing the inheritance-tax maximum rate to 20 per cent. on $10,000,000; and by abolishing the gift-tax. The remaining $100,000,000 cut will be made in the excise or nuisance taxes—including the taxes on automobiles, alcohol, cigars, jewelry, firearms, cameras, and art works.

Returning to the Committee's changes in the personal income-tax rates, we find it proposing normal rates as follows: 1½ per cent. on the first $4,000; 3 per cent. on the next $4,000; and 5 per cent. on the balance. Under the present law the normal rates are: 2 per cent. on the first $4,000; 4 per cent. on the next $4,000; and 6 per cent. on the remainder. As under the present law, the taxpayer will get a 25 per cent. reduction on earned income; but the limit of what may be classed as earned income will be raised from $10,000 to $20,000. In addition, the much-discust publicity feature of the present law will be eliminated, if the Committee's bill succeeds in running the gantlet of the House and Senate. A table showing how the proposed rates will affect married men with incomes from $3,000 to $100,000 is printed on page 7.

Several factors, says *The Wall Street Journal*, make for speedy action on the revenue bill. These are:

> "First, there is the general expectation of tax-reductions before the next returns are due and the desire of both parties in Congress to meet these expectations in full. Neither will be willing to shoulder responsibility for delay.
>
> "Second, while partizanship in framing the tax bill will not be entirely absent, there appears to be as little partizanship about the work now going forward as has been the case since war time. Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee do not seem disposed to frame a separate bill as they did two years ago. Indeed, Democratic and Republican members of the Committee are not very far apart in their views, and it



OH, JOY!

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

should not be difficult to adjust them in committee discussions.

"Third, there is no other big measure in the way of the tax bill, as there was two years ago when Congress insisted on getting the soldier bonus bill through before the tax bill was passed.

"Fourth, there are few administrative provisions recommended in this tax legislation. The framing and discussion of these sometimes takes longer than the determination of tax rates."

Nevertheless, predict many observers, the bill has a stiff fight ahead of it when it reaches the Senate. Thus in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* we read that both Democratic and insurgent Republican Senators are sharpening their knives for the attack. Many Senate Democrats, according to this correspondent, "are not disposed to follow the lead of Representative Garner of Texas, ranking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee." Senator Smoot, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, while indorsing the Ways and Means Committee's bill in the main, argues that the inheritance-tax should be repealed outright, and is opposed to the $3,500 exemption for married men. In an editorial headed "The Obstreperous Senate," the Buffalo *Evening Post* remarks:

"The Senate, of course, has no power to originate revenue measures. All such bills must come to the upper chamber from the House of Representatives. But the power of the former to amend is unlimited, and it can strike out everything after the title and write a new tax measure. This it has done on more than one previous occasion. However, the Senators will do well not to go too far. The House Ways and Means Committee is preparing a bill that will apparently meet the approval of the country."

And in the New York *World* we read:

"Senator Smoot, as a leading conservative, thinks that the House measure contains too many objectionable features of the present law, while Senator Norris sees in it a victory of the conservative forces in both parties. The Nebraska Senator is going to fight against the repeal of the publicity clause and the reductions in the estate tax and the surtaxes. Members of the old farm bloc may be expected to join him. This group, however, will not have the influence in the coming session that it has wielded heretofore. The Senate's revisions, however, are more likely to affect the details than the underlying principles of the House measure."

In an editorial warning the Senate that evils lurk in delayed tax-relief, the New York *Times* has this to say:

"Members of Congress may not be accustomed to look beyond their noses, but business men must lay their plans long ahead. At this time of the year they are making preparations for next spring. Equally important is it for taxpayers and investors to know in advance what they must count upon. The truth is that a good part of the practical value of tax-relief lies in the speed with which it is effected. No mistake could be greater than that made by Senators who are cheerfully looking forward to dawdling for months over the new revenue bill."

Senatorial criticisms of the new tax-bill have, of course, their echoes in the press. Thus the New York *Commercial* finds in most of its provisions "a contempt for sound principles of taxation that is heart-breaking." Says this business daily:

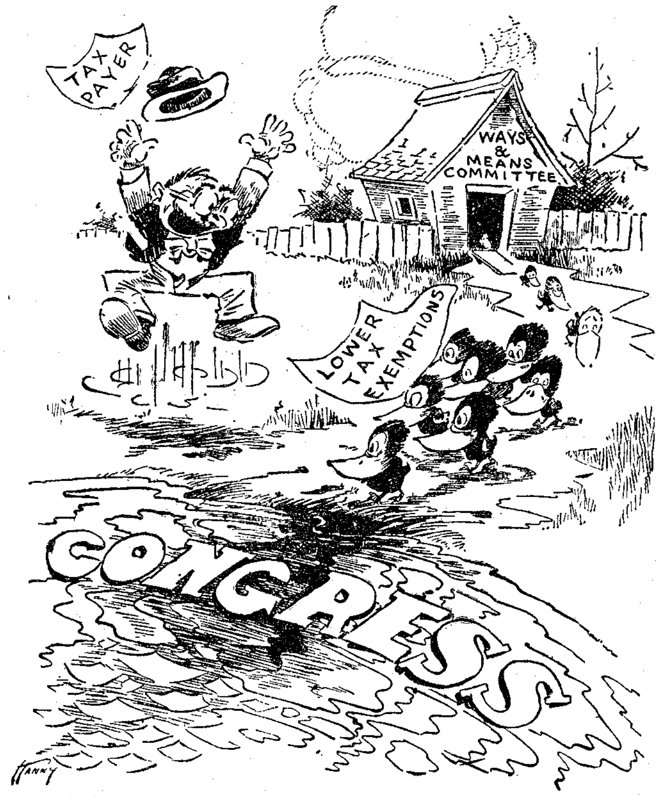
"It has raised exemptions to the point that denies more than a million of those who now pay taxes the right of a direct interest in the expenditure of public money; it has retained the iniquitous death tax and has refused to repeal the inequitable and penalizing capital-stock levy. In addition, it has ignored and flouted the recommendations of the fiscal officers of the Government in the matter of the amount that is to be lopped off of present revenues from taxation."

A number of papers share Secretary Mellon's theory that it is bad policy to reduce the number of income-tax payers by increased exemptions, because "the man who pays an income tax feels that he has a stake in the country." "There is no more democratic principle than 'share alike' in both responsibilities and privileges," says the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph;* and, the Chicago *Tribune* adds:

"We think the House Ways and Means Committee, in recommending an increased exemption which will remove 1,000,000 people from the tax rolls, acted unwisely.

"The ideal tax scheme would place a levy on the income of every person, no matter how small the return. In practise, of course, this is impossible; for the cost of collection is considerable. Exemption then should begin only when the profit from the tax itself is wiped out by the cost of its collection.

"To raise the exemption limit undoubtedly causes a warm glow



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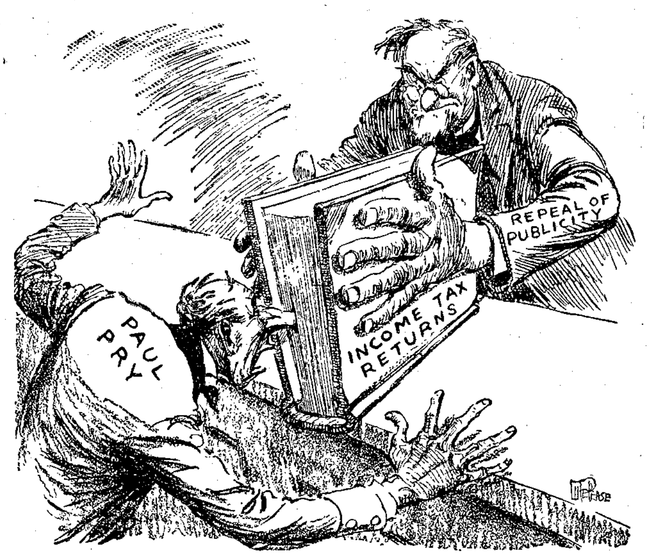
HOPE THEY ALL LIVE

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*



THE ONLY ONE HURT

—Pease in the Newark *News*.

of gratitude in the bosoms of the constituents. A million citizens are gladdened by the news that a million less citizens will have to pay any tax at all next year, if the recommended schedule is adopted.

"Which is good politics—to please the constituency, but the system is wrong. Any system is wrong that creates a class of spongers who pay nothing directly to the Government, but let some one else pay for them. No matter how pleasant at first is the news of no taxes, we believe that on second thought a great majority would prefer to pay their way. Out of the 110,000,000 people living in the United States, only 4,000,000 pay taxes,' said President Coolidge when he approved the tax-reduction of 1924. On the basis of the 25,000,000 families in this country, counting but one taxpayer per family, only 16 per cent. of American families pay directly toward the cost of the national Government.

"Lower the tax rate, of course. Lower it until it will work no real hardship on the small taxpayer. But lower the exemption with it. Build the tax triangle on a base as broad as possible. Let every one have a stake in the country."

But in the main, as already indicated, the reaction of the press to the Ways and Means Committee's program of tax-reduction is favorable. "The principle behind it is sound, and fair to all," says the Boston *Post*, which believes the new tax measure "is a big step toward the final abandonment of the Federal income tax, which is the logical goal." Applauding the fact that the Committee cuts deeply into the tax rates, the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* remarks:

"There may be something of political consideration in the Committee's disposition to cut rather deeply, but the disposition itself is not to be deplored, if the relief soon to be extended is distributed with reasonable fairness among taxpayers of all groups. The lower rates, by the stimulation of business activity, may produce more revenue than can be calculated in advance with any degree of certainty. And even if the funds forthcoming were not adequate to meet the appropriation demands, a deficit is less dangerous than a surplus. A deficit can be made up later and is an incentive to economy, while a surplus is a temptation to extravagance."

Discussing with approval the 50 per cent. reduction in the maximum surtax, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* says:

"Two weeks of public hearings before the Ways and Means Committee have gone far to confirm the impression that there will be no contest this year over the surtaxes. That much became evident last summer when Senators representing such widely divergent schools of political thought as Curtis of Kansas, Robinson of Arkansas, and Couzens of Michigan were found to be in favor of drastic surtax reduction. Confirmatory evidence is now afforded by the fact that Secretary Mellon's proposal for reducing the surtaxes to a maximum of 20 per cent. has met with no opposition from witnesses appearing at the Ways and Means Committee hearing. Another indication of similar nature is the absence of opposition from any member of the Committee itself. It might almost be said that the Mellon surtax proposal around which the fires of controversy raged most bitterly during the consideration of the revenue bill two years ago has ceased to be an issue."

The Committee's decision in favor of repealing the publicity feature of the income-tax law is applauded by many papers as a victory for public opinion and decency. Thus in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* we read:

"Meddlers and prying busybodies will find small comfort in the decision of the House Ways and Means Committee to repeal the publicity provisions of the income-tax law.

"No good purpose has been served by income-tax publicity. It was claimed that publicity would tend to discourage tax-dodging and falsification of returns. It has had an opposite effect. Publication has been conducive to deception. It has been harmful to business and industry. It has bred jealousies and stirred injurious contentions. It has been an invasion of the privacy to which individuals are entitled. It has gratified only the small minority which delights in poking into the affairs of others, and has satisfied a certain negligible inquisitiveness on the part of the general public.

"The publicity provision was a legislative mistake. It was backed largely by radicals who seemed to believe that the publication of returns would in some way embarrass men of large incomes.

"Inasmuch as the measure now under discussion will doubtless be decided in House and Senate along non-partizan lines there is every reason to believe that the recommended change will be made effective. Some of the more radical legislators may offer objections, if only to keep their records consistent, but no large or organized opposition is expected."

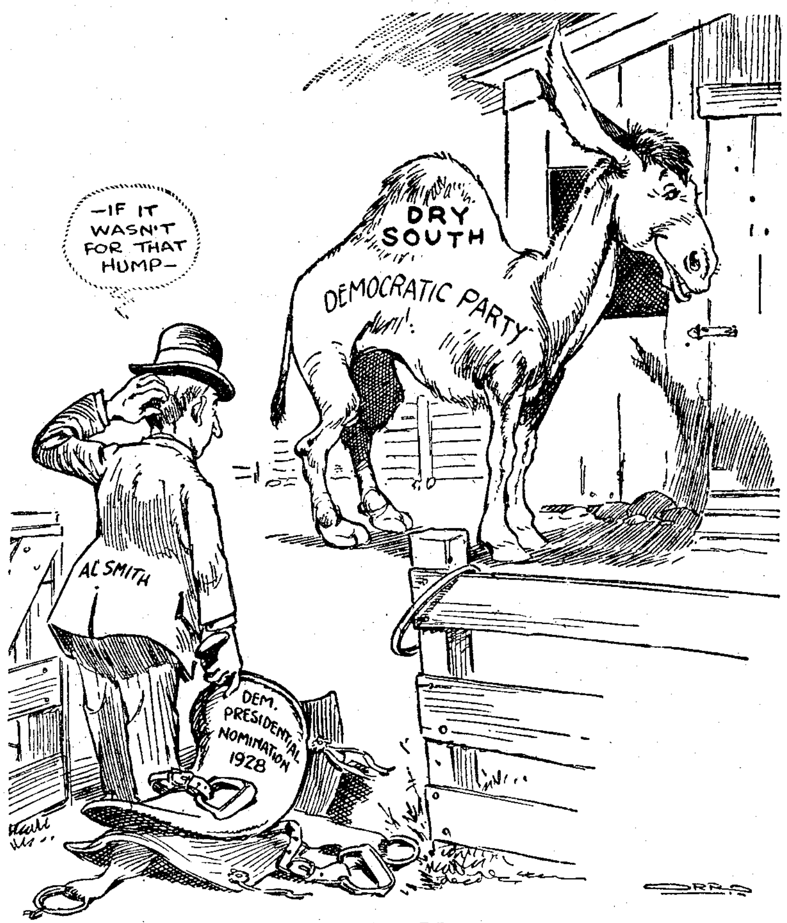
PRESENT AND PROPOSED INCOME TAXES

THE following table shows what the head of a family, without dependents other than his wife, would pay on incomes ranging from $3,000 to $100,000, under the 1924 Revenue Act now in effect and under the rates tentatively agreed upon by the Ways and Means Committee of the House.

Net Income	*Present Tax*	*Committee Rate*
$3,000	$7.50	$0.00
3,500	15.00	0.00
5,000	37.50	16.88
6,000	57.50	28.13
7,000	87.50	39.38
8,000	127.50	56.25
9,000	167.50	78.75
10,000	207.50	101.25
11,000	267.50	131.25
12,000	337.50	168.75
13,000	407.50	213.75
14,000	477.50	258.75
15,000	557.50	311.25
16,000	637.50	363.75
18,000	817.50	483.75
20,000	1,017.50	618.75
22,000	1,237.50	818.75
24,000	1,477.50	1,038.75
26,000	1,737.50	1,278.75
28,000	2,017.50	1,538.75
30,000	2,317.50	1,818.75
32,000	2,637.50	2,118.75
34,000	2,957.50	2,418.75
36,000	3,297.50	2,738.75
38,000	3,657.50	3,078.75
40,000	4,037.50	3,438.75
45,000	5,027.50	4,368.75
50,000	6,137.50	5,358.75
55,000	7,367.50	6,408.75
60,000	8,677.50	7,458.75
70,000	11,577.50	9,658.75
80,000	14,877.50	11,958.75
90,000	18,537.50	14,358.75
100,000	22,617.50	16,758.75

"SELLING" TAMMANY TO THE SOUTH

CAN'T A NEW YORKER stop over for a visit in Atlanta without a whole nation making it a political incident? Apparently not, for while Mayor-elect Walker of New York insists that his recent entertainment in the heart of the South, at the hands of a prominent McAdoo leader, "has no political significance," editors and political writers loudly insist that it is very, very significant. They recall that after Smith's victory over Hylan in the New York primaries in September, he made a trip to Chicago that was considered part of a plan to "Nationalize Al Smith." And after the voters of New York State had accepted Smith's constitutional amendments, and his friend Walker was elected Mayor of New York, the latter's Southern trip is interpreted by the press as an effort to "sell Tammany to the South," and to remove Southern distrust of the Governor.


—IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT HUMP—
DRY SOUTH
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
AL SMITH
DEM. PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION 1928
ORR

Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Copyrighted, 1925, by the Chicago *Tribune*

GOING TO BE HARD TO SADDLE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

The first apparent effect of the Walker salesmanship is the editorial reaction in the Southern press. That the next Mayor of New York "sold" himself was readily agreed by all press writers commenting on the personal impression made by the youthful, eloquent, and debonair New Yorker, and on his graceful speech. He told of "Tammany's march of progress," and lauded Tammany as "the greatest charitable organization in all the world," as the organization "that during the last six years in New York has, through its standard bearers, appropriated $198,000,000 for the construction of free public schools." Of his own presence in Atlanta he said:

> "I am here as no man's advance agent. So far as Governor Smith is concerned, he needs none. He can and will speak for himself. My mission is to have you understand Tammany Hall as we understand you. . . . I am just a normal human being, the symbol of Tammany Hall."

But the important political question is, did Mr. Walker "sell Al Smith"? And a majority of the Southern papers whose opinions have come to us in a telegraphic poll conclude that he did not. As the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* firmly declares: "Al Smith may be the ablest, just as he is the most picturesque, figure in national life to-day, but that does not alter the fact that when the time comes to nominate a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, the South will have none of him." Similarly, the Macon *Telegraph* admits that Mr. Walker is a high type of man, the type of Tammany representative which is strengthening that organization every day in New York City, and that he may do much to dispel distrust and unify the Democratic party, but—

> "Selling Governor Smith is another and different thing. As much as *The Telegraph* deplores the prejudice, we recognize its existence, and believe it beyond human bounds to dissolve it to the point where a majority of Southerners will be willing to accept Smith as a presidential candidate."

The South was frigid toward Smith at the New York convention and "to-day it is frozen solid," wires the Mobile *Register*. "Smith is no stronger in the South than he was last year," agrees the Tampa *Tribune*, which continues:

> "He will not have the support of a Southern State in the next convention. We do not know the road the Democratic party of the South will take between now and 1928. But it will not be the road that leads to Tammany Hall. Southern Democrats are not given to such complete and sudden changes. They are not willing to sell their convictions for the electoral vote of New York."

The idea thus exprest by the Florida daily is also touched on by the Knoxville *Sentinel*, which does not believe that "prolonged exclusion from political power has brought the South to the point where it is ready to sell its birthright for a mess of political pottage." While "the ability to win is a strong recommendation for a man who offers himself as a champion of a party reeling under the weight of many routs," the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* does not think the Southern Democrats will for some time "be able to forget the animosities of the last national convention and forget their mistrust and prejudice." While many Southern Democrats feel that Tammany has improved under its new leaders, nevertheless, "the South is not ready to accept Tammany nor will the Walker visit accomplish anything for Governor Smith," in the deliberate judgment of the Columbia *Record*. Somewhat more picturesquely the Chattanooga *News* telegraphs:

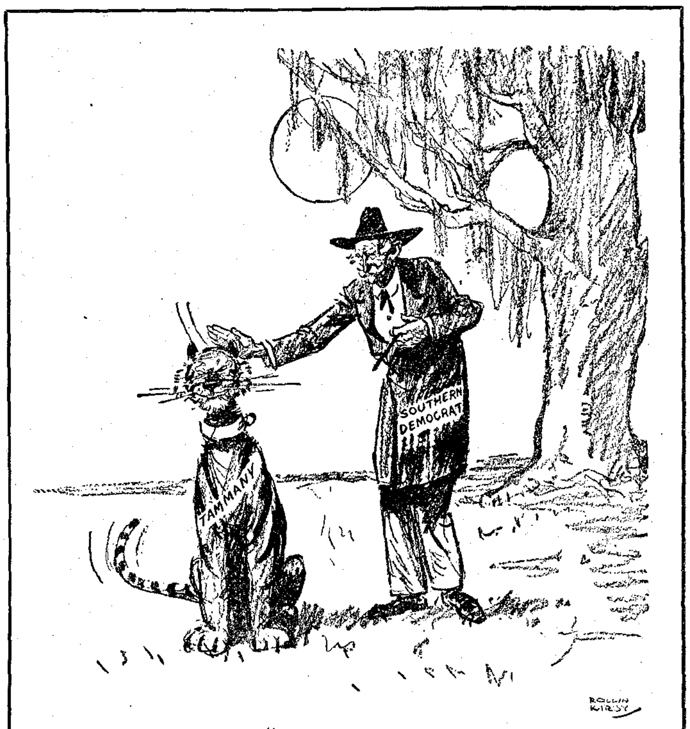
> "The Tammanyites of the East have not abandoned their hopes of persuading the South that they are politically, morally and ethically as white as the driven snow, as free from guile as a new-born babe, and as pure as the Easter lily. We fear, however, that the Tammany Tiger has bitten off a bit more than even he can chew.
>
> "The public is not yet ready to install Tammany Hall in the White House, and the Governor has, by his declaration that he is not a candidate, apparently shown his recognition of this fact."

In Georgia the Savannah *News* sees not a chance in a hundred that the State will support Smith for President; not because his personal qualities are not appreciated, not because of any K. K. K. activities in the State, "but simply because the South is not yet ready to vote for a man of Governor Smith's persuasion for President." "Whenever the papers of New York go to writing about Al Smith or Mayor-elect Walker as factors in the next Presidential election, they get foolish," in the opinion of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.* This paper does not look upon Governor Smith as Presidential timber, and its reason "is not because he is a Catholic, but because he is a wet." In Alabama the Birmingham *Age-Herald* thus succinctly states its reasons for concluding that Mayor-elect Walker's Atlanta visit could not possibly have any mollifying effect on the South's attitude toward "the Tammany influence":

> "Tammany and what it represents are diametrically opposed to the principles of the Democratic party. Even tho the Tiger might change its stripe, it is still Tiger under its skin. Tammany believes in the spoils system, in rule for the benefit of the few and the hoodwinking of the ignorant, and in other policies subversive of the public welfare. It is wet. For the South to affiliate with Tammany would be for the South to betray the true Democrats of the East. It would be for the South to be untrue to its own principles, its own people, and its own tenets of good government.
>
> "Al Smith likewise can not be acceptable to the South because of his affiliations with Tammany, because at the last convention he was willing to destroy the party for the sake of his own ambition, because he is a wet, and because of his religion. The first three reasons have a sound substantial basis that can not be shaken, for they represent the South's political attitude on the most trying occasions. And, however much anybody may deprecate religious prejudice in the exercise of the ballot, it exists, and must be taken into account as a factor in political results."

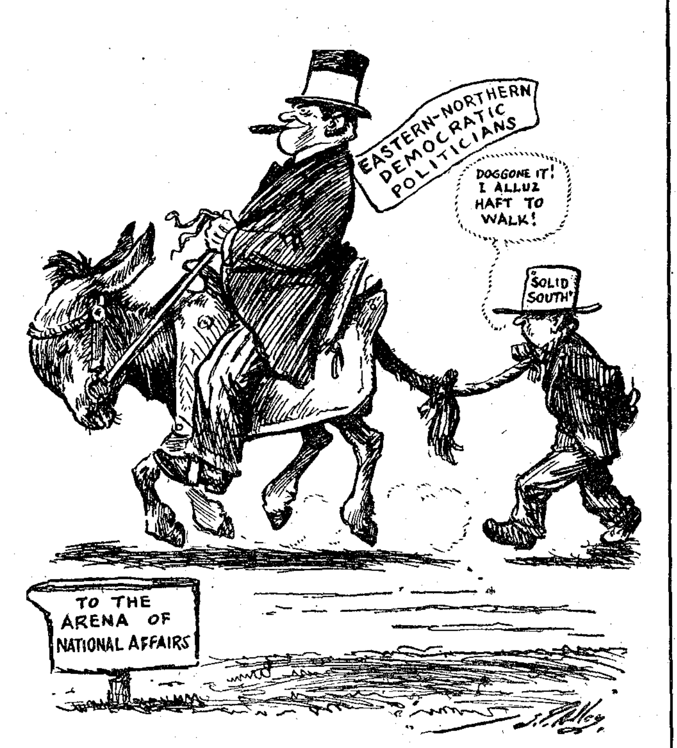
Visits like Walker's may help soften some of the asperities remaining from the last Democratic convention, but, remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* "softening the asperities is not overcoming the South's distaste for the Smith candidacy, a distaste that is certain to make trouble for any group that should try to give Smith the 1928 nomination." Such opposition is a certainty, but, adds the Virginian daily, while the South may be depended on to oppose Smith in the Convention, "it also may be depended upon to vote for him should he be nominated."

Some Southern dailies are non-committal with regard to the supposed errand of Mayor-elect Walker. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* welcomes Mr. Walker, but tells him that "the South is not concerning itself just now about anybody's Presidential boom." The only useful thing that Walker could do, in the opinion of *The Herald-Post* of the same Kentucky city, would be to start a move for the elimination of both Smith and McAdoo from the contest for the nomination. As far as North Carolina is concerned, says the Charlotte *Observer,* the only thing that matters is how many Smith and how many anti-Smith delegates can be mustered for the next convention. *The Arkansas Gazette,* of Little Rock, insists that Mayor Walker's visit to Atlanta is merely a social incident which will not affect national politics.



"NICE KITTY"

—Kirby in the New York *World.*


EASTERN-NORTHERN DEMOCRATIC POLITICIANS
DOGGONE IT! I ALLUZ HAFT TO WALK!
SOLID SOUTH
TO THE ARENA OF NATIONAL AFFAIRS
J.P. Alley

DELIVERED "ON THE HOOF"!

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

But if we turn to the Southern papers which are more friendly to Smith, we find the Tampa *Times* reiterating its opinion that he is first-class Presidential timber. It hopes that Georgia can be brought to see this. The South "has never had any antipathy for Al Smith personally," so the Florida paper thinks that "if it can be brought to forget its opposition to some things, which opposition is reflected upon Governor Smith, we will have made progress in real Americanism." During Mr. Walker's visit to Atlanta, *The Constitution,* one of the oldest papers in the South, insisted that its own "repeated contention that the Democratic party can not win in the next national election without the vote of New York is emphasized by his presence." It continued:

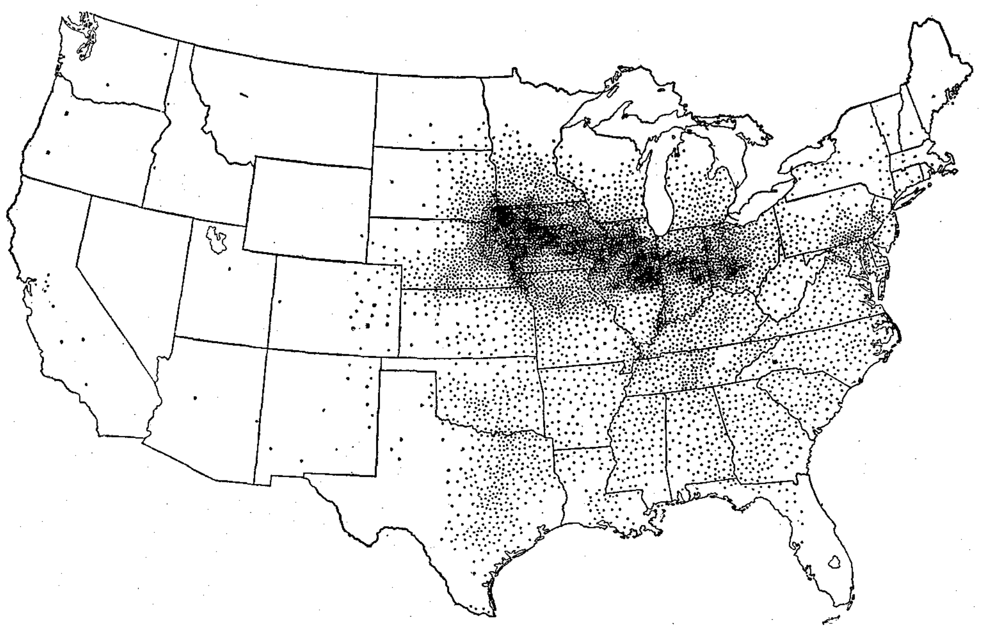
> "The sooner that fact is realized, and the sooner the Democratic party quits flirting with the wild radicalism of the Far West in the hope of converting hide-bound Republicans who can not and who will not be pulled away from their affiliation, the better it will be for its welfare.
>
> "It has well-nigh been driven to the rocks by following the misleading chant of pied pipers, whose incantations invariably lead it into the morass of defeat.
>
> "So apropos of the visit of New York's Mayor-elect, we venture the suggestion that the Democratic party can do no better than to keep its eye on New York next time."

In another Southern metropolis the New Orleans *Item-Tribune* expresses some doubts as to whether the South is as violently anti-Tammany as has been supposed. Mr. Walker, remarks the Montgomery *Advertiser,* came to persuade the South that "Alfred E. Smith, tho a member of the same church that the late Christopher Columbus was, has neither hoofs nor horns, that he is not a cannibal, nor a conspirator against the safety of the republic or the sanctity of our firesides." On the contrary, we are told, "Mr. Walker accepts the theory that Smith is a patriot, a statesman, a gentleman—and a running Democrat with a marvelous track record." And the Alabama paper goes on:

> "If Mr. Walker remains in the South very long he will find that a good many people are more friendly to Smith and Tammany than they are likely to admit. The opposition is considerable, it is resolute, and there will be a savage fight. Indeed, it has already begun."

While the Chattanooga *Times* doubts very much that Mr. Walker went South in order to secure approval of Tammany or indorsement of Governor Smith, it declares that:

> "If Gov. Al Smith were not a Catholic, there would not be a State in the South that would not be overwhelmingly for him, because he is honest, able, efficient in the transaction of public business, and a sound Democrat. It is, perhaps, a fine thing that this issue be raised, in order that we may know whether the spirit of the Democracy of to-day stands for the desertion of the fundamentals of the American Republic as enunciated in its Constitution, and whether it means that a religious test may be applied to bar a great American from the honors and emoluments an admiring people would otherwise gladly and with enthusiasm bestow upon him."



Diagrams from U. S. Census Report

THE "CORN BELT"

In the above corn-production map, based on the 1919 crop, each dot represents 400,000 bushels.

The widely prevalent newspaper suggestion that Mayor Walker went to Atlanta as part of a definite move to "sell" Smith to the South seems to be shared by Raymond Clapper of the United Press, who said in a dispatch appearing in the Atlanta *Constitution* during the Mayor-elect's stay in the Georgia city:

> "Smith's bid for popularity follows another one almost as striking in its audacity, his recent appearance at a Middle-Western Democratic rally at Chicago, when party leaders and delegations from several States in the grain-belt saw him in action.
>
> "Such activity almost three years ahead of the next Presidential campaign is unusual. It indicates one of the most determined fights ever made for the Democratic nomination.
>
> "Smith has shown greater vote-pulling ingenuity than any Democrat now on the national horizon. This is a tempting piece of bait to be hung up before Democratic politicians thinking of the halcyon days before the Harding era. If Smith's advance agents can thaw out the South to its normal degree of hospitality his chances at the Presidential nomination will be good. Failing, the Southern delegates will constitute a veto that will bar him from the highest honors in the Democratic party."

The task of nationalizing Tammany as a Democratic organization will not be easy, suggests the Washington *Star* (Ind.), "but Mr. Walker has certainly made a good start."

TOO MUCH CORN

WITH THE CRIBS BURSTING with a bumper crop of corn, costing the farmer 75 cents a bushel to raise, and the selling price only 50 cents a bushel, the agricultural problem, remark several Washington correspondents, is beginning to worry the Coolidge Administration again. As affecting the purchasing power of the "corn-belt" farmer, this is of interest to the entire country. "Last year," we are reminded by the Minneapolis *Journal*, "when corn was selling at more than a dollar a bushel, Iowa farmers had little corn to sell. This year, with a 3,000,000,000-bushel crop, they face a price trend that indicates about fifty cents a bushel for new corn."

"With elevators offering as low as 56 cents a bushel, many farmers in Illinois find they have produced this year's crop at an actual loss," telegraphs the Springfield *State Journal*, one of the "corn-belt" newspapers polled by wire. Naturally, wires the Des Moines *Capital*, the farmer's purchasing power suffers in a situation of this kind, and business and manufacturing throughout the country are adversely affected.

The "corn crisis," we are told, comes just as President Coolidge has terminated the existence of his Agricultural Commission, on the strength of its report that nothing remained for it to do. Every State producing corn is affected by the situation, say Washington dispatches, but those hit hardest, judging from the appeals that come to the President and Secretary of Agriculture Jardine, are Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, and Missouri. According to Carter Field, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

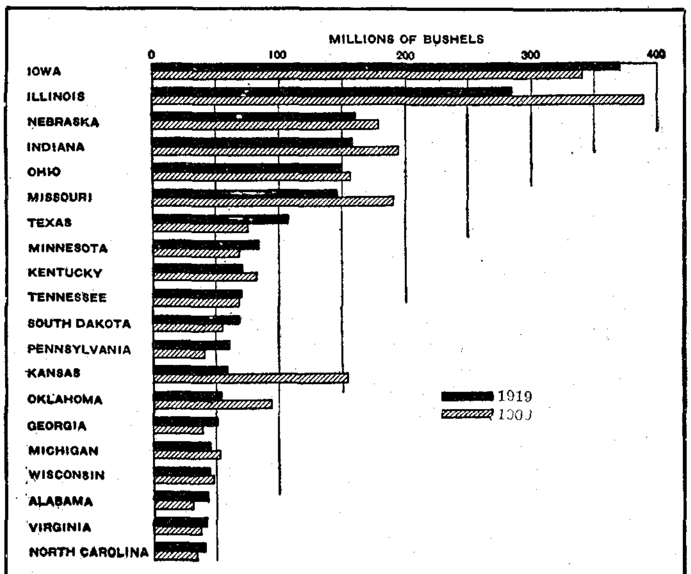
> "With a three-billion-bushel corn crop being dumped on a market which had been expecting to absorb a two-and-a-half billion-bushel crop, and with the price of corn on the farm as a result reduced to fifty cents a bushel, President Coolidge has sent two experts to the Middle West to see what can be done to save the situation.
>
> "Nils A. Olson, assistant in the Bureau of Economics of the Department of Agriculture, and Albert C. Williams, of the Farm Loan Board, have headed straight for the center of the trouble, Iowa, where in one Congressional district alone in the last week five banks have closed their doors.
>
> "The chief trouble is that the corn raisers of this country have piled up a crop estimated at 3,000,000,000 bushels, as against a crop last year of slightly less than 2,500,000,000 bushels. This 20 per cent. increase of production naturally would have a tremendously depressing effect on the price, even if there were no other complications.
>
> "Added to this, it is pointed out, is the fact that the number of feeders is much smaller than expected and consequently there is not the normal supply of cattle and hogs which can be fattened on corn.
>
> "The third factor in depressing the price is the fact that the farmers never have fully recovered from the hard times which followed the war. As a result they are not able financially to hold their corn until the natural demand for it increases, but feel obliged to dump it on the market regardless of what they get for it.
>
> "So corn, which they claim cost seventy-five cents a bushel to produce, is being sold on the farms at fifty cents a bushel."

Farmers in the corn belt, in the opinion of Governor Hammill, of Iowa, must be able not only to get credit, but also to borrow money at a lower rate of interest in order to hold their crop for future marketing, and thus realize a fair profit. "If we can control the marketing of anything on the farm, we can control the marketing of corn," believes the Des Moines *Register*. To another Iowa paper, the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, "this would be a good time to test out the efficacy of the warehouse plan of orderly marketing." Under this plan, according to *The Iowa Homestead*, of Des Moines, Iowa farmers may store their corn in their own cribs, have it inspected, padlocked, and insured, and use the county certificates issued thereon for collateral on which to borrow money from local banks. For this and other reasons, says the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye*, "the Iowa corn situation is far from being gloomy." The bank failures that have occurred, says *The Nebraska Farmer* (Lincoln), were due to "inflation and unsound banking practises of the past, and not to unfavorable agricultural conditions." This farm journal, the Sioux City *Tribune*, Kansas City *Star*, Sioux City *Journal* and Chicago *Tribune*, wire us that there is no "corn crisis," despite newspaper headlines to that effect. While there has been a decline in the price of corn, admits the Kansas City *Star*, "it is not nearly so serious to the farmer as a similar decline in a cash crop like wheat would be." For, we are told:

"More than 80 per cent. of the corn raised on the farm is marketed on the hoof. The farmer who has plenty of animals on his place feeds his corn to his cattle and hogs. So the price doesn't so much matter. He sells his corn, not as corn, but as beef and pork. So long as he gets a fair price for his finished product, he doesn't worry over the cheapness of the raw material that goes to making that product. It is when a farmer has to buy high-priced corn to feed low-priced animals that he is in trouble."

The price of corn has declined recently, observes the Sioux City *Journal*, "but this is not unusual at this time of the year. Instead of a 'corn crisis' in Iowa, it would be nearer to the truth to say there is a political crisis, with malcontents trying to bolster up their declining fortunes." "What the Iowa farmer requires," maintains the Davenport *Times*, "is sufficient credit to permit him to withhold his crop long enough to avert a glut of the market." We read on:

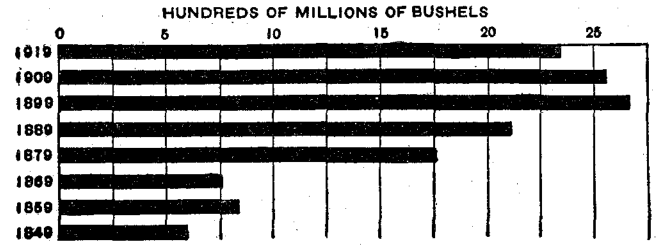
"Orderly marketing is necessary if the corn-belt is to be spared a repetition of the distress of the last several years. The growers are being advised to hold their corn. The intermediate credit banks are ready to loan the farmers money on warehouse receipts when the grain is stored in terminal warehouses, line elevators or cooperative elevators. But the capacity of these is not in excess of 35,000,000 bushels. The size of the crop demands that most of it be stored in the crib.



THE TWENTY LEADING CORN STATES

Iowa still leads, apparently, with an estimated crop this year of 450,000,000 bushels.

"Already a number of county banks are loaning money on these receipts of padlocked corn at 75 per cent. of the value of the grain. But the resources of the Iowa banks are unequal to the demands of the present situation. If dumping is to be averted, many times the amount which the banks in the State can advance will be necessary. A six-months' holdover might force an unloading no less disastrous than were it to come earlier."



CORN PRODUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES

In 1920, 1921, and 1923 the nation's corn crops were virtually as large *as the estimated crop for this year—more than* 3,000,000,000 bushels.

But "credits and other temporary expedients mean nothing until a fair market is established under which prices will have reasonable relation to the bona fide working of supply and demand," asserts the Sioux City *Tribune*. Continues this paper:

"Farmers can create temporary effects on the market by holding their grain, but no matter when they sell, they are subject to the organized wiles of big-buying interests with the disposition and the facilities for securing the products at the lowest possible prices and in absolute disregard of production costs. The marketing system was established for buyers, is operated by buyers, and is not in any way designed to deal fairly with producers. Manipulative effects through grain-gambling should be abolished and a system should be organized to handle the exportable surpluses in the interests of American producers."

According to the Des Moines *Capital:*

"In six years, Iowa farmers have lost a billion dollars through the lack of price equality with other products of the nation. The farmer's purchasing power suffered to that extent over that period. This estimate of loss is made by the Director of Agricultural Extension at Iowa State College.

"Iowa needs strong commodity organizations wholly free from political influence."

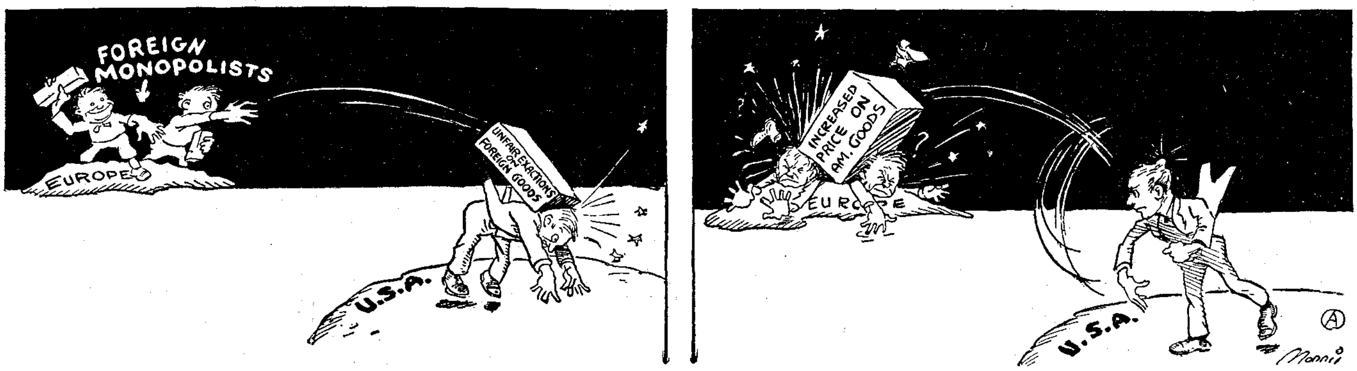
Farmers who are compelled to sell their corn, or a part of the crop, at present prices, avers the Springfield *State Journal*, "are unable to figure reasonable wages in return for their work." For

"Overhead on corn production this year was unusually heavy. Wages maintained the level of last year, when no corn sold for less than a dollar a bushel. The spring freeze caused much replanting, with duplication of work and seed. The replanting was done, too, when seed could be had only at fancy prices. Nursing the corn through the season, after it got a late start, cost extra money. It is costing extra money to gather the crop, because late fall rains have slowed up the husking and have made it impossible to haul heavy loads."

Corn prices in the Middle West, writes C. C. Clifton in the Des Moines *Register*, are making State political leaders uneasy, and the situation is serious enough to attract the attention of the President and the Secretary of Agriculture, who have sent government investigators into the area affected. The interest manifested in Washington regarding the corn situation is thus explained by the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil:*

"The corn-grower is a consumer as well as a producer. The wage of the man who works with his hands measures his buying and consuming power. The price of corn determines the buying power of the grower with the same precision. This buying power should concern every man in America.

"A price for corn which yields a profit to the grower is bound to be a strong stimulant to all lines of business in this country, for among all our crops corn is king."



A WARNING TO EUROPE

Mr. Hoover declares that unless European monopolists cease practising extortion on the American consumer, which amounts to $300,000,000 yearly, America may "hit back."
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

MR. HOOVER'S WARNING TO FOREIGN-TRADE GOUGERS

CERTAIN FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS, thinks the Washington *Post*, may well heed the warning against the growing evil of international profiteering recently sounded by Secretary of Commerce Hoover in an address to the Erie Chamber of Commerce. In that speech, points out one editor, Mr. Hoover practically served notice on a number of nations that if they do not curb the monopolistic organizations concerned with the production of raw materials such as rubber, coffee, nitrates, potash, jute, sisal, antimony, tungsten, nickel, asbestos, tea, and so forth, and thus prevent exorbitant prices being placed upon these necessities, the United States will be compelled to retaliate by raising export prices on cotton, copper, oil, and other raw materials, which this country produces.

In fact, says the Boston *Transcript*, "no larger issue has been presented to the world of commerce than that set forth in Mr. Hoover's grave utterance in the Pennsylvania city." "Coming from a man like the Secretary of Commerce, it is important, and ought to be impressive in official circles abroad," thinks the Minneapolis *Tribune*, and the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, a Democratic daily, is glad that Mr. Hoover has sounded this warning. "He will have the backing of every true American, irrespective of political affiliations." Furthermore, hints the Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail:*

> "If foreign Governments, through monopolistic control, are to deny to America, except at exorbitant prices, raw materials vital to many of its industrial pursuits, America can do little less than adopt a policy of retaliation. In matters of this kind, the Government's first duty is to its own people."

Secretary Hoover, notes the Washington *Post*, "very properly opposes the suggestion that retaliation should be indulged in." Nevertheless, points out the Washington paper, "it is a dangerous game which certain foreign Governments are playing. If, for example, American cotton should be manipulated as British interests manipulate crude rubber, the textile industry of Great Britain would be ruined in a short time." But, remarks the Minneapolis *Tribune:*

> "Secretary Hoover is far from advising that this retaliatory course be resorted to. He merely calls attention to what might happen if this country, prest too far, should lose its patience and its temper and decide to fight back.
>
> "Besides being equipped with a powerful trade bludgeon, the United States could make effective use of its unique credit position by withholding credit from the nations which use monopolistic control for squeezing purposes."

Chief among these nations, it would appear, is Great Britain, whose profits on rubber sold to American consumers, according to several editors, are sufficient to meet the instalments on the British war debt to this country. In fact, it seems to be the general belief that Mr. Hoover had the rubber situation and the so-called British monopoly which controls the product in mind when he made his statement. "The other items were thrown in for good measure," thinks the Dayton *News*, "and for the sake of diplomacy, for the Secretary of Commerce is wise enough not to raise the issue direct." Said Mr. Hoover in his Erie address:

> "Foreign controls of production and price have been created in a number of important raw materials which, because of our inability to produce, we must depend upon purchasing abroad. These combinations have been set up either directly by legislation of foreign Governments or indirectly by government patronage. We expend annually about $800,000,000 for imports now subject to such controls.
>
> "These international monopolies have a very wide difference from governmentally created domestic monopolies. In all modern Governments where we do create a monopoly we likewise regulate its prices and profits in order to protect the consumer. In these international monopolies the consumer has no voice at all.
>
> "The problem that faces the world, and possibly the more serious problem, is not alone the commodities that are now controlled, but the spread of these ideas. But an even greater danger lies in the fact that if we conceive a spread of these ideas largely into international commerce, then it is perfectly practicable under government patronage for controls to be established by cooperation of producers in several countries. Moreover, if these combinations prove successful, the tendencies of all producers will be to press their Governments to try these devices for even temporary relief.
>
> "Unless a halt is called we are likely to see this system to some extent become established as a regular phenomenon in international commerce.
>
> "The question naturally arises as to what we, a nation great both as a consumer and a producer who have so far resolutely refused either to set up such combinations in our products or to allow our citizens to create them, should do in these circumstances. We can not allow this situation to go unheeded. There are several alternative courses of action.
>
> "We could resolutely set ourselves to reduce consumption in every article that is so controlled. We could stimulate the use and manufacture of substitutes. We could induce our citizens to go abroad to other regions and establish rival production. We could prohibit the extension of credit to countries where such controls are maintained. We could request the rest of the consuming world to join with us in these campaigns. But this is trade war and we want to live in trade peace.
>
> "I am convinced that the sound solution lies in the willingness of statesmen throughout the world to recognize the consequences of government-controlled production and price, and to meet the issue in the only way it should be met, that is, by abandonment of all such governmental action."

"Certainly, the American people can not afford to be held up indefinitely by get-rich-quick foreign monopolies," agrees the Detroit *Free Press*, and we find similar expressions in the New

Orleans *Times-Picayune*, which would like to have Uncle Sam maintain a fair price, through control of surplus, on cotton, and the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, which would have him do as much for wheat and small grains. The Kansas City *Star* apparently thinks a little retaliation wouldn't do any harm, when it says:

> "This country has had a little experience with foreign prices under war conditions. It was discovered, for instance, early in the war, that Great Britain was charging the United States excessive prices for wool. The British Government could do nothing about it—until there was a suggestion that America might put up the price of copper. Whereupon there was a drop in wool that saved this country $45,000,000 in one contract.
>
> "We were taking enormous quantities of hemp from India at an extortionate price. This could not be helped, the Government was informed—until it stopt the sale of silver to India. Within a week the Calcutta Government cut the price of hemp.
>
> "The owners of tin mines abroad were cashing in at the expense of the United States—until there was a hint that two could play at that game. Thereupon tin tumbled from $1.38 to 75 cents a pound, with a saving to America of $75,000,000.
>
> "We are all for helping Europe out in all proper ways. But we trust that our altruism will not blind us to the fact that we are dealing with some exceedingly shrewd gentlemen abroad, who require some rather stiff and practical methods to cause them to see the light and be reasonable in their charges."

"Such threats," however, in the opinion of the Newark *News*, "come with poor grace and little judgment from us." "Particularly," explains the Dayton *News*, "since we have built a tariff wall thicker, higher, and more impenetrable than any ever built before." "Our policy is provocative," thinks the Newark paper. In the first place:

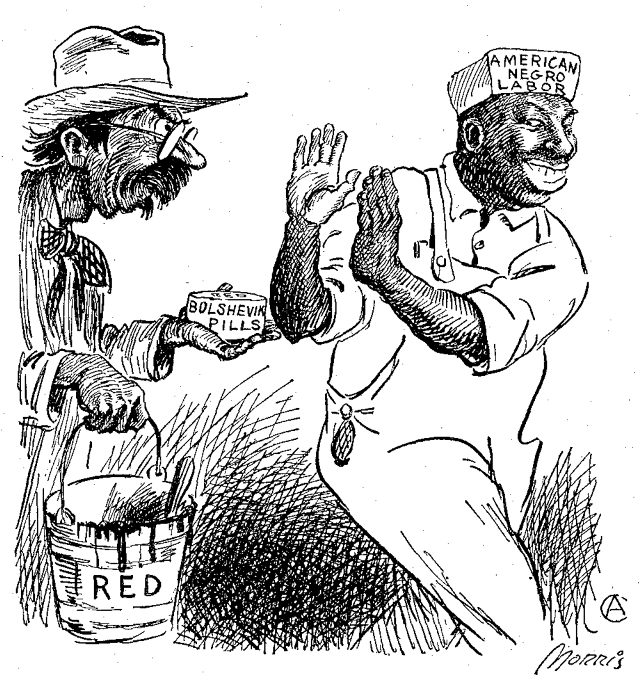
> "We are the world monopolist of gold, life-blood of all trade. And holding the bulk of the world's gold, with billions more of it owed to us by other nations, we refuse them, through our tariff policy, opportunity to share the gold or pay the debts. For international debts are paid eventually in trade balances, not gold; and while we refuse their products, others can not pay save by impoverishing themselves, which in the long run would harm us as well."

"Mr. Hoover," remarks the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "seems to be for free trade when free trade serves our advantage, but he is for free-trade embargoes when that policy is to our interest. That sort of quackery, not to use a harsher term, is unworthy of our Secretary of Commerce." To the Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

> "Mr. Hoover is either Pecksniffian in the matter, or else he is ignorant. Since it is politer to assume that he is ignorant, we remind him that the United States Government, at the close of the war, took steps to accomplish exactly that of which he complains in foreigners. By amendment of the anti-trust laws, American corporations were permitted to combine for purposes of foreign trade. In brief, we have been doing, ever since 1919, exactly the thing that Mr. Hoover finds so naughty when the British do it.
>
> "Moreover, the governmental concern for American production does not stop there. We leave out of account the tariff and come down merely to producers of raw materials. Take cotton, for instance. In order to help American producers with their cotton—and Great Britain is the largest cotton-buyer—the American Government annually appropriates millions. If that seems a small thing, consider the great War Finance Corporation, set up by the United States and capitalized with the taxpayers' money at half a billion, whose sole function and duty is to enable American producers, and particularly American farmers, to soak the foreigner. It is called by a sweeter name, of course; but, practically, that is what it has effected. And any man with a memory will be able to think of half a dozen other examples of methods used by the American Government to accomplish similar ends.
>
> "Mr. Hoover's ignorance in such matters does not prevent his speech from having, to foreign ears, an entirely Pecksniffian sound. And while it may be perfectly permissible and praiseworthy to fight the devil with fire, it would be a whole lot more honest to admit that in this game the British have simply taken a leaf out of the American note-book and are doing the thing that we did for many years and are doing still."

THE PLOT TO MAKE OUR BLACKS RED

IN THE GAME OF *ROUGE ET NOIR*, if the red wins, the black loses, and our observant writers of the press believe the same thing will happen in the red game to bolshevize our colored workers—the blacks will lose if the reds win. But they all expect the reds to lose, to the distinct advantage of the blacks. The very attempt, however, may stir up trouble. Nothing but mischief, maintains the Providence *News* and other American dailies, can come of the recent attempt at Chicago to convert the American negro workingman to Bolshevism. The occasion was the American Negro Labor Congress, the first of its kind to be held, and behind the conference, says a news item in the Chicago *Tribune*, "is a plot of Red Russia to spread Communism among the colored people of the entire world."



Protected by George Matthew Adams

"EXCUSE ME, MISTER BOLSHIVIKI, BUT AH RECKON AH'S GOIN' TO KEEP THE COLOR THE GOOD LORD GIVE ME"

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

Among the speakers at the Chicago meeting, says the Charlotte *Observer*, "was William Z. Foster, the foremost Communist in this country." William Montgomery Brown, deposed Protestant Episcopal Bishop, also was one of the speakers in favor of organizing negroes along racial lines. The organizer of the Congress, however, was a negro—Lovett Fort-Whiteman, who, according to Lester A. Walton, a negro correspondent of the New York *World*, "is known as the 'reddest Red of his race.'" In 1924 Chicago Communists sent Fort-Whiteman to Russia, we are told, and at the present moment, asserts Owen L. Scott in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Chicago, "seven American negro young men and three young women are in Russia taking a three-year course of training for the Russian diplomatic service. That is tantamount to training for entrance to the Communist propaganda organization."

For several months, says Mr. Walton in one of his Chicago dispatches to *The World*, "paid Communist workers have been in the field making a determined effort to enroll American negro workers under the Communist banner." And at the recent conference "no attempt was made to hide the fact that it was financed and directed from Moscow, and that the aim was to stir up race hatred and disorder in the United States," declares the Chicago *Tribune*.

The American Negro Labor Congress, says an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, as shown in its descriptive literature, was organized "with an eye even beyond the negroes of America. The ambitious program, as set forth, would have the Congress take the leadership in an attempt to 'rally the negro races of the world for a struggle against imperialism.'" However, points out Mr. Walton, "the naming of white Communist workers on various committees is proof that the movement is not to be engineered and carried on by negroes alone." According to this negro authority, "white Communists have set about with carefully laid plans and ample funds to convince negro workers that their economic, social, and political emancipation is only to be had by affiliating with them." In an interview with him, Fort-Whiteman, central figure of the conference, says:

"We are standing in a very crucial period of history. We see the beginning of a series of wars in Morocco and throughout the colonial world.

"The fundamental aim of the Negro Labor Congress is to organize the industrial strength of the negro into a fighting weapon.

"The negro is essentially a worker-proletariat as we would call it, suffering all the abuses of the working class in general, but in addition to that racial abuses, racial discrimination, political disfranchisement and other racial oppression.

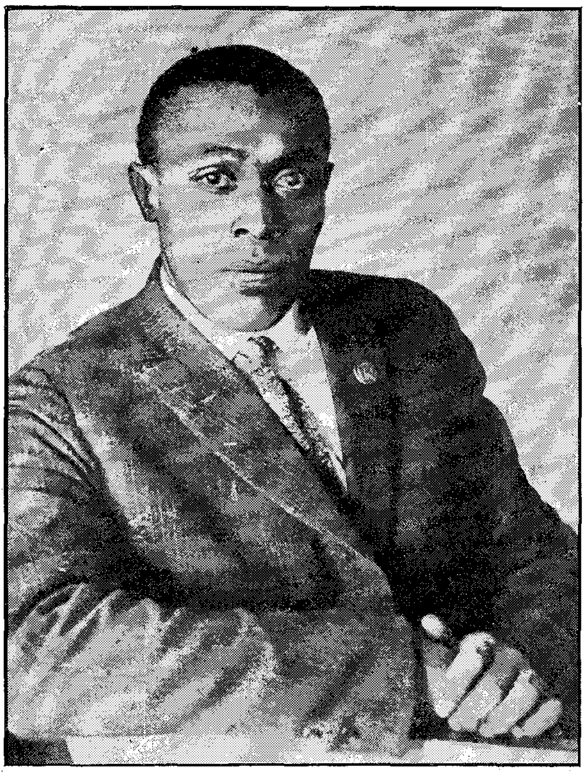
"The saving of the negro race in this country lies with the working class. To them great changes are coming. We are extending our hands to the white workers—to the workers of the world—to unite in a common cause against the common enemy.

"We understand this and know that it is to the interest of the ruling class to keep up this spirit of dominance. Changes must come to this situation, and we, the Negro Labor Congress, are going to bring about the change, regardless of the cost."

That Chicago Communists are behind the movement to bring the negro worker into the Soviet fold is indicated in the "greetings" to the Negro Labor Congress by the Trade Union Educational League, of which William Z. Foster is the head, and editorials in *The Daily Worker*, a Chicago Communist organ. Says *The Worker:*

"As Communists we hail the Negro Labor Congress as the beginning of a movement with far-reaching implications. Not merely can it be the means of starting to mobilize the negro workers for a struggle against the degrading restrictions imposed upon them as a race, but as American workers, speaking the common language of the country, they can become a power in the labor movement. Furthermore, by being brought into the struggle against imperialism in the United States, they will receive training that will enable them to play an effective part in the world mobilization of the opprest colonial peoples against capitalism."

To the Philadelphia *Record*, however, the idea that the American negro can be "bolshevized" is "ridiculously childish." "The agents of Communism are engaged in a vain undertaking," thinks a Southern paper, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. "The Chicago pow-wow, with all its orations and resolutions, will have no influence upon the negro of this country," agrees the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. "The American negro will not be deceived by Moscow's pernicious propaganda," declares the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*, and the Minneapolis *Journal* assures us that "there is no reason for any one to lose sleep over the present situation." In this paper's opinion:



"WE ARE EXTENDING OUR HANDS"

"To the white workers to unite in a common cause against the common enemy," said Lovett Fort-Whiteman, organizer of the American Negro Labor Congress at Chicago. Mr. Fort-Whiteman, according to a New York *World* correspondent, is known as "the reddest Red of his race."

"The negro is naturally an enthusiast for any cause he embraces. But no amount of clever talking is going to make revolutionists out of millions of negroes who own their homes, drive their own motor-cars, manage their own stores, hotels, insurance companies, theaters and other enterprises, conduct their own colleges, and, more important still, have sizable deposits in their own banks.

"The average negro of to-day is not the gullible, somewhat illiterate and usually indigent citizen of forty years ago. By his own industry and common sense he has won the respect and confidence of his white countrymen. In any Communist revolution, in any general attack on private property, the American negro has proportionately as much to lose as the American white man. And he knows it."

"This is not the first time that we have been invited to shiver over the possibility of American negroes turned traitor to their Government," we are reminded by the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*. "Back in the war days it was suggested that the negroes might be corrupted by German agents, but it turned out that there was less pro-Germanism among American negroes than among any other element of the population. Attempts to Sovietize the negro will end in the same complete fizzle." Continues this Virginia daily:

"Those who are attached to the pay-rolls of organizations dedicated to the business of maintaining watch over the integrity of our American institutions, never run out of scare material. If it is not an anti-royalist Count that threatens to undermine our Government, it is his wife. If it is not our unassimilated aliens it is our thoroughly assimilated negroes. Anything is grist for the mill of the scare-manufacturers. Their business is to keep the American people sufficiently nervous over the stability of their government to make them shell out a sufficient sum every year to pay the salaries of the professional fright-mongers.

"Recently the business of causing the patriots to shake in their shoes has suffered a slump. It is no longer possible to get a national kick out of the menace of radical labor unions. But the scare-pedlers never run out of material. If they can't find a thing for the nation to be scared about, they invent something. Strictly in this category of fabricated frights is the sweat that the security-leaguers and 101-percenters have worked up over the alleged plan of Soviet Russia to bolshevize America's negroes.

"The antics of our security-leaguers over Soviet-negro complots merely serve to detract attention from the real source of danger—ourselves.

"The way to make the negro a better and safer element of our population is not to organize fights upon imaginary alien seducers, but to conduct an intelligent offensive against the real domestic menaces that embitter the negro's life and impel him to occasional acts of rebellion. One of these menaces is the unspeakable lynching practise. Others are execrable housing conditions, under-education, and grossly unfair discrimination in the matter of parks and playgrounds.

"In these menaces lie the only real danger that the American negro may become radical. If he becomes a radical, it will be America's fault—not Russia's."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

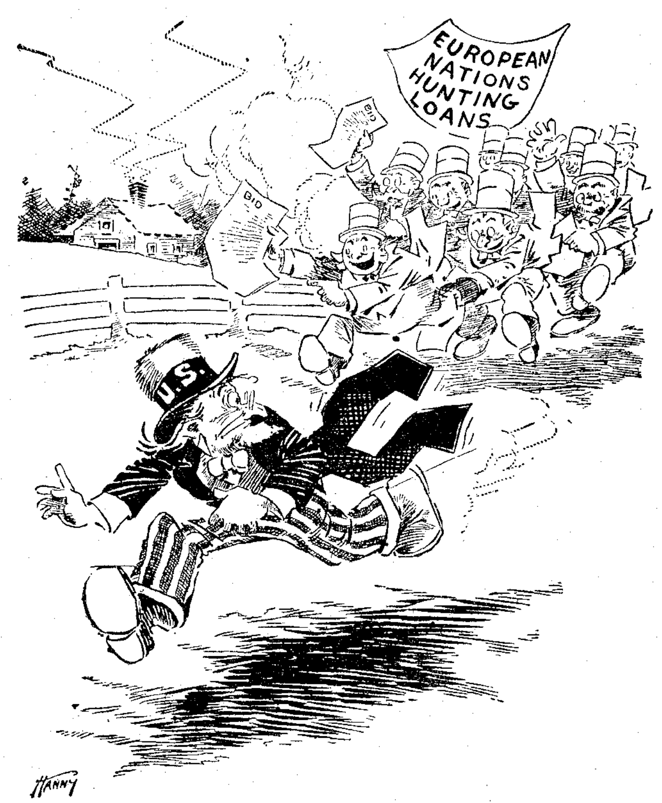
White lies usually are yellow.—*Manila Bulletin.*

The Shah, it seems, has been guilty of lazy Majesty.—*Savannah News.*

The capital of America is being moved to Florida.—*Minneapolis Star.*

If only they would abolish the "nuisance taxes" and tax the nuisances.—*Springfield Sun.*

Truth crusht to earth will rise again, but that signifies little. A lie will do the same thing.
—*Albany (Ore.) Herald.*



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YET THEY CALL US A NATION OF "DOLLAR CHASERS"

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

The sun never sets on the British flag or the American tourist.—*Atlantic City Press-Union.*

Europe won't pay the instalments on that war and we can't take it back.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Our American judicial procedure's greatest difficulty seems to be to proceed.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Thirty-nine railroads run out of Chicago. We don't blame them.—*The Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

Red propaganda in America reminds us of a cripple trying to tell Nurmi how to run.—*Jackson Clarion-Ledger.*

It is easy to get rich quick if you can find enough people willing to take a chance on getting poor quick.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

Mussolini says that there is no such thing as liberty, and he's doing his best to demonstrate it in Italy.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

News item says that in Georgia and Vermont the law entitles a man to his wife's earnings. What have Florida and California to offer that will offset this?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

If the public pays for a coal strike anyway, possibly there is something in this British system of paying to avoid it.—*Detroit News.*

Signals help. When the driver in front holds out his hand, you know he is going to do one of three things.—*Youngstown Vindicator.*

Too bad we can't ask the League of Nations to take as its next peace job the ending of our Tong, coal and bootleg wars.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

That strange light in his eyes while you are giving advice means that he has at last discovered how little you know.—*Birmingham News.*

It's a wonder high prices don't come down once in a while to get on speaking terms with the country they were raised in.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Whichever side of whatever question a respectable man gets on he always finds some people there that he wishes were on the other side.—*Ohio State Journal.*

It is said that many a child of seven nowadays can read better than a grown-up man of thirty years ago. We often wondered where some of these daily newspapers got their huge circulations.
—*Punch.*

A conservative politician is one in office.—*Columbia Record.*

If security comes, can disarmament be far behind?—*Providence Journal.*

Epitaph: Here lies the propagandist, as usual.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The speck on the financial horizon is the intensity of the spec.—*Boston Herald.*

If the spirit of Locarno had ruled at Versailles, there wouldn't have been any need of Locarno.
—*Wooster Record.*

What is needed is less advice for the merchant marine and more freight.—*Jersey City Journal.*

In the old days nations borrowed from Peter to pay Paul instead of doing it to pay Peter.
—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

When we are wholly civilized, perhaps something will be done about peace-time slackers.—*Duluth Herald.*

Sophistication is just the realization that the stock exchange isn't anything like Santa Claus.—*Associated Editors.*

When a man says "I run things at my house," he may mean the washing-machine and the furnace.—*Columbia Record.*

The man who doesn't believe that women are hard losers never knew one who was trying to reduce.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

It may be said that the League of Nations' molars are but milk teeth; but the permanent set is growing.—*Mobile Register.*

More naval planes might do away with war. They would keep the battle fleets so busy hunting for them they wouldn't have time to fight.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

The bartenders' union has 27,000 members, but there are no statistics available concerning the dodo trappers.—*Newark Ledger.*

Mussolini says his régime can't be overcome except by force. Well, nobody suspected that reason would affect it.—*Martins Ferry Times.*

A faction in Poland wants Henry Ford as king of the country. No doubt the big idea is that the king will bring the jack along.—*Cleveland Times.*

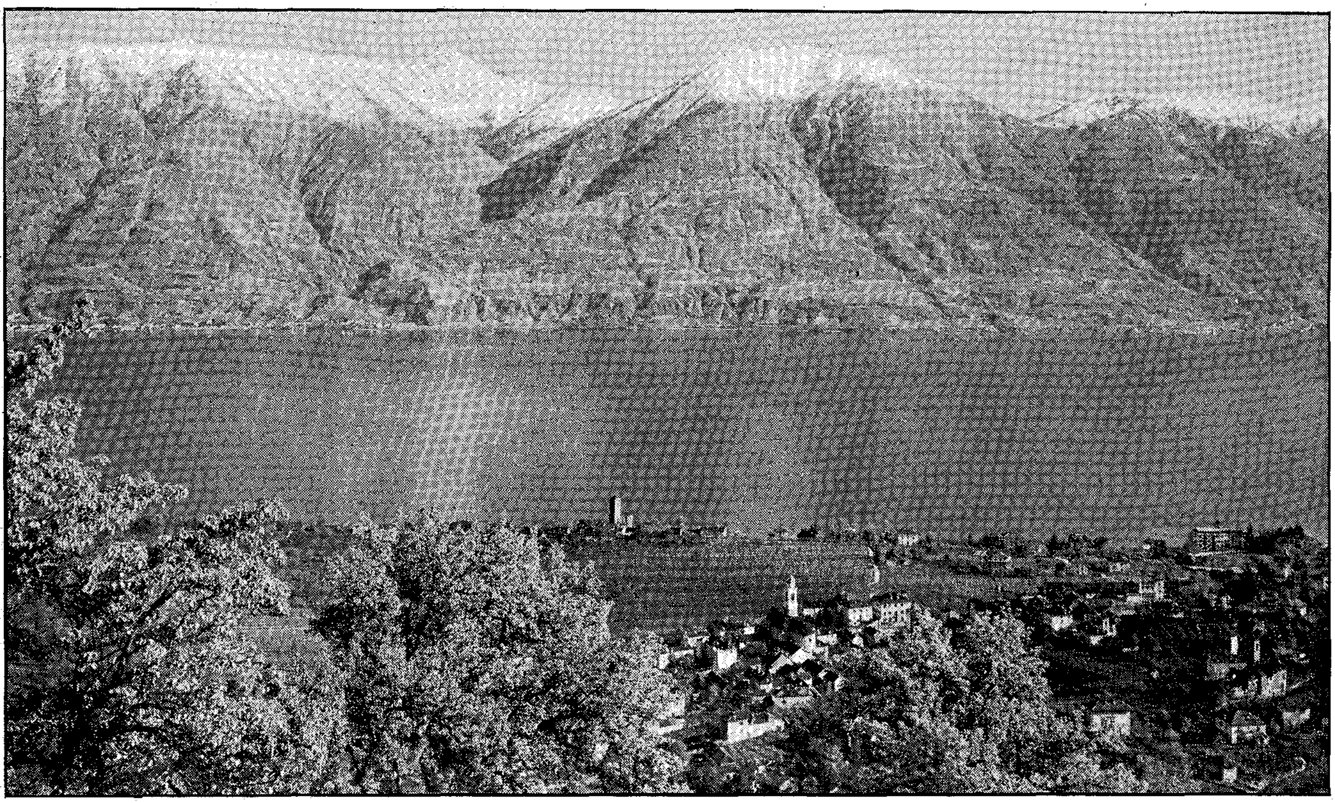
One difference between the chameleon and the pedestrian is that the chameleon blends with the scenery voluntarily.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Smart Society is said to be giving up breakfast. All doctors agree that it is not wise to consume a heavy meal just before going to bed.—*Punch.*

The fact that Caillaux went home without waiting for the world series proves conclusively that he never caught the real American view-point.—*Roanoke Times.*

There are indications that Senators are getting ready for Dawes's attack when Congress convenes. Senator Harris of Georgia has had his tonsils removed.—*Memphis Commercial-Appeal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railways

WHERE THE "DOVE OF LASTING PEACE" ALIGHTED

Locarno, fair city on Lake Maggiore in Italian Switzerland, mentioned in history as early as 789, came into the possession of Milan in 1340, was ceded to the Swiss in 1512, and becomes world-famous in 1925 for the treaties that bring all Europe together again, excluding only Russia.

RED RUSSIA'S RAGE AT "THE CONCERT OF LOCARNO"

A NEW CONCERT OF EUROPEAN POWERS, from which Russia has been significantly excluded, was organized at the Locarno Conference, say the Soviet press angrily, adding that the so-called "lasting peace of Locarno," which European statesmen have been rejoicing over, may prove to be "a united front" and perhaps "a new war against Soviet Russia." Soviet leaders and newspapers give vent to their indignation over the new international situation resulting from the Locarno negotiations, by such exclamations as "Germany has capitulated," and "England has won a great diplomatic victory." The official organ of the Soviet Government, *Isviestia* (Moscow), remarks:

> "On all chief questions, England succeeded in having her way. She made Germany follow her lead, and has brought about tension in Russo-German relations. She has succeeded in weakening the ties binding France to her Allies, by assuming the rôle of arbiter between Germany and France, and by leaving the subjects of the occupation of the Rhine provinces, of the Saar basin, and of military control, without being settled. The unsettled status of these points of dispute will serve England as a club to hold over Franco-German relations and at the same time enable England to compensate Germany for sharing England's anti-Soviet policy."

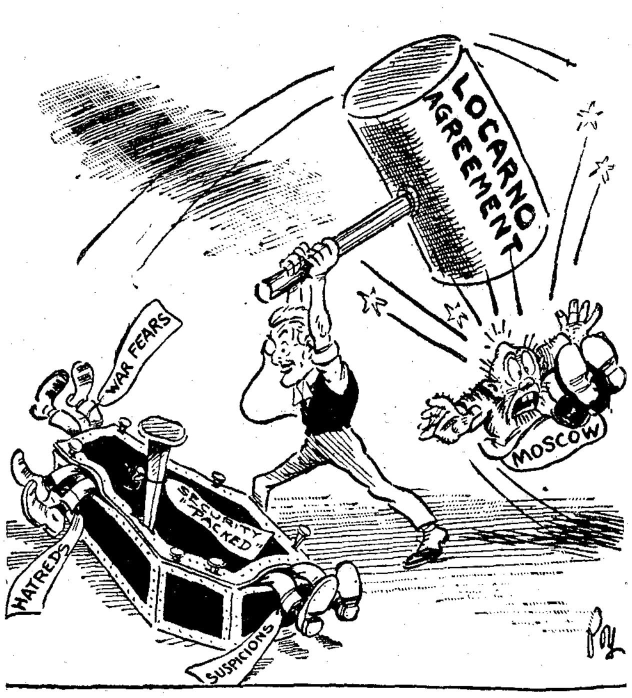
This official newspaper then tells us that Russia's Foreign Minister Chicherin had warned German statesmen of the inevitable damage Russo-German amity must suffer in case Germany consented to enter the League of Nations without the preliminary abrogation of Articles XVI and XVII. These articles, it is recalled, provide for the cooperation of members of the League upon decisions by the League on military and other measures to be taken against disturbers of the peace. Now Germany, it is charged, has been content with "vain verbal promises" of the Allies that they will show especial care in applying these articles to her. She has agreed to enter the League in spite of the fact that they have not been canceled, this newspaper alleges, adding that such action on the part of Germany is a hostile movement toward Russia, and while "it may be that the German press can succeed in making the German bourgeois believe this is not so, they can not fool the Union of Soviet Republics." *Pravda* (Moscow), the organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party, has this to say of the effect of the Locarno treaties on Russia's international situation:

> "In order to understand the change that has been wrought upon Germany's international policy, one must recall the Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo, which was concluded in April, 1922. The Rapallo Treaty did not contain any general clauses of purely political import. It simply liquidated the heritage of the Great War and provided for the mutual assistance of the two contracting parties in all economic undertakings that could contribute to a Russo-German rapprochement. Why did that treaty provoke the wild rage of the Entente Powers? Why did it give birth to legends of the existence of a secret Soviet-German alliance directed against England?
>
> "The reasons for such indignation are perfectly evident. What did this treaty mean to Germany? At that time authority in Germany was in the hands of the little bourgeois elements headed by Chancellor Wirth. These elements profest loyalty to the Versailles Treaty and tried to abide by it, in so far as possible. Yet, in concluding the Treaty of Rapallo, Chancellor Wirth proved at the same time that Germany had not wholly

surrendered, that she was trying to regain her strength so that in time she could oppose the Allied Powers. The Treaty of Rapallo symbolized a policy of mutual reenforcement between Germany and Russia, through economic cooperation. The Allies saw in the Treaty of Rapallo a way leading not only to the recovery of Germany, but also to the recovery of Russia, not only the beginning of the liquidation of the Treaty of Versailles, but also the beginning of the failure of their anti-Soviet policy."

Thus, according to *Pravda*, the real meaning of the Locarno treaties is a complete capitulation by Germany to England, a capitulation which transforms Germany into "England's political tool," and altho—

> "Officially speaking, the Locarno treaties do not annul the Rapallo Treaty, after the conclusion of the Locarno treaties the continuation of the policy embodied in the Rapallo document will be hardly possible. The Rapallo Treaty was rather the program of a policy than a concrete policy. Locarno will undoubtedly stand in the way of the realization of that program. Locarno is a great victory for the British. This victory is shielded by pacifist words, but it is full of the seed of future international conflicts."



TWO STROKES IN ONE

—*The Daily Mail* (London).

No great rejoicing over Locarno is found in anti-Bolshevik Russian newspapers, published outside Russia, but at least they are not doleful in noting that the Soviet press admit they have lost an ally in Germany, and that now Soviet Russia remains isolated in Europe. One of the essential features of the Locarno treaties, they assert, is that Europe has cut itself off from the realm of the Third International, "a fact sharply realized by the Third International." *Vozrozhdenie* (*The Resurrection*), a Russian anti-Bolshevik daily, published in Paris and reflecting the opinions of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholayevich as well as of extensive nationalist and constitutional-monarchist circles of Russian emigrés, has this to say:

> "As we have maintained from the beginning of the Locarno Conference, it would be naive to think that a scheme of international attack against the Soviets would be elaborated in the little Swiss city. Such a foolish conception of the Locarno problem, which was supported by the 'Cassandra cries' of the Bolshevik press, was certainly inaccurate. . . . The Locarno peace embodies no provisions for an immediate fight on the Soviets. But it may bring about conditions which will render such a fight possible.
>
> "The European Powers may bet once more on the 'peaceful evolution of Bolshevism,' and they may try again to include Soviet Russia in the general system of the existing peaceful relations among the nations. Such attempts will always remain fruitless—Bolsheviks can not cease to be Bolsheviks. Communism, the common enemy of all European nations, will not cease to foster all sorts of international misunderstandings in keeping with the old formula: '*Divide et impera.*' Lenin said on several occasions that the Soviets owe their existence to European quarrels and discords. Therefore, a new step toward the establishment of a lasting peace in Europe is undoubtedly a blow to the Third International and to its domination over Russia."

A Liberal anti-Bolshevik Russian newspaper, the Berlin *Rul*, declares that it is a mistake to say that Locarno witnessed no defeat, because—

> "There was one who suffered defeat there, tho he did not participate directly in the conflict and did not witness his own defeat. It was Chicherin, who remained in Berlin during the Locarno negotiations. He and his press did their utmost to keep Germany from signing the treaties by advice, threats, demands and warnings. At the moment when the delegates inked their pens to initial the Locarno documents, Chicherin left for Wiesbaden to restore his shattered health. It was time for him to go there, too, for his presence in Berlin was just as unhelpful to his affairs as it was bad for his health. His diplomatic defeat is obvious, for the pacification of Europe is just as undesirable to the Soviets as it is desirable from the view-point of Russia's national interests."

An official Russian opinion, whose purport may be traced to the accomplishment of Locarno, is given to the London *Sunday Observer* by Mr. Rakovsky, Soviet Russian Chargé d'Affaires at London. Referring to Soviet Russia's distrust of the League of Nations, Mr. Rakovsky pointed to the questions of disarmament and security, which, he said, were considered the League's chief objects, and he continued:

> "As for disarmament, our view-point is that we are prepared to go very far in that direction, provided that the same measure be applied in all countries. Whether we are in the League of Nations or outside of it, the Soviet Union will fulfil faithfully any obligation which it may voluntarily assume.
>
> "So far as security is concerned, the word is used mainly with reference to security of frontiers. For us, however, the question is one not only of security of frontiers but security of our existing social structure."

According to Mr. Rakovsky, as quoted in this interview, "the question which arises involuntarily before every Soviet citizen is whether the League of Nations may not be used for forcing us to change our social structure." In preference to the League, he advocates "an international organization for furthering economic and political cooperation between countries," on which subject he remarks:

> "In Genoa we exprest our views on the subject. We considered that problem submitted to such an international association of peoples should be even wider in kind than those dealt with by the League of Nations. Secondly, such an organization would help in the solution of economic questions, such as that of raw products and credits. Thirdly, all countries would participate on a footing of equality. We mean judicial equality, such as is so little in evidence in the League of Nations.
>
> "Such an association as we suggest ought to depend on its moral authority, not on force. We are still in favor of such an organization."

With reference to the remark in an anti-Bolshevik paper, noted above, about Mr. Chicherin's activities in Germany during the Locarno Conference, we find him quoted in the *Berliner Tageblatt* as charging that the present British Government considers the Soviet character of Russia a menace to Britain's expansionist policy and to its methods of domination in its colonies; and he adds that he believes Britain "will do all in its power to injure us politically and economically." Soviet Russia's Ambassador to France, Mr. Krassin, is quoted in an interview given at Kharkoff as saying: "Russia is sufficiently confident of her power, and is quite calmly watching the regrouping of the European Powers, and awaiting the further development of events."

THE EX-KAISER STILL AFRAID OF YELLOW

YELLOW IS A COLOR that seems to drive the ex-Kaiser wild with panic, it is said, even in his safe lodgment in Holland, where he has declared himself in ominous tones on the present-day aspect of the Yellow Peril. The fact is, according to his former Majesty, that "the long-foreseen and expected Triple Alliance in Asia, not only against Europe, but against the white races, primarily the 'Anglo-Saxon Bloc,' has become a reality," and "its program is 'Asia for the Asiatics.'" So we are warned in a "reported conversation" from a Doorn correspondent of the London *Observer*, which says it is published as reflecting the views of the ex-Kaiser and that it appears in *The Observer* with his approval. According to *The Observer's* report of this conversation with the ex-Kaiser, "if a serious difference with any European or Anglo-Saxon nation, or group of nations, arises, China is, so it seems, to receive assistance primarily from Russia, and perhaps also from Japan." We read further:

International Newsreel photograph

"I KEPT THE PEACE OF EUROPE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS"

Says the Kaiser in safe haven at Doorn, where he is seen above on promenade.

> "According to press reports 200,000 men in the pay of Moscow, armed and equipped by Japan, are said to be held in readiness for China in case of emergency.
>
> "Japan, it seems, is building ships, destroyers, and submarines for herself as well as for the Russian Government. It is possible that China has agreed to raise, and it is actually preparing to raise, a standing army of 800,000 men, trained and commanded by Russian and Japanese officers only, European or American officers being excluded. In Eastern China an Indian and Tibetan army is believed to be in formation. Its destination is obvious. America, England, and France (altho France is possibly a limited partner in the enterprise) are designated as potential antagonists in the secret clauses of the Treaty. The Yellow Peril I predicted thirty years ago has arisen in grim reality.
>
> "Moscow will surely labor tooth and nail to Bolshevise China. The Soviets hope to have the Chinese masses at their disposal in time for their final invasion of Europe and the destruction of its hated civilization. The Orientals are 'cute customers,' with their weather-eye open. They lost no time in joining hands, while their future antagonists, France, England, and America, were busy trampling upon Germany."

But the maintenance of peace in Europe, the ex-Kaiser is quoted as saying further, depends upon the revival of Germany, and this is possible "only if the Peace Treaty is scrapped," and he added:

> "I know what I am saying, for I kept the peace of Europe for twenty-five years. England is not, at present, prepared to acknowledge the facts. France, on the other hand, is prepared for every emergency. She is said to be establishing a strong air-base on the Rhine against both London and Berlin.
>
> "'Marianne' seems to be indulging in a little flirtation with Bolshevist Russia and with Japan at the expense of the Anglo-Saxon Bloc. That is the reason why France will not pay her debts to the United States, altho her income is ample enough, even without reparations from Germany. She uses American money for armaments.
>
> "The Bolshevists propose to ruin Europe, as we know it to-day, with the help of the colored races. The backbone of Europe is Germany. Hence Germany must be destroyed. Germany, in their calculations, constitutes a breach in the western wall through which the Bolshevists and their Asiatic allies can pour their yellow hordes for a final onslaught on Europe. The emasculation of Germany by Great Britain and France opens the passage for the Bolshevist-Asiatic armies through the line of defense which England and France are so intent upon building up (without Germany), against the Yellow Peril and plus Bolshevism."

The European line of defense, in the ex-Kaiser's view, consists of the Baltic States on the left and the Balkan States on the right. Between them is nothing, he maintains, because Germany, the center of the European line of defense, is eliminated, having neither arms nor army. He calls her "a dismantled fortress," and expresses the gloomy foreboding that—with about 1,000,000 open and secret Bolshevist sympathizers in Germany, who join hands with their Russian colleagues—culture, religion, civilization, are threatened with extinction from the Volga to the Rhine. Poland and Czecho-Slovakia can interpose no serious resistance, in his judgment, and both will be swamped, and the ex-Kaiser asks:

> "Who, then, holds the broken line of defense? The opinion has become obsolete that the Teutons are by race and tradition 'Westerners.' Recent studies point to the probability that Germany is the face of the East turned toward the West, that the Teutons are 'Easterners.'
>
> "India, Burma, Indo-China, Egypt, London, all alike are menaced. The existence of the British Empire itself is at stake. The Hedjas Kingdom is no more. In Syria the Arabs are rising.
>
> "This cataclysm that threatens the white race and Western civilization, changing the face of the world in Europe and Asia, is certain to have sinister, if not fatal, consequences to the prosperity and safety of the United States. America sometimes forgets that both Japan and Russia are her neighbors, for in the days of aerial navigation, oceans or stretches of ice no longer divide nations. Japan, backed by Moscow and China, is a formidable antagonist.
>
> "If London, Paris, Washington sincerely desire to avert this catastrophe, they have only one choice. They must rearm Germany and put her on her feet again. A united Europe, plus Germany, can thwart Bolshevism. If Germany is excluded from the European front, all is lost.
>
> "The whole fearful mess, with its lurid outlook into a bloody future, must be cleaned up. It springs from the Treaty of Versailles. It is based on Germany's disarmament, on the lie of Germany's war guilt, and on the denial of Wilson's Fourteen Points. America is in honor bound to demand the revision of the Peace Treaty in accordance with the solemn pledges of Woodrow Wilson. This would be equally a guaranty of her safety. There must be an end once for all of occupation. Every inch of German soil must be freed. There must be an end of reparations, Dawes plan and all.
>
> "Leading statesmen are bound to keep their eyes open and to consider the necessity of an eventual joint action to ward off the danger menacing their race. America thinks she is too far away. However, she too will be drawn into the whirlpool. America should and could have kept out of the last World War. She can not keep out of the next."

Without an armed Germany, declares the ex-Kaiser, no solid front of civilization against Bolshevism and the Yellow Peril is possible. The slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics," so seductive to

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Springfield, Missouri

the ears of the colored races, he goes on to say, is turned by the Moscow Internationalists into "Down with the Christian religion, out with the missions, away with the whites!" That he was always right, in his own estimation, the ex-Kaiser showed in his further remark:

"The German press report that the conduct of the Chinese Government is courteous toward the Germans. This proves that my policy toward China was just, correct, and fair. This policy found its expression by the fact that the Chinese and German flags flew side by side over Tsing Tau.

"At the same time it is not wise to ignore the essential difference between the yellow race and the white race. Senator Borah, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the U. S. Senate, according to a recent statement attributed to him, favors a scrapping of the 'rights of extraterritoriality' until now granted to the 'whites' in China, and exhorts the Powers to replace the existing arrangements by a policy respecting the inviolability and the national rights of a great people.

"If the Senator's suggestion means anything it implies that hereafter the Chinese are to be placed on the same footing as Europeans, and that the privileges based upon the recognition of the different moral and legal standards of the two races are to be withdrawn. Yesterday the white man in China appeared before a white court; hereafter he is to be arraigned before a Chinese judge. Whether the British will assent to this total reversal of the coolie policy of the last century remains to be seen."

America's refusal to take sides against China, the ex-Kaiser goes on to say, is sensible and intelligible, as representing her interests, but the principle of race equality, promulgated by Senator Borah, threatens the supremacy of the white race.

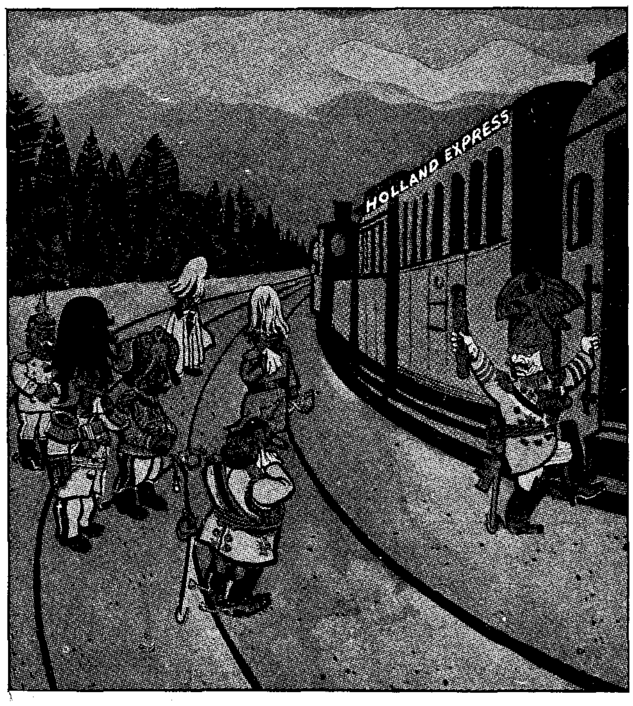
The former emperor declares that it will be quoted by all colored nations, and adds that what Senator Borah claims for the Chinese, he must grant to the African and to the Indian. We read then:

"The black continent will raise its voice. The blacks may base an additional claim to recognition as equals upon the fact that they were employed by white Powers on European soil to fight the best blood of the white race in Europe, the Germans, and to keep them in bondage. Senator Borah will be hailed as the champion of the colored nations, and will be acclaimed by the Moscow Third International; for his statement asserts the principle the Bolshevists are at pains to spread over the whole world—the equality of the colored races with the white race. No country, America least of all, may safely refuse to bear its share in the struggle to uphold the leadership and the purity of the white race.

"Both Great Britain and America have unwilling debtors. Both have far-flung empires, far-flung commercial interests. Both are Christian nations. Both are threatened by a relentless and cunning foe.

"Vast forces are rapidly consolidating against them. They can not safeguard their interests without a strong German Empire, equipped to defend Europe against the Bolshevist Mongol invasion and Bolshevist risings.

"I gave warning once; but my warning fell on deaf ears. Instead of uniting, the white races lacerated each other with suicidal mania, calling upon Mongol and negro for aid. These matters must be discust, they are urgent, not brooking delay. Forewarned is forearmed!"



GERMAN SCORN

"And if only a few remain faithful to me, I will fight with them to the last, and if we are all slain together, I have no fear of death." (Entry in the diary of Wilhelm II for November 9, 1918.)

—*Lachen Links* (Berlin).

POLAND AND GERMANY MAKE UP

THE HATE AND BITTERNESS that flared between Germany and Poland over the subject of the exchange of German nationals residing in Poland for Polish nationals residing in Germany is said to have been ended by the announcement of the Prussian Government that it would join the Polish Government in "abandoning the policy of expelling each other's nationals." Berlin press dispatches relate that the Polish Government first gave notice that the 2,000 Germans residing in Poland, who refused to accept Polish citizenship and were due for departure November 1, could remain. The action of the Prussian Government is described as the return of the compliment, and we are told further that, while there are not nearly so many Poles in Germany who were doomed for deportation as there are Germans in Poland, the present action closes "a chapter of bitter hatred and persecution." Opinions of the German press on the problem have already been reported in these pages, and are now supplemented with an authoritative Polish verdict from *Poland* (New York), a monthly magazine in English, concerned with Polish life, business and current conditions. In this publication Mr. Leon Orlowski of the Polish Legation at Washington, writing before the above recorded agreement between the Poles and the Germans, remarks that the greater part of the editorial criticism of the Polish Government over the so-called "expulsions" might be traced to inaccuracies in earlier press dispatches from Germany, but later press dispatches, he adds, indicate a better acquaintance with Polish news and affairs. Mr. Orlowski continues:

"From accounts published in the Warsaw newspapers, it appears that the total number of Germans in Poland who chose German nationality, and who under the Vienna Convention are obliged to return to Germany before July 1, 1926, was about 35,000. The number of Polish optants in Germany with similar status was about 7,500. Of these Germans about 17,000 should have quit Poland before August 1, as compared with about 5,500 Poles who were in the first category recognized by the convention. . . .

"By no means all of the German optants who under the law should have left Poland last August did so. It is reported from Warsaw that a considerable percentage of those optants residing in Pomerania, the so-called Polish corridor, failed to comply with the notices served them, and a smaller percentage in Poznania. This difference in the percentage of obedience to the notices to depart affords grounds for suspecting that the German Consuls were especially loath to have their nationals leave the Corridor, where their presence would possibly be useful in future political agitation.

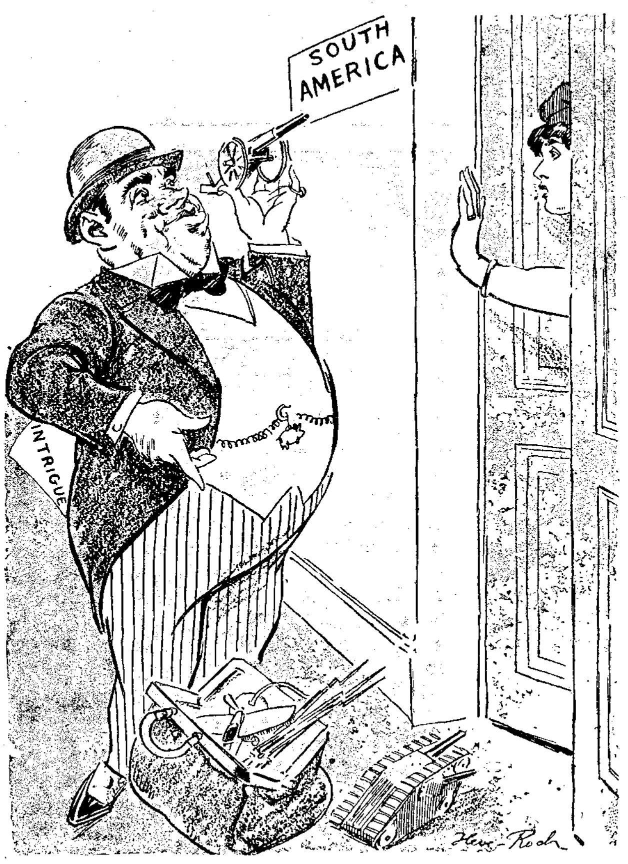
"The dispatches in the Warsaw papers, describing the return from Germany of the Polish optants, the public welcome extended by local Polish authorities, the brass bands at the station, the Red Cross canteens, the special relief measures taken by the Government, give the other side of the picture to that which the American correspondents in Germany portrayed in lurid style.

"The distressing conditions in the German reception camp at Schneidemuehl had no counterpart on the Polish side of the border."

WHAT SOUTH AMERICA THOUGHT OF THE PRINCE

MUCH PLEASANT and some peevish comment was printed in the South American press on the occasion of the Prince's tour to Argentina, Uruguay and Chile, it appears, but this mixed expression rather fades, it is said, when it is remembered that all the larger newspapers of these countries published special editions to welcome his arrival, and great festivities occurred wherever he appeared. The publications that attributed his visit to "commercial anxiety" brought on by the need of England to increase her foreign trade as a solution of her unemployment conditions, are more than outweighed by the cordiality of journals such as the Buenos Aires *Prensa*, which says:

> "Argentina has never forgotten the predominant part played by Great Britain in the development of Argentina's vast resources. We can say proudly to-day that if it had not been for British energy, confidence and foresight, our country would not have yet reached its present enviable station."



AN ARGENTINE SLAM

SOUTH AMERICA (to John Bull): "It is very kind of you, but we are not interested. We know you too well."

—*Atlantida* (Buenos Aires).

The fact that only two days after the arrival of the Prince in Argentina, two railways of that country placed an order in Britain, each for twenty locomotives, is taken by some as proof that the Argentinian trend of sentiment is British. On the other hand, there are journals that view his visit as an ominous sign, because orders for British arms and ammunition were reported to have been given by some of the South American countries to agents who followed in the wake of the royal visitor. One such suspicious mind is found in the Buenos Aires *Atlantida* which says sarcastically:

> "A very distinguished salesman is now traveling in South America, trying to foster our interest in the acquisition of arms and ammunition. He represents a large firm dealing with machine-guns, explosives, war planes, gases, guns and sabers. As a side-line he develops international intrigues, suspicions and hatred. The funniest part of it all is that he is not himself aware of the trouble he may cause."

But a more credible feature of the Prince's South American tour, we are told, is the linking of Britain's Prime Minister Canning with the origin of the Monroe Doctrine. During his tour, the Prince unveiled a monument to Canning, on which occasion *La Voz Del Sur* of Chile said:

> "The unveiling of a monument to Canning is a deserved tribute to the man who had confidence in Latin America's future when all seemed bent on destroying the newly formed republics. It was Canning who began negotiations with the American Minister to London and persuaded him that the Government of the United States would do well to subscribe to the policy of England, and assume an attitude of policy that would prevent the Holy Alliance, led by King Ferdinand VII, from taking up arms and enforcing his rule over the former colonies of Spanish America.
>
> "The present justice accorded Canning is in curious contrast with the silence, not to say the hostility, with which Monroe's name is surrounded in South America. Is there a single monument to Monroe in any of the twenty republics which, according to the partizans of his pronouncement, owe their independence to that American President?"

Chile's welcome to the Prince seems not to have been subjected to the suspicions aroused in some other Latin-American countries, and the Santiago *Mercurio* remarks:

> "The international visits of men of importance have a direct effect on the relations of the people and the governments involved. Tho not bound on any definite mission, nor pledged to carry out a prearranged plan or a complicated treaty, visits of distinguished foreign representatives create bonds of sympathy and friendship that are of the utmost importance for our future.
>
> "No one can deny that the visit of the Prince of Wales has served to strengthen our ties with Great Britain. It has been far more effective than long diplomatic intercourse, and has brought far swifter results than any that could be achieved through chancellery methods. We can safely forecast that the Prince's visit will have unforeseen results in the natural development of our old friendship with Great Britain."

Some South American editors frankly concede that perhaps the larger purpose of the Prince's visit was to revive old-time commercial affiliations between Britain and the Latin-American republics, and this move is said not to be disliked because England has always enjoyed great popular favor in South American commercial circles. Yet there is also satisfaction that one of the great world Powers should pay Latin America so distinguished a compliment, and *El Dia* of Montevideo, Uruguay, observes:

> "England is a nation which can always be relied upon, no matter what the circumstances are. It is now striving to renew the old ties, temporarily loosened by the war. The visit of the Prince of Wales is a proof of the high importance in which South America is now held by Europe, and of the great rôle this continent is expected to play in the present century."

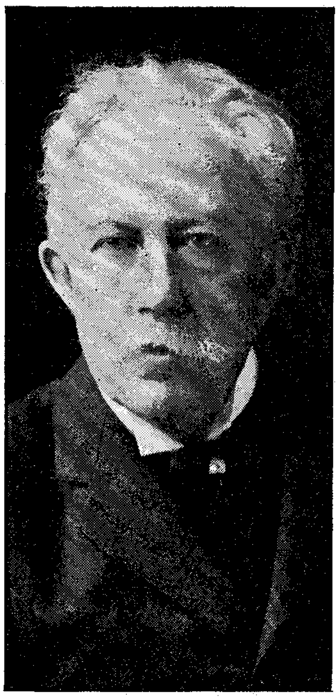
The public at large is too much engrossed with the Prince of Wales's "charm" and "sportsmanship," according to G. Ward Price, who, as a special press representative, spent seven months of traveling with the Prince, and as Mr. Ward says, "under circumstances of considerable variety . . . . to give one many opportunities of observing his real character." Writing in the London *Sunday Pictorial*, of the public's limited understanding of the Prince, Mr. Ward calls attention to the Prince's business ability as follows:

> "It does not sufficiently realize that to these qualities of youth which first captured their affection the Prince has now added a wide knowledge of countries and men and things, a practised power of observation which misses very little that goes on around him, a remarkably unfailing memory, a great deal more self-confidence than he is usually credited with, and a strong will of his own."

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION

THE LUNATIC FRINGE OF SCIENCE

EVERY STUDENT, TEACHER OR EXPOSITOR of science has had experience of what Dr. David Starr Jordan calls its "underworld"—the half-baked pseudo-science of the semi-educated. Some recent obtrusive specimens move Dr. Jordan to write a letter on the subject to *Science* (New York), most of which we quote below. Few scholars, he says, realize the existence of this underworld, found in books which go through the motions of science regardless of its method or its purpose. The function of science, he quotes Agassiz as saying, is to "strive to interpret what actually exists." This process requires patience and exactness and leaves every solution still incomplete. A problem once solved opens up a vista of other problems. A discovery worth while is not obtained by accident. It requires the eye of a master to make a new observation, the hand of the master to devise a new experiment. Everything easy has been detected and found out. He goes on:



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"UNDERWORLD SCIENCE"

"Is in itself an interesting study" to Dr. David Starr Jordan.

"Facts in themselves, again quoting Agassiz, 'are stupid things until they are linked together.' All we know is derived from human experiences. We know nothing until we (that is, humanity) have found it out. Science or knowledge is the result of human experience, tested and set in order. When intelligibly stated, in terms of human experience, it becomes truth, and truth is never complete; it provides for its own further extension. Old outlines of truth are abandoned in time, and once abandoned are never reclaimed. Individuals may relapse into ignorance, but cooperating science never takes a back track.

"Individuals naturally grow impatient with the slow progress of testing realities, and seek for swifter answers to the problems of the universe. Thy would hurry up the future, not by science, but by something that looks like it, and is therefore equally good. The 'running high jump' cares nothing for the difference between analogy or chance resemblance, and homology is fundamental identity. It thus confuses attractive fancy with verified truth.

"I may illustrate 'underworld science' by certain books which have come lately to my notice. In one of these two sciences, astrology and anthropology, are hopefully united. There are, in fact, on our earth four seasons of three months each. Each month has its sign in the heavens, the constellation in which for the period the sun seems to be placed. These signs have each its Latin name, usually of some animal or of other personality by which influence emanates. When the sun is in one of these signs, the earth is in the opposite, but it is the position of the sun which mainly controls humanity. When the sun is in Scorpio, the earth is in Taurus.

"But it is the malignant scorpion rather than the turbulent bull which then directs human affairs. Our luckless planet, caught between these two tremendous agencies, can not fail to be affected, and in its most sensitive feature, humanity, and at man's most impressive period, the day of his birth. And here the time-honored science of astrology impinges on one of the newest of sciences, anthropology.

"In this particular underworld of knowledge it is recognized that four major races of men exist—the black, the yellow, the red, and the white. In each of these races there are three distinct tribes, twelve in all. These correspond to the twelve signs of the zodiac, the twelve constellations traversed each year by the sun. It is evident that such correspondence is not accidental, and the problem is to trace each different race to the influence of the constellation which has especially molded it.

"The author of a monograph on this subject shows this influence on each race at its initial moment. The sign of the zodiac gives the character, and race-heredity continues it. But men of other races born under the same sign are sure to show many traces in common with the race thus initiated.

"This is proved by a series of illustrative photographs. On each separate page appears a central portrait showing the typical Caucasian, Hindu, Jew, American Indian, Chinaman, as well as one of each of the seven other races. Around each of these typical pictures are grouped portraits of men of European stock, born in the month from which the race in question dates, and these men naturally show features to correspond. Hence in the month devoted to Hottentots, we would find swarthy, curly-haired gentlemen with uptilted noses. These are not born of Hottentot blood, but modified by birth under the Hottentot sun. In the Jewish month are Saxons adorned with the nose called Roman, and so on. To provide these portraits and to group them properly requires a good deal of research, of the type characteristic of the underworld.

"Another author, probably a humorist in disguise, elaborately proves the separate origin of the three primal races of man. These sprang from three different species of ape: the Aryan races (Nordic, Latin, Slavic, and Hindu) from the chimpanzee; the Mongolian from the orang-utan, and the negro from the gorilla. The occasional occurrence of Morons (currently called Mongolian) in white races proves that there has been an admixture of orang blood among the chosen people, descendants of the chimpanzee. Treated in this fashion anthropology can proceed as merrily as astrology, in leaping from assertion to assertion.

"The authors of books of this type often complain bitterly of the 'conspiracy of silence' by which scientists strive to smother their inspired or inspiring contributions. It is true that scientific men seldom give them the public notice they deserve, for activities of this underworld of analogy and fancy, the 'lunatic fringe of science' is in itself an interesting study."

GIANT PEACH-TREES FROM CHINA—Peach-trees fifty feet high have been found wild in China, we are told by *New Jersey Agriculture* (New Brunswick). Buds of these for propagation have just been received by the horticultural division of the New Jersey Experiment Station, in a consignment of twenty-two new types, varieties, and species of peaches from the Plant Introduction Bureau of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. We read:

"For years the bureau has been introducing promising types and species of peaches with the thought that they may be used to improve American varieties. In 1922, a plant explorer in China reported that he had discovered at Puerhfu, a peach-tree, fifty feet in height, growing wild in the mountains at an altitude of 5,500 feet; also another tree with fruit of a different character growing to a height of about forty to fifty feet. The Horticultural Division has been trying since that time to secure buds from the U. S. Department of Agriculture in order to test these trees in New Jersey. It requires some time to introduce such plant immigrants from China and, for a time, they are then kept under close inspection and in restricted quarters, to make sure that no new injurious pests have been introduced with

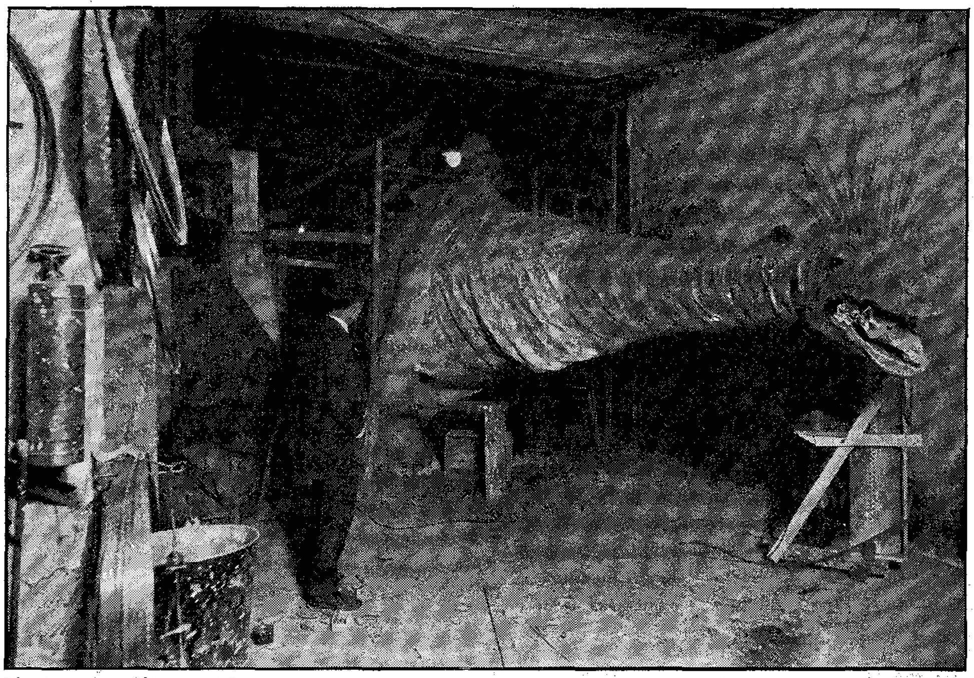


Photo by courtesy of Messmore & Damon

EVOLUTION REVERSED: A MAN-MADE BRONTOSAUR

Emerging from a workshop instead of from primeval seas.

them. The peach is an exceedingly fast-growing tree, and if these immigrants grow as large in America as they do in China, they may be more adapted to the forestry industry than to peach-growing. Nevertheless, it is thought that they may possibly have valuable qualities for breeding work, which is now being so extensively carried on at the experiment station. The growth and behavior of these new immigrant peaches will be watched with great interest."

MOVING MODEL OF A BRONTOSAUR

MANKIND HAS ALWAYS exhibited a keen interest in the history and habits of these mighty monsters of prehistoric times, writes Francis A. Emmons in *Chemicals* (New York), and it was with the thought of satisfying this interest that the firm of Messmore & Damon of New York City conceived the idea of fabricating for exhibition purposes, an exact reproduction of the brontosaur unearthed at Medicine Bow, Wyoming. We read:

"The photograph used with this article shows the appearance of the restored animal which is so constructed that the eyes, head, neck, hips, stomach, sides and tail can be made to move in a realistic manner so that the animal appears to be breathing and feeding in its natural state.

"The length of the restored brontosaurus is 48 feet 9 inches. Weight, 4,000 pounds. Height, 9 feet 3 inches. The body is made of rattan put together with springs, so it is flexible. Inside the body is a table that carries ten motors and speed reducers that operate the different parts. The legs of the table pass through the legs of the 'Dino.' The head and neck are controlled by a heavy steel tubing working through a series of speed reducers, one section of which is worked by flexible shafts. All these motions are controlled from one switchboard, and the motions may be reversed if desired. The covering of the brontosaur is made of a heavy quilting with a composition worked over it. It required one hundred and fifty yards to cover this animal. The head and feet are made of papier maché. The color is green, brown and gray. The head when up is 16 feet above the ground. The tail when up is 15 feet above the ground. When down it touches the ground. The neck has five different motions; each leg has four different motions. The head has three different motions, and the tail five different motions. The stomach has three different motions.

"Those who have seen the Great Amphibious Dinosaur Brontosaurus in action declare that the semblance of life is too real to be pleasant and confess an impulse to make sure of a ready exit in case of eventualities."

WHERE ARE THINGS?

ARE THINGS ACTUALLY OUT IN THE OPEN, where we think we see or hear them, or are they really in our brains? Philosophers who hold to the latter belief ask us where a thing is when we only think we see it. If it is then purely a brain event, why should not any perceived thing be that also? Writing in *The Journal of Philosophy* (New York), Prof. John Dewey, dean of American psychologists, bids us take heart—things are really where they seem to be. In fact, he says, the question of the spatial location of qualities perceived by means of the senses is one of physics. He goes on:

"The case of the whereabouts of illusory objects is usually cited as the final clincher to demonstrate the psychical character of the characteristic objects of sense-perception. Where is the ghost that isn't there? Where is the imaged tree which moves when the eye-ball is pushed? Where is the bent stick when the straight stick is plunged in water?

"The source of this difficulty is failure to make a critical analysis of the conception of 'where.' Where, for example, is an explosion? Where is an echo? Where is the 'magnetism' that causes a sensitized needle to assume a certain directional position? *Wherever there is an event, there is interaction, and interaction* entails the conception of a field. No 'field' can be precisely delimited; it extends wherever the energies involved in the interaction operate and as far as any redistributions of energy are effected. The field can be limited practically, as can all matters of degree; it can not be existentially located with literal exactness. Thus the place of most intense disturbance in an earthquake may be located and, with sufficient variety of seismographic apparatus, the boundaries of its appreciable presence may be mapped out. But these boundaries are set practically by capacity to detect and record changes; they are not absolute in any existential sense. One might say that existentially the field of the earthquake is the entire universe *since the redistribution of energies extends indefinitely.* This would be correct, theoretically, tho practically of no significance.

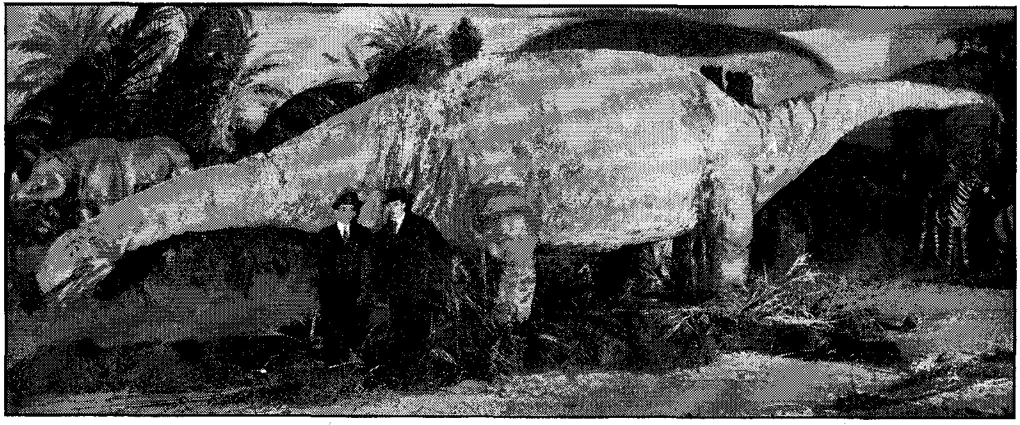
"In similar fashion the bent rays of light in the case of the stick partly in air and partly in water are literally an interaction field determined by (presumably) electro-magnetic disturbances, physiological structures, and a refracting agency. It is not 'in' the organism, nor is it 'at' a highly delimited spot in the environment. The place where light rays impinge on the refracting thing with its different angles of refraction in two media of different density may form one focus in the field; the point where the refracted rays impinge on the molecular structures forming the optical apparatus may be another focus. But these, like foci of an ellipse, are determinations in a wider field. The sun—or other source of light—is a part of the 'where' of the bent rays, just as much as some remote portions of the interior of the earth are a part of the 'where' of an earthquake.

"Specific location is always a relationship to a further event; it is additive in character. We 'locate' an explosion at a given spot because the act of generating or preventing the explosion, the act of control of occurrence, is directed there. If we knew enough and had the power to occasion and to prevent earthquakes, we should undoubtedly say that an earthquake is where the act of control is applied. A disease involves the entire organism and (ultimately) some extra-organic interacting event, but its 'seat' is where remedial measures most effectively take place. A man's body may be in Europe, since in certain respects he may be reached there most effectively, while his residence is in Florida and his domicile in New York. The demand to know 'where' are the images of the tree that move when the eye-ball is pushed is an ambiguous question. Literally they are wherever a certain interaction of at least three factors is taking place.

> From the every-day practical standpoint, that of 'common sense,' 'where' signifies the point at which action should be directed to control the occurrence of the phenomenon."

The fact that "where" in ordinary usage contains a reference to an act, originating in an organic agent, is a commonplace, Professor Dewey notes. But, unfortunately, he adds, it is not usual to employ the commonplace in discussing questions of this sort. To "common sense," a thing is located with respect to the locomotion or other movement of the organism which is required to attain or prevent certain results. He continues:

> "That a thing is so many paces away in front, to the right and a little above, signifies that the human body must move so far ahead, swerve to one side and raise some part of itself in order to procure certain consequences. Every psychological book is full of instances of the fact that specific location is not inherent or intrinsic, but has reference to the actual or potential behavior of an organism in effecting a course of events. The location of the stick which is in the air is related to a certain habit of reaching and handling. This habit being adapted to a certain medium does not work correctly when the refraction of light occurs under unusual conditions. A wrong, an inefficient, unadapted act hence takes place. When the habit is remade, specific location again takes place correctly. Any one who learns to use a microscope, or even a mirror, learns that specific location is a practical matter, not a literal one, and that unusual conditions occasion difficulty in locating until a new habit is set up. That certain images of light can not be located in space signifies, then, only that the practical act of reaching and grasping does not in their case, without pains and practise, fit into the established systems of habits which customarily determine the seat, residence, or situs of an affair, the latter being physically and literally a complex interaction, covering a vast field."



HE CAN SHAKE A HOOF AND WAG HIS TAIL

Mr. Dinosaur carries ten motors and speed-reducers that make him a lively reincarnation.

PICK YOUR LANES, DRIVERS!—Here is a way to speed up traffic in congested districts, suggested by W. W. Arnheim, of New York, for his home city, but useful in other towns also. Writes Mr. Arnheim to the New York *Times:*

> "Here is a way to cut out delay at the psychological point where all traffic trouble starts—corners. Pick your lane. Let every driver on every street decide well back in the middle of the block what he is going to do at the next corner. If he is going to go straight, let him place himself in the middle of the street. If he is going to turn right, let him get over to the right. If he is going to turn left, let him move over to the left. Thousands of hours every day are lost by the corner tie-ups and tangles which result from foolish thoughtlessness. Mr. Driver who leaves the corner wants to turn to the left and suddenly wakes up to the fact that he has placed himself way over at the right, must see-saw right across the face of all the traffic moving in the same direction he has come from, slow it all up, slow up himself, cause sudden jamming of brakes, much loss of time and temper. When traffic is stopt the right lane nearest the curb should always be kept open for cars wishing to come through and turn to the right—turning into traffic that is moving in the other direction. The driver who, desiring to go straight, places himself in the right-hand lane when the traffic signal goes up against him stays there during the entire period, gains nothing for himself, but blocks cars behind him, which, desiring to turn to the right and otherwise, have to come straight through and turn into the traffic. This is a matter where the Police Department is helpless. Regulation can not bring the change about. Only education can. This is an appeal to the New York motoring public for their own benefit and for the benefit of the city as a whole, to educate themselves, follow the plan and spread the news."

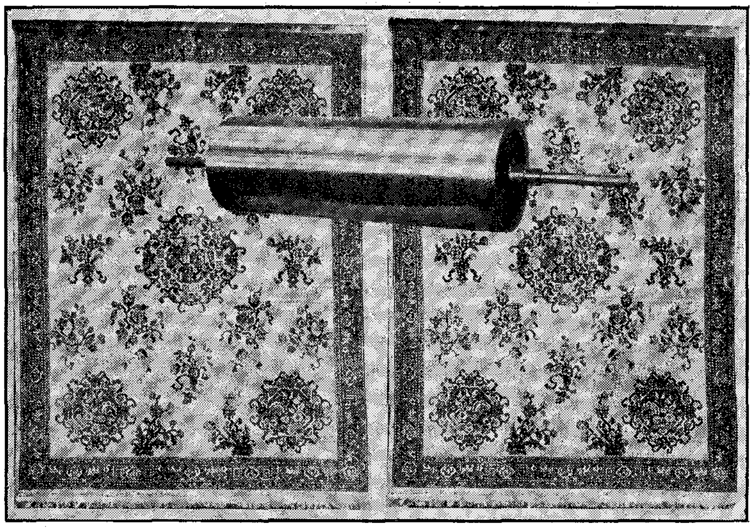
DRIVING A CAR BY TOUCH

THE TOUCH SYSTEM may apparently be used by chauffeurs as well as by typists. It will be a surprize to the average motorist, writes Frederick C. Russell in the New York *Times*, to be told that his car possesses many of the characteristics of a musical instrument. Perhaps he has not stopt to consider that other people get better performance because they put more "feeling" into the playing of their cars. He goes on:

> "Good driving is more than a matter of skill. Somewhere along the line the good driver adds the equivalent of 'touch' in the playing of musical instruments. He seems to be interested in the machinery of the car to a point where he can obtain something over and above the usual results.
>
> "The similarity between good playing of a musical instrument and good 'playing' of an automobile is striking. The musician with a 'touch' seems to be the one who can tell beforehand how his playing is going to sound to those who listen. The driver with a 'touch' seems to be able to tell in advance just how the performance of his car is going to impress those who ride with him or who observe him. The former obtains results by knowing just how much pressure to exert upon the piano keys, the violin strings, or whatever the instrument may be. The latter knows just how quickly to let in the clutch, when to move the gear-shift lever and how far down to press the accelerator.
>
> "The car-makers have made the process of driving so simple that if one follows a few definite directions the car will go on its way after a fashion, and it is not likely to fall apart sooner than the average. But only the driver who has developed the sense of 'touch' in his manipulation of the controls obtains genuine results.
>
> "Even the starting of the engine illustrates the value of 'touch.' Nine out of ten drivers think that operating the ignition switch is simply a matter of turning it on or off. To them the switch is like a piano key which the small boy strikes with his finger. The switch turns on the ignition current; the key lets loose a sound. Neither realizes that many variations can be made.
>
> "You can set fire to the automobile with the ignition switch. For instance, if the switch is turned on directly after being turned off, and before the engine comes to a dead stop, a backfire is likely to occur.
>
> "Turning on the ignition switch too soon will usually retard the cranking process if the engine is cold. For a snappy start it is necessary to have good compression, assuming that everything else is in order. Some of the old cars started quicker than some of the new ones because with the hand crank the skilled driver could raise compression by a quick spin of the engine shaft. The more electric current you can send through the wire to the starter-motor the faster that unit will run and the faster it will turn over the engine. Therefore, when you switch on the ignition before stepping on the starter-motor you divert some of the current that should be going to give the engine shaft a quick spin.
>
> "The driver who puts some 'feeling' into his handling of the engine and car gives the engine a few spins, builds up compression in the cylinders, loads up with gasoline spray and then switches on the ignition.
>
> "Consider the mere handling of the ignition switch when

descending hills. In descending a hill with the ignition off and throttle closed, the car is pushing the engine to a point where the normal action is decidedly upset. Should an exhaust valve be stuck partly open when the ignition is suddenly switched on at the bottom of the hill a backfire through the exhaust is very apt to blow off the muffler. This is particularly true if the driver has been keeping the throttle open with the idea of making the engine a more effective braking force by increasing the compression.

"A driver who knows what sort of results he can get out of each control on the car sees that the throttle is closed before switching on the ignition, and even waits a few seconds to be sure that the cylinders have been cleared of the excess of gas. He may even slip out the clutch an instant so that the engine will not be turning over so fast when the ignition is switched on.



From *The Bulletin of the Copper and Brass Research Association*

RUGS PRINTED FROM BRONZE ROLLS

"The clutch, the brakes, the ignition advance-control, the throttle and the gears can be handled with an even wider variation in results.

"An accelerator, for instance, reminds one of the loud pedal on a piano. The more you step on it the more noise you make and the faster you go. That is the unfortunate idea. Day in and day out it stands in the way of good driving and steers good cars to the junk heap.

"How many drivers know, for instance, that it is often possible to make a car climb a steep hill in high gear more effectively without fully opening the throttle? How many know that a steady forcing of the accelerator down to the floor is not always advisable? How many appreciate that the engine is responsive to the accelerator in varying degrees according to the opening of the throttle? How many realize that you can give gas to an engine too early as well as too late?

"Frequently with a wide-open throttle the quantity of gas being burned in the cylinders will raise the temperature to a point where a little carbon on the piston heads will begin to glow and produce as much pre-ignition as a lot of carbon would at a smaller throttle opening. That is why the driver who tries to get up a hill faster than usual often finds himself making less progress.

"It frequently happens that gradual opening of the throttle on a hill is a means of killing the engine's power. This is because the flow of gas vapor through the intake and past the valves is so even that it may overheat to a point where it loses its power. The skilful driver under such conditions steps on the accelerator in jerks, allowing large quantities of cooler air to suck through the carburetor and into the engine. This makes for a cooler gas vapor and snappier operation of the engine. Of course, he does not overdo it any more than the piano player holds down a key longer than necessary to produce the desired effect.

"When the driver has discovered that the time element also figures in feeding gas he has begun to make progress in the skilful handling of the car. When he learns to step on the gas at the right time he is quick to note that when accelerating on level ground or hills it is important to give the engine time to respond to the increases in the quantity of gas admitted to the cylinders. He will sense the difference between crowding the engine with gas and starving it."

COD-LIVER OIL FREED OF BAD TASTE

THE BAD TASTE of cod-liver oil has been removed by Drs. Harry E. Dubin and Casimir Funk, biochemists, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Until the discovery of vitamins, a decade or so ago, no one knew why cod-liver oil was good for childish ailments. When it was found that this vile-tasting oil was the richest known source of two vitamins, one preventing rickets in children and the other warding off a serious eye disease that results in blindness, efforts have been made to develop an extract of it that would be easy to take. We read:

"The success of Drs. Dubin and Funk not only does this, but also provides a convenient starting-point for the actual chemical isolation and identification of vitamins, because it furnishes a purer material several thousand times as strong in vitamin content as the original oil. Laboratory tests on animals and clinical tests on a large number of children by Dr. Louis Fisher, director of the Infantorium and Nursery of the Hecksher Foundations of New York, have shown that both the antirachitic and antiophthalmic vitamins are retained in the extract.

"The problem of making vitamin extracts or of preserving vitamins under artificial conditions has always been a difficult one, because those unknown substances are very easily destroyed. Even the simple cooking of many foods destroys a large part of the vitamin content. The success of Drs. Dubin and Funk was the result of several years' work.

"They first made an acid extract of cod-liver oil, using either acetic acid, the essence of vinegar, or formic acid, an acid found in ants. In this way they obtained from 2,000 grams, or nearly two pounds, of cod-liver oil, 50 grams of a substance that retained all the vitamins, and left the bulk of the oil behind, as well as almost all of the taste.

"The extract portion was made into a kind of soap with caustic potash, just as animal fats were once made into soap with lye from wood ashes. From this saponified portion, one-half of a gram of a crude active concentrate was obtained. It was a brown sirupy mass which crystallized into light yellowish brown needle-like crystals radiating from a central point. An organic substance, cholesterol, which occurs in animal tissue, was eliminated, and the final potent extract from the 2,000 grams of cod-liver oil weighed only one-tenth of a gram.

"The chemical composition of this substance has not yet been established; the experimenters found that it contains carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and that sodium, sulfur, phosphorus and chlorin, elements frequently occurring in organic substances, are absent."

PRINTING RUGS FROM BRONZE ROLLS—The average conception of the printing-press, says *The Bulletin of the Copper and Brass Research Association* (New York), is a machine that produces newspapers. But the art of printing by machinery does not stop there. The printing-press has other fields of usefulness, not the least surprizing of which is the production of floor rugs. The roll and the rugs shown in the accompanying illustration visualize that achievement. The rugs are 9 by 12 feet in size and they were printed from a seamless cast-bronze engraved roll 46 inches in diameter. An Eastern carpet manufacturer blazed the trail in this field. Many bronze and copper rolls, eighteen inches to twelve feet in circumference, are now in service for printing carpets, draperies, blankets, oil-cloth, silks, mohairs, plushes and similar materials. The company that makes these also manufactures a variety of great bronze and copper rolls for other interesting uses, such as huge suction rolls used in paper-making, propeller shaft sleeves of various sizes, periscope tubes, columns for statues and monuments, and other tubular products in use the world over. In another picture in the *Bulletin* is seen a periscope tube for one of the U. S. Navy submarines. The tube is twenty-five feet long and is six inches in diameter at the large end, and tapers to three inches at the small end.

MEET THE AUTOGIRO

"THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP in aeronautics since the Wright brothers flew the first airplane." This is the way in which Sir Sefton Brancker of the British Air Force described the combination of airplane and helicopter, named the autogiro, invented by Juan de la Cierva, Spanish civil engineer, which has had trials at Farnborough ecently. It has been announced that as a result of these tests several machines with modifications will be built for the Air Ministry. The autogiro had a fall at Farnborough a few days ago, but it was considered a minor accident, not likely to check its development. In its first test the machine rose 1,000 eet almost vertically, and then descended gently at a forward speed of only twenty miles an hour. In addition to the lifting power which the new plane possesses, the reduced ground peed of which it is capable is also of supreme importance, in that it will be the means of preventing many landing accidents which are onstantly sending planes to the hops for repairs. The new machine is still in process of evelopment, but is described in eports as the most successful of ts type yet tested and as possessing all the advantages of the elicopter without involving the omplicated problems which have ept any helicopter from becomng a success. We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"The autogiro is an airplane hat has had its wings clipt, as it were, and it has a second propeller on a vertical axis above he fuselage which exerts a force downward tending to keep the raft from falling. This vertically mounted propeller is similar in shape to the conventional propeller with which an irplane is equipped, but it has a diameter equal nearly to he wing-spread of the craft itself.

"When the air-screw on vertical axis is started with sufficient power to give 120 revolutions per minute, the autogiro leaves he ground with the very low ground speed of fifteen miles an hour, according to measurements made during the Farnborough tests.

"The invention was first tested in October, 1920, just five ears ago.

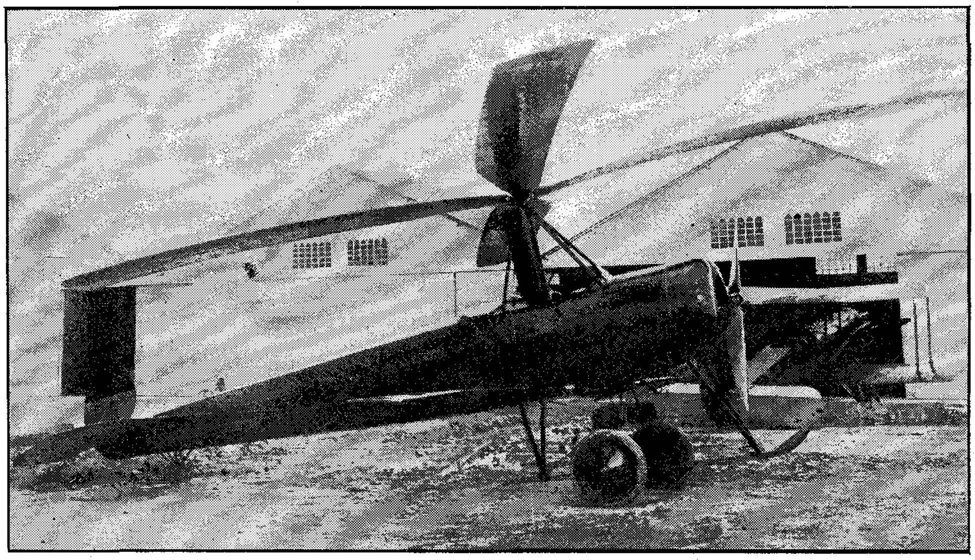
"Altho leading aeronautical experts connected with the government here do not share the reported optimism of the British uthorities as to the importance of the autogiro, yet its development has been looked upon with interest.

"Three years of experiments were necessary on the part of he Spanish inventor and his associates before a successful and satisfactory autogiro was developed.

"To understand the principle of operation, it is necessary to now that the ordinary airplane in order to be maintained in the ir must have a high velocity. The lift or pressure upward that ustains the airplane in the air decreases much faster than the ecrease in speed of the airplane and therefore a small loss in elocity of the airplane may result in a catastrophe.

"In the autogiro, however, the sustaining lift is produced by revolving wings on a vertical shaft projecting from the fuselage f an ordinary airplane. However, altho it may look like a elicopter, it does not really belong to that family, since the ustaining propellers of the helicopter are operated directly by the ngine, whereas in the autogiro the wind produced by the motion f the aircraft actuates the blades. If the craft had not been hristened autogiro, it might be called an 'airplane with revolving wings.'

"It is claimed that the autogiro is not affected materially by loss of speed. If there is an engine failure, a sudden 'nose up' r a very sharp turn, the horizontal flight of the craft may be nterrupted and it may be forced toward the ground, but the sustaining blades will sustain it in the air and enable it to alight at a very low speed. The stalling of the engine while in flight over rough ground, which would be fatal to an ordinary airplane, would be a mishap of minor importance to an autogiro. On the other hand, it is admitted that the autogiro will probably be unable to do any looping or other stunts such as are performed by fighting airplanes."



P. & A. photograph

"AN AIRPLANE WITH ITS WINGS CLIPT"—THE AUTOGIRO

Called "the most important step in aeronautics since the Wright brothers flew the first airplane."

THE STICKING-PLASTER DISEASE

DOES THE USE OF ORDINARY surgeon's plaster afflict you with a painful skin disease? Altho such supersensibility is rare, it is not unknown, as perhaps some of our readers can testify. A German physician now asserts that one patient in every hundred is irritated instead of soothed by the application of sticking plaster Says a writer in *The Lancet* (London):

"In the course of a year the medical profession uses many miles of sticking-plaster on patients of all ages and conditions. It is therefore disconcerting to read an article by Dr. H. W. Siemens in the Munich *Medical Weekly*, in which he states that 1 per cent. of persons have an idiosyncrasy that makes the homely sticking-plaster an enemy. Rashes, blisters, eczemas appear from its use that may last a month and give severe trouble. The offending substance is 'dammar' resin, that comes from the sap of one of the evergreens and is the favorite mucilage of plaster manufacturers. The irritation is not an acid one, for the resin acids have been proved harmless when tried by themselves."

Dr. Siemens found three cases of individual susceptibility, and tested them with all sorts of sticky substances. The dammar resin introduced into the arm, produced an erythema after twenty-four hours that was still more marked after forty-eight. He tested his first two subjects again after three and a half and four months; the first showed less tendency to react and the second much more. In the third case, a college student, twenty-four years old, tests with various resins and their derivatives, repeated after three weeks, showed a slight reaction to dammar and plaster, and none to other substances. To quote further:

"Dr. Siemens finds that this idiosyncrasy is not related to eczema. It would be interesting to know if any parallel results are forthcoming in this country. The subject should certainly be investigated further, since if the 1 per cent. incidence that Bloch demonstrated is uniform, many cases must occur that are not traced to their real cause. Dr. Siemens is still doubtful about the exact nature of this idiosyncrasy, and the fluctuations, which he demonstrated in his first and second cases, warn us against accepting it immediately as constitutional. The experiments remind us that skin disease as a whole is an obscure subject."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

MELBA AS SARA BERNHARDT'S PUPIL

SINGERS AND ACTRESSES, when they grow too old to practise their profession, often teach and give their pupils the benefit of their long experience. Sara Bernhardt was never too old to act, and she even carried on rehearsals for her next appearance, almost literally on her death-bed. Certainly she hoped to cheat the great Prompter for one more last appearance which was to have been made with the almost equally famous Lucien Guitry, now also passed into the shades. But Sara took up spasmodic turns at teaching one of these with the great singer Nellie Melba as a pupil. The autobiography of the famous diva is due for publication in book form, after appearing in part in the London *Daily Telegraph* and *Liberty* (Chicago). Here we read how Sara coached Melba in the way to act *Marguerite* in "Faust." It was early in Melba's career and at the height of Sara's, whose performance in "La Dame Aux Camelias" "was then electrifying all Paris." Let Melba go on with the story:

MELBA AS *JULIET*

A portrait taken in her early Paris days, when Bernhardt taught her the art of acting and of "make-up."

"I was taken to see her by Madame Marchesi, and perhaps it was lucky that when we entered the room Sara Bernhardt was still in the process of dressing; for the room alone was calculated to amaze people far more sophisticated than myself.

"It was an immense room that gave the impression, at first sight, more of a circus than of the salon of a great theatrical star. There were heavy stuffs hanging over the ceiling, drooping down and catching the dust.

"There were the skins of animals on the floor, the heads of animals on the walls, the horns of animals on the mantelpiece; there were stuffed tigers, stuffed bears—even a stuffed monkey. And side by side with this extraordinary menagerie were busts of Sara herself, busts of mythological persons, easels, pieces of tapestry, dying plants—an endless collection of bric-à-brac. Under one of the tables there was a huge bowl of water in which several somewhat adipose goldfish swam around and around.

"And then Sara came in—ran in, it would be more correct to say—and as soon as she had greeted us she jumped up onto a sort of box which stood in a corner of the room and sat on it, waggling her legs like a schoolgirl and talking with extreme rapidity and a wealth of gesture.

"How did I like Paris? Had I seen her? What did I think of her? Did I like Madame Marchesi? (This in front of Madame Marchesi's astonished face.) And then, suddenly, she jumped from her box and, taking my hand, she said to me:

"'You sing like an angel. I want to teach you to act like an angel, too. Listen!' And then, without more ado, she began to go through with me the part of *Marguerite* in 'Faust.' It was a revelation. Little points of character which I had overlooke were made to live before my eyes. Subtle touches of gesture were introduced—all the more marvelous when one remembers that Sara had never played the part herself and had seen it only once or twice on the stage. For instance, she said:

"'When, on the death o *Valentin*, he curses you an tells you that, owing to you sin with *Faust*, your whit hands will never be called upo to spin any more, what mus you do? You must hide you hands behind your back, terrified, ashamed, as tho yo wished that you might cu them from your body. See!' —and she whipt her hands behind her back, staring m straight in the face with a expression in her eyes of suc utter torture that every time in the years to come, when listened to *Valentin* singing those words *'Sois maudite'* called up the vision of Sar Bernhardt."

Some other secrets of th histrionic art that to-day appear to be among the "lost may perhaps be recovered aga from this recital of the doing of Sara and Melba:

"A few days later she cam around to my dressing-roo and, after hearing me sin *Juliet*, seated herself on th dressing-table, to the immine peril of her exquisite satin dres seized my box of grease paint and, waving my dresser awa said:

"'Bah! You make up you face like a schoolgirl. Yo have no idea how to do thes things. You are too innocen Take a lesson from me, th wicked one!' And she took m face in her hands and procee to apply deft touches wit rouge and blue pencil, with powder and lipstick, forbidding m as she did so to look in the glass until it was all over.

"When it was over, she leapt down again, threw out her hand and said:

"'*Voila!* Now you may look, my pretty!'

"I looked in the glass, and I was astounded by the transformation which Sara had effected. I turned to her and said:

"'Ah, if you could only be here every night to do that

"Sara folded her arms.

"'I will give you the address,' she said, 'of a little dancer wh taught me what I know in this tiresome question of make-u She is an artist, *ma chère*, and she will tell you all the secrets her art.' She wrote down the address.

"It was of course, the wrong address, for Sara would not hav been Sara if she had remembered such mundane details as tha But I did eventually discover the little dancer, and for a who month I went to her every day, experimenting with grease pain under different conditions, and by the end of the month there w not much to know about make-up which I did not know.

"She told me, for example, that one must always make up differently, according to the theater in which one was playing, but that, however large the theater and however near the audience, there should never be visible the faintest trace of cosmetics.

"I am well aware that many modern actresses will claim that this is an impossibility, and that, if one has to appear natural to the gallery, one must inevitably appear unnatural to the boxes. People who say that sort of thing are merely ignorant of one of the first principles of technique in dramatic art. My little dancer was quite right. If make-up is applied properly, it should be invisible, whether you are in the first row or in the back row of the gallery; it is merely a question of knowing how to do it.

"It was always a source of wonder to me that Sara, who will always be remembered for her voice of gold, had not a single note of music in her. Music, to her, was simply a noise; nothing else. I learnt, to my amazement, that she was so incapable of singing any sort of tune that during her rôle of *Jeanne d'Arc*, in which she was supposed to sing, she overcame the difficulty by opening her mouth in time with the music, keeping strict silence meanwhile. It would be wrong to say that Sara despised music. She ignored it. It meant nothing to her."

There is a tragic picture that ends these memories of the great Bernhardt:

"To write of Sara Bernhardt is to be impregnated with her personality. I can not write the name without thinking of the time when, years later, I went to see her in Paris when she was dying. There was little left of the lithe, tigerish figure that had swept into my room in the years gone by. She was lying in bed, propt up with pillows, a shadow of her former self, and yet, somehow, the radiant, fiery spirit was still there.

"'Ah, Melba!' she said, clasping my hands in hers. '*Tu as toujours ta voix d'or. Ma voix d'or n'a plus besoin de moi, car je meurs.*' (Ah, Melba! You have always your golden voice. My golden voice needs me no longer, for I am dying.)

"Yes, she was dying. But even in the face of death she was acting. As I gazed at the tragic figure, with the fair wig, the scarlet lips, the rouged cheeks, I could not help marveling at the indomitable spirit which, even at the last, urged this amazing woman to make up for the last time, that she might leave the stage of life looking her best.

"She knew, too, that she was dying. When I said good-by, she clung to me, pathetically, feverishly, as tho she were loath to be left alone.

"I walked into the next room and paused for a moment, too upset to go out until I had pulled myself together. I stood looking straight in front of me, thinking of all that Sara had been—all the triumphs and glory that had now almost gone. Suddenly I realized that I was looking straight into a mirror. With a shock, almost of horror, I saw that my cheeks were covered with rouge—Sara's rouge—the last token of a dying woman. With a shudder I took out my handkerchief, but it would not come off.

"'*Ma voix d'or n'a plus besoin de moi!*' I have heard many golden speaking voices in my day, but no voice ever had the same effect upon me as Sara's. Unless, as an afterthought, I may add that of Ellen Terry. She, too, had a divine speaking voice and a pronunciation which should be a model for all young artists. Oh, those melodious vowels and those crisp, telling consonants! Shall we ever hear the like of it again?"

WALPOLE ON HIS OWN ART

When a novelist begins to talk about his own art, people like to listen. Mr. Hugh Walpole has left London as a place of residence and gone up into Wordsworth's country to make his home on the shores of Lake Derwentwater. So he begins by instructing his neighbors in Keswick in the art of fiction, making comparisons between the practise of the Victorians and that of his contemporaries, much to the favor, one would say, of the Victorians. He calls this group of novelists "the most jovial and the most unselfconscious group of human beings to be found anywhere." He even thinks that "no novelist looking back to those days but would give his stars to be back at that wonderful period when this new form of literature had been scarcely exploited at all, and there were no books written about it, and no books about those books, and no books about those books." Just as a preamble to what he is about to say of modern novelists, we find him dwelling on the "unselfconsciousness" of the Victorians. The report of his address is taken from the London *Daily Chronicle:*

"They were unconscious of anything outside their writing, and were swept into their subjects because they felt it was something simple and something that any one could do. People began to like novels, and novels grew a little more sophisticated, but not very much. Consider how Thackeray and Dickens wrote their books, and often did not know what was going to happen next, and altered characters or killed them off because people became tired of them or did not like them. The second thing which differentiates them from the modern novelist is they had the clearest, simplest, and strongest moral views. They had the clearest ideas of who were the sheep and who the goats, so clearly that their psychology was of the simplest. Thirdly, there was virtually no foreign influence."

But about 1870 the English novel became something different. Mr. Walpole deals with Wells, Henry James and Dorothy M. Richardson, who is the novelist who has written six or seven books with only one incident:

AT A PICTURE EXHIBITION

Hugh Walpole, the novelist, and Lady Lavery, the American wife of the famous painter.

"There came into existence that very dangerous thing—dangerous if used wrongly, but a very fine thing if used rightly—realism. Then came that strange thing the new woman, perpetually unhappy. So the English novel began to look very strangely foreign. In the early books of Mr. H. G. Wells there is almost no difference from the Victorian novels, except that the Victorian novels are very much longer. But suddenly Mr. Wells wished to improve people. With this tendency to realism and this determination to write about ideas we see the modern novel being born. Everybody begins to be extremely serious, and psychology is introduced, and the belief that people were either good or bad is replaced by psychoanalysis. Altho psychoanalysis is perhaps very helpful to people, when it crops up in the novel, it is rather embarrassing. Just then my great friend Henry James came to England, and in his last period wrote three obscure novels in which nothing extraordinary happens to the characters; in fact nothing happens externally but everything

> happens inside the brains of the characters. That is all right for a genius like Henry James, but lesser men copy him, and the danger arises of becoming too static for words. Indeed, one woman novelist has written nine or ten volumes, and there are more to come, about a young lady, *Miranda*, who, except for one short journey to Germany, never moves except from the dentist's parlor where she works to the second-rate boarding-house where she lives. The idea is that going home on a wet night the effluvia from the umbrellas in the hallstand, the effluvia from the beef in the kitchen, and the effluvia from the gas escaping from the fire up-stairs combine to make one think of Socrates, and, instead of taking off one's wet things, one sits down to wonder why one thinks of Socrates. After discussing that for three or four volumes, one is a good deal advanced in the evolution of one's soul.
>
> "The modern novelist has only room to deal with one brain—his own. Our novelists are wonderful people, but their brains are not all first class. In some modern novels we find no opposition and no glorious adventures, only a lackadaisical youth, who is always in poor health, wondering whether it would be wise to have another aspirin."

Mr. Walpole admits that the modern novel has gained in technique over the Victorian—also "proportion, contrast, humor," things the Victorian never thought of. It has also gained in honesty. Mr. Walpole may have moved out of London, but London keeps an eye on him, and *The Daily Telegraph* refuses "to think that this account of the matter does justice either to the moderns or the ancients."

SLIGHTING COLLEGE STUDIES

MATTERS HAVE NOW REACHED the pass where voices in the East, West, and Center of our country are raised in college halls against the neglect of cultural activities by our students. Athletics, social life, even pure laziness, it seems, demand more attention than books and studies. And worse yet, according to President Lowell of Harvard, this attitude is abetted by recent graduates. "When I have one of Harvard's robust graduates come to me and loudly say, 'I am a red-blooded man; I want to know why the football team doesn't win,' I can not help recalling what the physiologists say, that human blood is most red when it has not been through the brain." President Lowell confided his thoughts to the Convention of American Universities "behind closed doors" in New Haven. The doors were evidently too thin. "Students and graduates of this generation," he says, "are far more proud of their achievements on the athletic field and on the campus than in the classroom." President Little of Michigan University complains of neglected studies, tho he recommends athletics as an antidote to more frivolous avocations. On the Pacific Coast, a professorial Thersites is even more bitter against the growing effeminacy of college students, and cheerfully commits the future of the nation to the "roughnecks" who can not go to college. As reported by the press, President Lowell, who later complained of being misquoted, says:

> "If it is true that in four years men in college will not acquire any desire to live an intellectual life, how can we expect to produce the men we need to carry on the work of the last generation in business, politics and the other walks of life? We can only give the world leaders proper training by arousing in our youth a love and desire for the things they have no use for now.
>
> "What can we do to arouse this interest? I would say that this is the crux of our educational problems. Certainly the answer to this does not lie in abolishing outside interests, such as athletics, publication competitions and other activities. Such a course would simply throw the men off into other forms of pleasure that would be harmful and destructive and take them all the further from intellectual and all-round development.
>
> "If we could make youth feel that scholarship was worth while, we would undoubtedly have more scholars. The question is, How are we to do this? One way is to get rid of the idea prevalent among undergraduates that a man studies hard for honors only because he wants to and does not care for anything else. As soon as students can be made to realize that examinations are not a test of an ability to grind and work unusually hard, but are rather a test of intellectual grasp, mental ability and general taste, then they will show some interest and see that this kind of work is really worthy of effort.
>
> "Another requisite for the accomplishment of this purpose is to give the students more personal contact with their instructors And this contact should be not with a man who has an intellectual interest in only one particular phase of his subject, but with one who sees clearly all that goes on in the whole field with which he is connected. A narrow view-point can only harm the student who is interested often in widely divergent topics."

President Little turns to athletics as a means of salvation:

> "In the day of highly explosive mixtures of youth, gasoline and liquor, borne swiftly on balloon tires to remote retreats; in an era of college comic publications and terpsichorean efforts skimming on the thinnest possible ice of decency, it would take Hercules himself to guarantee a fair substitute, and I believe he cheerfully would admit that the Augean Stables were in comparison an early season practise game."

Dr. J. B. Finley, who has just surrendered his professorship in the University of California to become dean of the University of Mexico, declares "our universities of to-day turn out 75 per cent of their graduates unable to speak and write the English language correctly." His remedy advanced in a dispatch to the New York *World* is to limit the privilege of university-training to those who are intellectually worthy:

> "Our Nation probably will be saved, for a few years at least, by the young men who can not go to a college or a university.
>
> "Manhood is the ideal that is being overlooked in our educational system. We are trying to polish an article that is veneered. Give me an oak-tree with the bark on it.
>
> "There was a time when a father, realizing that his son was not up to standard, picked out a school that was known to be hard-boiled.
>
> "A master of arts or a doctor of philosophy is now a boy whose parents have enough money to keep him in college until the professors are tired of looking at him.
>
> "When I sit in a classroom and look at a male student who hides his mental weakness and moral unfitness behind a coat of face powder and cosmetics, I wonder which way our civilization is headed.
>
> "I am not worried about our women. Girls may dress as they please and play upon the charms of sex. The heart of a mother is not far beneath the surface.
>
> "I do not wish to assume the dramatic rôle of cynic or pessimist, but as I leave behind me the shores of a country of which every American is proud I confess to some misgivings. We have built our colleges and universities to produce better citizens Are they doing it?"

Dr. Finley urges "selection of men for university careers as truly as dogs are selected for a dog show." Then in conclusion

> "What is the remedy? We never shall give up our colleges and universities. Limit the opportunities to those who are seriously in quest of knowledge. A thoroughbred dog wins the ribbons at a dog show. Let the man who believes in himself have our college degrees. Latin and mathematics are but the daily dozen for the exercise of brains. Give us men."

President Lowell may lean back and sigh over the *laissez faire* response his words receive in the New York *Sun*. It is not outside college that boys are "agonized over":

> "It is impossible not to sympathize with Dr. Lowell's profound regret that so many students regard their studies as a chore to be done as quickly and easily as possible. Yet it is to be doubted that in this respect boys and girls differ much from the general run of adult humans. Even in adult life, when most men and women find it necessary to concentrate their energies on the sole business of earning a living, such singleness of purpose is rare.
>
> "There are, to be sure, individuals who find in work such complete absorption that little else matters. These are the persons who usually succeed in attaining distinction in whatever they undertake. These are they who, in the poet's phrase, while their companions sleep, are toiling upward in the night. They are not always geniuses, but they at least have two of the indispensable qualities of genius, the 'transcendent capacity of taking trouble,' of which Carlyle wrote, and the 'great aptitude for patience,' which Buffon described as genius itself."

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, in *Scribner's*, is pleasantly ironic on the subject:

"If a young man really wants an education, he can get one anywhere, even at college. To be sure, few of them nowadays seem very keen to be educated at all. Perhaps that is why so many of them are crowding into our universities. The motive is not educational but social. At college the little sons of new wealth will meet the right sort. For in this land of the free and home of the brave it is undemocratic to acknowledge that we have class distinctions, but a university degree makes a very convenient badge of social status without jeopardizing our theoretical democracy. It stamps the wearer as a college man. He belongs to the American gentry, and is listed in the Social Register.

"Whatever may be the motive, they are now storming our academic strongholds in such unprecedented hordes, like the Goths and Vandals of long ago, that some of our older universities have raised their standards, like walls, for their self-protection. It is not only much harder to get in, but far harder to stay in, than it was in the good old days. Our American colleges used to welcome almost anybody. Now they have begun to pick and choose.

"This is creating considerable dissatisfaction among certain of the loyal alumni who always give three cheers for dear old Alma Mater but seldom anything else. For not only is this new and fatal policy keeping out valuable athletes, but even sons of prominent graduates. One of the questions asked last fall in the 'psychological test,' which is really an innocent-looking camouflage for rejecting undesirables, was: 'Why do you want to go to college?' The answer supplied by one young hopeful whose father had been a 'big man' in college was: 'To become eligible for the University Club.' He was not admitted."

"THE ANCESTOR"

PROBABLY THROUGH SARGENT'S famous portrait, Lord Ribblesdale, who died on October 21, was, on this side the water, the most familiarly known figure of the English nobility. Lord Asquith and Oxford, Lord Balfour, and maybe some others, are recognized as great figures in politics, but this one was known as a personality and he set a type symbolized as "The Ancestor" in England, and the stage Englishman in America. It was King Edward VII who gave him the sobriquet of "The Ancestor." "His tall upright frame, his somewhat old-fashioned attire, his dignified appearance and stately manner, his old-world courtesy, the grace with which he used to flourish the tortoise-shell-rimmed pince-nez he wore attached to a conspicuously broad black ribbon—all contributed to the impression that he was a survival from a more decorous age." From this description one might see how easily the figure might recommend itself for portraiture if not caricature on the stage. It is the belief of the New York *World* that such use has been made in America:

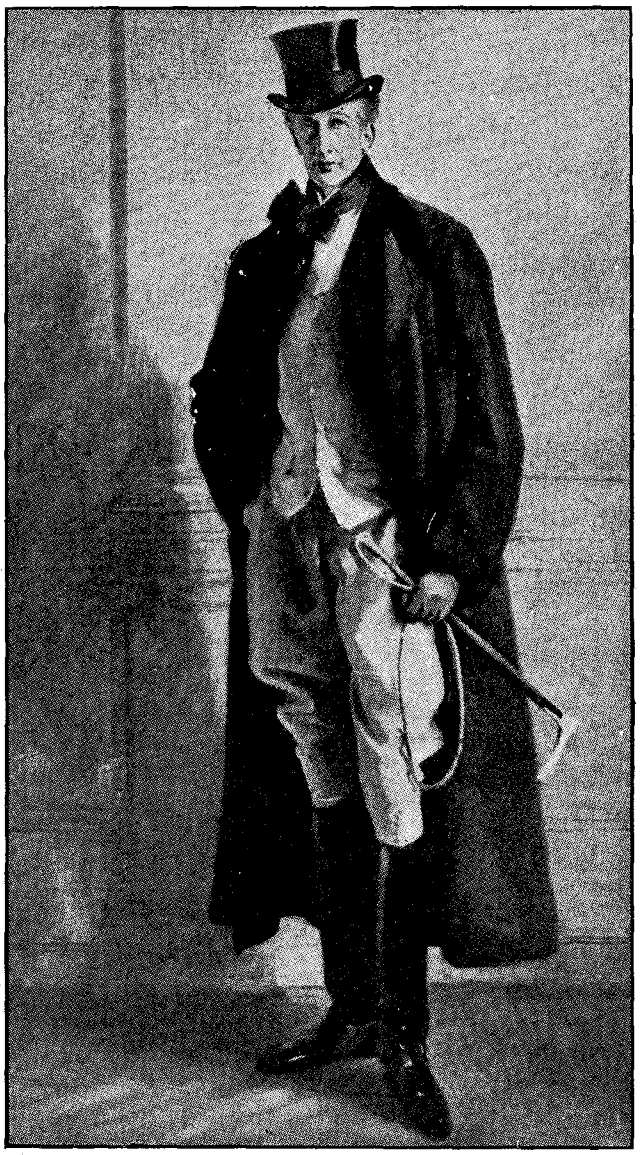
"Let an American conjure up his notion of an English lord, and if he does not see something that looks like De Wolf Hopper in 'Iolanthe' he will see Ribblesdale, especially as Sargent painted him—tall, togged out in magnificent hunting costume, puffy under the eyes, an aristocratic slimness about his shapely legs and aristocratic weariness on his handsome features. Let an American society youth ape English manners, and he apes Ribblesdale. Let an American playwright portray an Englishman, and he portrays Ribblesdale. Let an American movie producer present a titled English villain, and he presents Ribblesdale. It is curious, indeed, that the picture of one nation, as it exists in the eye of another nation, should exist so completely in the person of one man. One wonders what manner of man Ribblesdale, dubbed 'The Ancestor' by Edward VII, really was when you came to talk to him. What did he think of America?"

At least he thought enough of America to marry an American woman, the former Mrs. John Jacob Astor. For a better understanding of the portrait as well as the stage figures presented by Mr. Lawrence D'Orsey or Mr. Cyril Maude, we may read this sketch which was printed in the London *Morning Post:*

"In his young days he was a Lord in Waiting, and he conferred distinction on the office. Later he held the then political office of Master of the Buckhounds, and for a time he was Liberal Chief Whip in the House of Lords—a post for which he was fitted.

"He was an occasional speaker in the Lords, and, as he never rose without having something interesting to say, he was always heard with attention, even tho his diction was sometimes as old-fashioned as his manner.

"He was educated at Harrow, and obtained a commission in the 64th Regiment at the age of nineteen, becoming a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in 1874, and retiring with the rank of major in 1886. He succeeded to the title when twenty-two years old, and a year later married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Charles Tennant and sister of the lady who subsequently became the Countess of Oxford and Asquith."



"SURVIVOR OF A MORE DECOROUS AGE"

Lord Ribblesdale as painted by Sargent, a portrait now in the National Gallery as a memorial to his two sons, fallen in battle.

Tallyman writes in the *Saturday Review* (London):

"With the death of Lord Ribblesdale there falls another and particularly handsome flower of the Whig tradition. To combine the fine arts with hard riding and Liberal politics with the cares and recreations of the squire was a habit of life that marked him as a nineteenth-century nobleman with leanings toward the eighteenth. But his second marriage to a wealthy American's widow and the fact that his son was a Socialist at Oxford before Socialism was in fashion, alined him also with the new generations. Sargent evidently enjoyed the privilege of painting a Master of the Buckhounds who was also a Trustee of the National Gallery and he has set down Lord Ribblesdale for posterity as a senator in riding-boots, austere yet sensitive, at home in the Lobby, the salon, and the saddle. Sargent's verdict will stand. There is an epoch in its composition."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

WHERE THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRISTENDOM FAILS

THE BOMBARDMENT OF DAMASCUS may reduce the whole Orient to desperation, in the opinion of some European observers, who note with deep apprehension that the machine-gun policy of the West may drive the subject races into unity under a common standard against the white man. The wars in Syria and Morocco, the Palestinian Arabs' unrest under the "Balfour Declaration," the Chinese resentment of extraterritorial privileges, the Japanese indignation over the American exclusion act, and the general resentment over the assumption of white superiority—all are regarded as symptoms of a general ill-feeling among the "lesser" peoples that may drive them to Bolshevism for their politics and to Islam for their religion, the one as offering a hope of political equality and the other because it not only teaches but practises the common Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Christianity is placed in a deadly parallel with Islam, and, because of the aggressiveness of the nations which call themselves Christian, it suffers by contrast. Furthermore, according to Warre B. Wells, a London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Islam to-day is closer knit together than Christendom was even in the times of the medieval crusades, and "as a missionary faith it is more successful than Christianity. The faith of Mohammed is preached by emissaries trained in Cairo, and is spreading like prairie fire through the whole of Central Africa, invading the negro territories of European possession." One of the most vital world problems of to-day, then, is whether the racial question can be solved by peaceful means before it drifts—in the words of Viscount Willingdon, formerly Governor of Bombay and then of Madras—into a "clash of races which would prove the most ghastly tragedy the world has ever known." The lesson to Christianity is obvious, and it is emphatically treated by several speakers who addrest the English Church Congress recently held in Eastbourne. Lord Willingdon reminds us, as his speech is quoted in the London *Daily Telegraph*, that the gospel of self-determination enunciated during the World War was as eagerly received by the colored races as by any of the white races, and that the war "strengthened the conviction in the minds of the colored man that the white man's civilization had many defects. And thus, to the resentment of the colored man at his position of inferiority, to his determination that the democratic ideals of the Allies should be of universal application, there was added the belief that the moral basis of Eastern life was in many ways higher and nobler than that of the West."

Photograph by courtesy of *The Survey Graphic* (New York)

A "YELLOW FRONT" AGAINST FOREIGN AGGRESSION

The photograph shows a demonstration by Chinese students in Canton following the Shanghai riots, in which students demanded the abolition of the privileges granted the foreigners under the "unequal treaties."

What is the solution of this problem, which concerns every country of a colored race? In Lord Willingdon's opinion there is only one:

> "I am convinced that the white races must realize the necessity of treating all colored men in a spirit of absolute equality, and give up the attitude of color superiority, which one so often sees at the present time. By our policy in the past we have, quite rightly, developed the efficiency of all colored races, and must realize that it is the character inside the man which counts, and if we wish to continue our association with and exercise our influence on those countries which the white races have developed largely for the ultimate benefit of the colored man, it must be in a spirit of absolute equality, and not by arrogating to ourselves any race superiority. . . . I honestly believe that if the whole attitude of white races to colored races could be entirely altered, if the white men would always act in the spirit of giving equality of opportunity to those who are colored, what appears to be the aggressive and unreasonable attitude of colored races would entirely change, and they would be found to be ready to discuss these important matters in a fair spirit, and with a due sense of all the difficulties surrounding them."

The same note is strest by J. H. Oldham, Secretary of the International Missionary Council, and author of "Christianity and the Race Problem." "Equality" is the watchword of the violent agitation in China, says Mr. Oldham. It is the desire for equal treatment that lies behind the fierce denunciation of the "unequal treaties." The feeling is due, not so much to objection to the provisions of the treaties, as to the sense that they do not represent an arrangement between equals. And so, we are told, in regard to the exclusion of Oriental immigration from Western countries, "the sting lies not in the restriction of immigration, but in the fact that it has the appearance of discrimination." Says this student of the Orient further:

> "A very significant remark was made to me not long ago by a keen student of Asiatic affairs. He remarked that in the Near East, which he knew well, altho there was nothing whatever in common between Islam and Bolshevism, many leading Moslems, with their eyes wide open to the fundamental and irreconcilable differences between the two, were nevertheless inclining, against the whole weight of their judgment, to throw in their lot with

Bolshevism for the sole reason that they felt that the Bolshevists treated them as equals while the Western nations did not. We must recognize clearly that we have here to do with feelings that may attain to the utmost vehemence, that are capable, like a river in flood, of overflowing the banks, between which the current of human life ordinarily runs, and causing wide-spread devastation.

"Our trouble is due to the fact that in our attitude we lack that sense of equality—of the equality of men as human beings; and we lack it because we are not Christian enough, which is, perhaps, just another way of saying that we are not human enough. On the Christian view every man, no matter to what race he belongs, is first and foremost a human being. There are many voices to-day calling us in all sorts of ways and in all sorts of circumstances to show a united white front against peoples of other color. Well, let us face the facts squarely. A solid white front certainly and inevitably means a solid yellow front, and a solid brown front, and a solid black front; and that, in the end of the day, can have only one meaning. It means war. And the only way to prevent us from drifting to that disaster is that men of courage and of true vision should refuse to be entangled in the snares of racialism and a purely racial way of looking at questions, and should strive everywhere and always to insure the triumph of the claims of humanity and justice, even when such striving brings them into opposition with men of their own race."

Then stood forward a black witness for Christ—to give the white man a lesson in the religion which he preaches, but too often fails to practise. "Let us," says Shoran Singha, who is attached to the Foreign Department of the London headquarters of the Y. M. C. A., "face the problem as Christians, as members of the Christian Church." He deprecates the tendency of church people to be too much influenced by those political and economic aspects of what he describes as "an ugly and ghastly problem," and says, as he is quoted in *The Telegraph*, that Christian people must get rid of the idea that God has ordained the white man to rule over the black man, and realize in a practical way that it is God's will not that men should rule one another, but should serve one another. "There are," says Mr. Singha, "churches in my native land that I can not enter because I am a black man, and that fact causes me to ask if Jesus Himself would not find the doors of such churches closed in His face if He came to earth to-day and wanted to enter them. The saints and evangelists would also find such doors closed against them—and we are talking about the Catholic Church." The bonds of unity and brotherliness which bind together different races in Mohammedanism furnish, Mr. Singha suggested, a valuable lesson to Christians. "A refusal to recognize the common Fatherhood of God East and West means," he concludes, "a failure to understand or to practise the a-b-c of the Christian religion." According to the Rev. W. W. Cash, of the Church Missionary Society, the forces of Islam are uniting in a solid mass against what they call the White domination. In binding man to man, Mohammedanism, he says, is offering a solution for the race problem. "Indeed," he adds, "the bond of brotherhood is more real in the world of Islam than in the world of Christianity, and unless the Church regards the Mohammedan problem as fundamental to the race problem, little progress can be made. The Church must carry forth the principles of our Lord in a great Moslem world evangelization."

GGAGE FACTORY
BRANCH
EXPERT TRUNK
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Photograph by courtesy of *ASIA* (New York)

AN EXAMPLE OF THE WEST'S MACHINE-GUN POLICY IN THE EAST

A foreign armored car in the streets of Shanghai, one of many incidents which may precipitate "a clash of races which would prove the most ghastly tragedy the world has ever known."

THE DECLINE OF PREACHING

A STORM IS RAGING in the English Church over the decline of preaching, with pew and pulpit in a wordy duel that is waking the echoes and may wake up some of the sleepy sermonizers. The Archbishop of Canterbury has exhorted the English clergy to take more pains with their sermons, as was noted in these pages October 24, and the result, writes Dean W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the London *Spectator*, has been that the chronic dissatisfaction of churchgoers and others with the spiritual and intellectual food provided for them on Sundays has become more vocal than usual, and that many clergymen have protested that their critics do not seem to realize the difficulties with which they have to contend. But the standard of preaching in the Church of England is very low, says the Dean. Not only is the average sermon uninspiring, in his opinion, but there is a dearth of outstanding preachers whose reputations can be compared with those of Liddon, Magee, Phillips Brooks and Farrar. "Most of the preaching in Anglican churches is unworkmanlike, and even slovenly, if we judge it as we should judge other professional work," writes the Dean. "Our preachers do not study the art of hortatory eloquence as the Nonconformist ministers do, nor do they as a rule put so much thought into their discourses as the Scottish Presbyterians, from whom their people demand stronger meat than would be acceptable to most English congregations." Want of time is often pleaded, we are told, as the excuse for poor sermons; but to Dean Inge "it is a plea which can not be accepted, for we can all make time to do our main work, whatever we think it to be." A real and deplorable obstacle assigned is the extreme poverty of the clergy, which makes it impossible for them to collect a library, and another difficulty is the isolation from all stimulating and intellectual companionship in which many of them are forced to live. Again, writes the Dean,

"The crumbling of certain parts of the dogmatic structure has undoubtedly increased the difficulty of preaching. There is much uncertainty as to what may be, and should be, said from the pulpit. The people themselves are impatient with dogma. Accordingly, many preachers try to interest their congregations by topical discussions of newspaper controversies, new books, or, worst of all, burning economic problems, in which their ill-

> informed tirades generate much more heat than light. There seems to be a kind of fatality that the Church always begins to champion a political party at the moment when it is preparing to abuse its power. The Church never goes into politics without coming out badly smirched, and few sermons are more unprofitable than rambling comments or declamations on secular affairs."

To the question whether the pulpit is any longer useful in modern life, Dean Inge replies that oral teaching is necessary for the illiterate, for there are still a very large number of people who can pick up readily what they hear, but who have never learned to concentrate their attention on a printed page. The sermon, therefore, may be the one opportunity during the week of giving the parishioners something to think about outside their daily routine. But here lies the difficulty presented by the different educational levels of the preacher's hearers. Says the Dean:

> "It is almost impossible to interest highly educated men and women without becoming unintelligible to many persons in the church. And the problem becomes acute when we are asked to assist the young and thoughtful men and women in the congregation in their intellectual difficulties about the Christian faith. We can not even come to grips with these difficulties without shocking and offending those of our hearers who are neither young nor thoughtful. There is no solution of this problem; when the laity complain of the disingenuousness of the clergy in shirking the questions which are exercising the minds of the younger generation, they seldom realize the shackles in which they are held, not by the bishops, but by another type of layman.
>
> "The golden age of the pulpit is over; but it is a great mistake to despise preaching, or to suppose that in this art, unlike all others, personal goodness will compensate for the want of careful training and diligent application."

CALLING A HALT TO CURSING

A CAMPAIGN AGAINST PROFANITY has been started in Italy under the leadership of King Victor Emmanuel, according to a dispatch from Rome, and the Minister of Instruction, Prof. Pietro Fedele, has directed that lectures on the subject be delivered in the schools. It is not known here, of course, how great is the need for such a campaign in Italy; but it certainly behooves us, we are told, to take a leaf out of her book. No people, with the possible exception of the Australians, says the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette*, are so profane as the people of the United States. In fact,

> "We are notable, and long have been, as a nation of 'cussers,' and now we are developing lady experts in this line. To-day 'damn' is entirely innocuous and 'hell' is innocent, at least so far as language is concerned.
>
> "Profanity has been one of our greatest outputs for many years, and naturally we have developed 'cussers' of wide reputation. One of these, a famous newspaper man, has been known to divide a word with profanity. He declared once that he would fix the 'responsi —— —— bility' for a certain crime if it took all summer. Nearly every town has its profanity champion.
>
> "If the King of Italy's campaigners are successful in Italy, they should be imported to America."

It is difficult now, observes the Pittsburgh *Sun*, to find a play in which are not used words that formerly were not uttered in polite society. *The Sun* records:

> "There have been some plays in Pittsburgh this year that had a curse in nearly every line, and it has been said that they correctly mirrored life. In one drama foul words were used which no one would have dared to utter in public a few years ago. The excuse given for profanity on the stage is that it is realism. But that hardly excuses the use of nasty words that would be frowned upon in the drawing-room. Unless the growing indifference to profanity is halted, these unpleasant expressions now so commonplace in the theater will be heard in the home, too.
>
> "There are those who fancy that no one sincerely objects to swearing. But that is a mistaken notion. There is something to think about in the jocular sign which one sometimes sees hanging in offices: 'Please don't swear. There may be a gentleman present.'"

CHURCH DECREES ON WOMEN'S DRESS

SKIRTS ARE SHORTER THAN EVER IN PARIS, runs a newspaper line; but the campaign for modesty in women's dress is being waged persistently by the Roman Catholic Church and is now reinforced by the Hebrew Union of Orthodox Congregations in this country. In addition to the orders excluding from the Pontifical audiences women who are deemed insufficiently clothed, Pope Pius XI has sent another order to the Committee for Assistance in Pilgrimages, forbidding participation in the processions of pilgrims to women not modestly and seriously drest, in a manner corresponding with the austerity of the rite of penance which the processions are supposed to symbolize. Writing further in a dispatch from Rome to the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, Monsignor Enrico Pucci tells us that admittance to the audience with the Pope was recently denied to thirty-two women and girls because they were not properly clothed. All the Italian bishops, we are told, have published pastorals and instructions containing severe proscriptions against immodest dress. Another dispatch to the same news service reports a similar campaign in Chile, where the Archbishop of Santiago calls women to account for their mode of attire.

Some heat, we are told, was developed over the passage by the Hebrew Union of Orthodox Congregations of a resolution condemning the scant garb of women. Some of the members, according to a report in the New York *World*, declared indignantly that a church could not prescribe women's styles, while others were equally as positive that the question does lie within the jurisdiction of the churches. The resolution as finally passed is quoted by *The World* as follows:

> "Whereas, modesty and propriety of conduct are enjoined upon Jews by their religious codes, be it resolved that this convention looks with disfavor upon the laxity of conduct so greatly prevalent at present, and particularly on the manner of attire at present customary among the female sex, which can not be considered decent and modest; and we urge the daughters of Israel to clothe themselves with proper modesty, and in particular the ladies attending services, so as not to conflict with the holiness of the places of worship."

The strong position of the Roman Catholic Church and now of the Orthodox Hebrew Congregations is in accord with the position taken by other religious bodies and social organizations, notes the Raleigh *News and Observer;* but, it asks, rhetorically, "Does it do any good? Will any decree except from the fashion autocrats in Paris accomplish the needed reform?" The women themselves are in the clutch of mighty circumstance, observes the New York *Times*, inclining to the notion that fashion, now aided by comfort and convenience, is still the dictator of women's dress. "With the spread of democracy and the growth of well-being for the masses," we are told, "the decrees, or ravages, of Fashion become well-nigh universal." And now—

> "The circumstances point to woman's definite emancipation from the garments that trail, envelop, and clog. If the women of Turkey have abandoned the veil, and the women of India are abandoning purdah, the women of the West will be argued with in vain to retrace their steps; and particularly because here in the West the new fashions embody no such break with tradition. Our modesty standards in dress have largely been artificial. Satirists have long wanted to know why something that was modest in the ballroom is immodest on the street curb, and why the proper thing on the bathing beach is the improper thing on the subway.
>
> "It is largely habit. No one has ever considered the short kirtle of the peasant woman in her national costume to be immodest. That short skirt should be no less proper behind the shop counter and in the business office.
>
> "Why, then, in the face of all these forces working logically for the modern dress, is it assumed that victory may yet rest with the churches? For the reason that when Fashion speaks, economic forces, social forces, psychological forces, emancipations, progress, and all the rest mean nothing. The dressmaker breathes upon them and they are not."

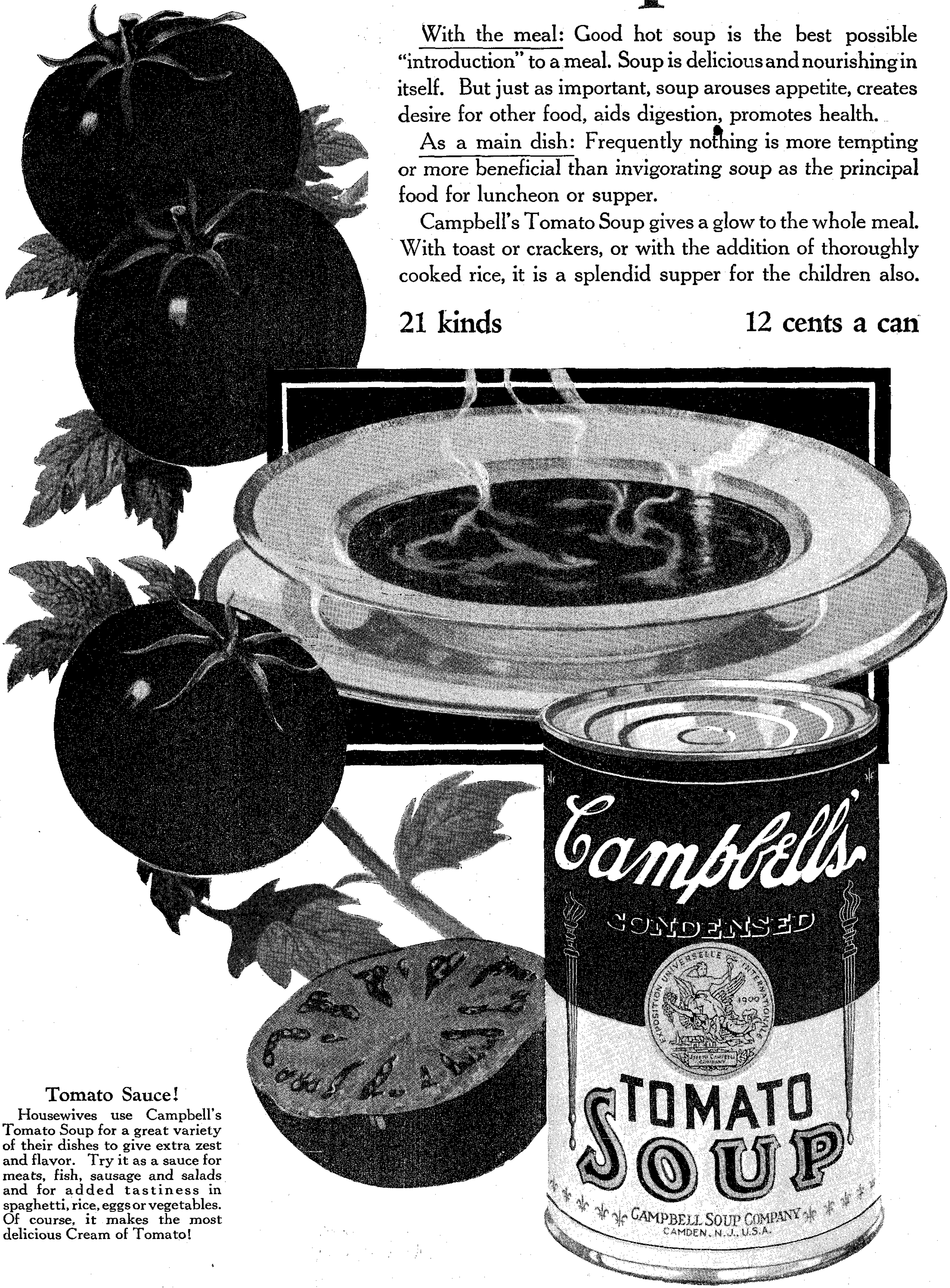
Do you know when to eat soup?

With the meal: Good hot soup is the best possible "introduction" to a meal. Soup is delicious and nourishing in itself. But just as important, soup arouses appetite, creates desire for other food, aids digestion, promotes health.

As a main dish: Frequently nothing is more tempting or more beneficial than invigorating soup as the principal food for luncheon or supper.

Campbell's Tomato Soup gives a glow to the whole meal. With toast or crackers, or with the addition of thoroughly cooked rice, it is a splendid supper for the children also.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**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TOMATO SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J., U.S.A.

Tomato Sauce!

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Of course, it makes the most delicious Cream of Tomato!

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

MISS LOWELL wrote several poems to Duse, but this one in the *Literary Digest International Book Review* (November) has not before been published. It was written in answer to a letter in which the actress thanked her for aid during a sudden illness in Baltimore. The first line is a quotation from that letter.

TO ELEONORA DUSE: IN ANSWER TO A LETTER

By Amy Lowell

Regrets and memories these short December days."
How the words cut and scar themselves
Across my heart!
Dear lady of the great compassion,
All tenderness enmeshed in withes of truth,
Experience harboured for its seeking flame,
Clean burning flame of knowledge beyond thought,
Sword-blade of sheerest beauty,
As the sun sinks wanly,
Branch by branch,
Through the shaking, leafless trees,
How cruelly the twilight comes—
I watch it here,
At this long distance from you,
And rage at impotence
Which can give you no brighter present
Than the flicker of a small red candle
Lit by you long ago.
You wrong yourself dwelling upon the past;
I have it from your lips:
"The past is dead. The future alone has life."
The past is dead, save in the continuity
Of your most inaccessible loveliness.
Where touch is healing should be no regret
At that which makes it so.
You walked, and walk, incarnate soul
Of human needs and meetings.
The sight of you is the clarity of courage;
Your movements, insistent, compelling, muted trumpets in a still air;
Your voice, ah, dear, that voice, as April rain
Dropping at evening on beds of unsprung tulips.
Where has there ever been a flesh
So rightly framing such a spirit? Tell me.
You can not.
Words are pebbles,
A gravel-path for you to tread and spurn.
Music is liker to encase your essence,
Yet you escape, for what you really are
Hangs to no swiftest flash of evocation,
But floats in rondure of its perfectness
Out of our sight as possible, impossible,
Peak of a human capability,
Infinite spirit with the lightest shadowing
Of merciful and finite flesh.
Has any one ever so held the cords of life,
Of all our lives, as you?
You dare not say there has and gaze truth in the eye.
Look back, then, if you must,
But see plain fact,
Yourself the soul's wine of a generation,
The whispered bourne of blessings to a world.

EVER since "The Spires of Oxford" we are constrained to pause at the name of W. M. Letts. Irish readers will like this in *The Commonweal* (New York):

DEIRDRE IN THE STREET

By W. M. Letts

Deirdre is dead and all her beauty blown
Like wind-swept petals underneath the thorn.
If beauty dies, then beauty is new-born,
And Deirdre met me in the street today,
Her hair like blackbirds' breasts, her shadowed eyes
Like hazel circled pools beneath grey skies.
Proudly she walked like women from the hills,
Her basket full of early daffodils.
Deirdre is dead and beauty, like a smoke,
Passes its phantom way into the air.
But other women are as young and fair.
Here at my elbow with soft hurried speech
She urged her wares. And in this dreary place
I looked upon a princess face to face.
Backed by a hoarding fierce with garish bills,
Deirdre stood crying—"Buy the daffodils."

THE moral of Florida seems to be that people expect fortunes out of the air; but those only who put something in will gain the end sought. The New York *Times* has it in verse:

IN FLORIDA

By Grace McKinstry

The realtors across the street,
White-knickered, smiling, watch and wait;
Their maps are blue, their desks are neat,
Their signs say brightly, "Real Estate."
Their offices of modest size
May shelter half a dozen firms,
Their blackboards give the day's Best Buys,
"Third cash and very easy terms."

All just alike, door after door,
All selling acreage or lots,
Close in—For Business—North Shore,
The Southland's Choicest Beauty Spots.
And men who buy can soon resell
And double on their cash—perhaps;
Friends hasten in to do as well—
More contracts, abstracts, listings, maps.

Invest, resell, and so it goes
All through the block that faces me.
Just deals and profits. Life is prose
Until within one door I see
A Greek, a fruit stall, tropic glow
From oranges and tangerines,
Banana bunches in a row
And peeping purples, scarlets, greens.

And George the Greek stands sorting fruit;
His fruit has never speck or spot,
For what he sells to eat must suit,
No one resells it, like a lot;
The passers need no plea to pause—
Youth, matrons, tots with outstretched hands,
But I'll just feast my eyes, because
They weary so of Houses—Lands!

PERHAPS loyalty is not a virtue of Republics. We have torn down our heroes sometimes before they died. When they die our literary heroes often have to run a gantlet. France has never repudiated de Maupassant; will America forget O. Henry? *The Author and Journalist* (Denver):

TO A DEPARTED AUTHOR

By Willard King Bradley

Now that you're gone they cast slurs on your name.
These half-baked critics who will never write
A paragraph posterity would claim:
With condescension they admit that bright
Your tales were, clever each surprising "twist."
But that you were an Artist they deny:
"Mere padded anecdotes was all the grist
That issued from his mill." . . . Some even pry
Into your past as if it troubled them
That once you were a convict. I care not
What you had done when you began to gem
This gray world with your sparkling prose; nor what
Your moral code was. Spite of sneers, 'tis true
That Bagdad-on-the-Subway misses you!

AN old myth retold in the modern manner in the *New Republic* (New York):

YOUNG ICARUS

By George O'Neil

Throughout the island of the minotaur
Sleep lay on every leaf.
The sea was but a thin green bar
Strewn with a raveled grain, a sheaf
Of glinting morning gold.

Young Icarus, with fingers whittled cold,
Raised up an arc of feather,
And Dædalus, with fingers colder,
Fastened the wings upon his son together,
And blessed each burdened shoulder.

The dawn slid in upon the sea and foamed
Against the bouldered dark,
And up the gloom an eagle roamed,
Screaming at lowered stars, while winged, stark,
Lithe Icarus took heed:

"Not high nor low, but middle, is our need.
Stay between cloud and cloud . . ."
But suddenly dark Dædalus, amazed,
Opened his wings and with a warning loud
Cried to a light that blazed.

Young Icarus aloft, a crystal spear,
Shattered the pallid hour.
The roaming eagle shied in fear
And spiraled downward, outward from a shower
Of splinter-laden light.

And then, upon the pinnacle of sight,
A spark shot fire and broke,
And down the zenith's azure wall
Careened an arrow with a head of smoke
That slanted in the fall.

Old Dædalus flung out his knotted arms,
But far away was he
From where, amid the gull-alarms,
The body of his son unlocked the sea
With flame-surrendered wings.

Old Dædalus flew on . . . and many things
He gave the children of his land
Before the distant waves had spun
A covering of shell and weed and sand
For what he gave the sun.

A STATUTORY State song has been adopted by legislative enactment in Illinois, and in case we miss the import of it all the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* interjects some comment. Apparently the song "just growed" for no author is given:

A STATE SONG

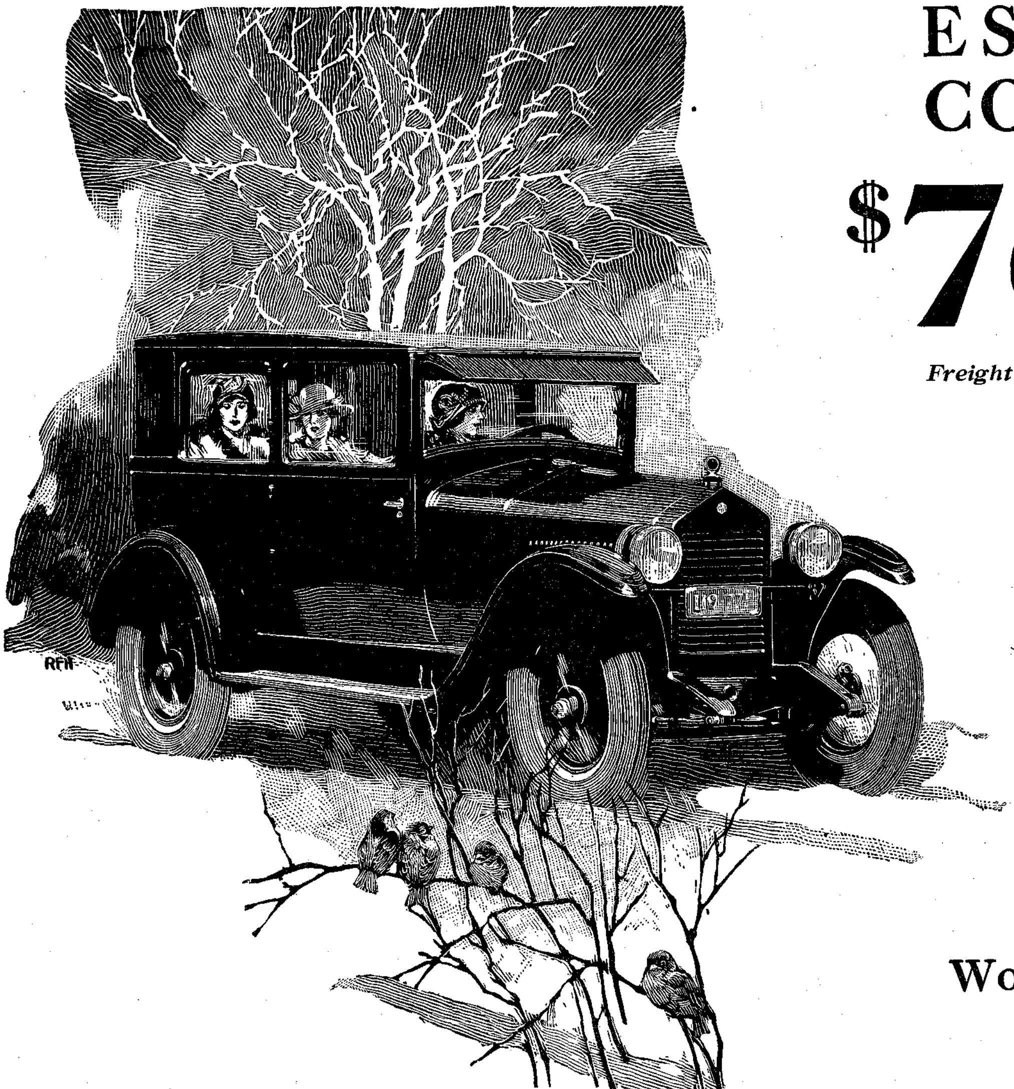
By thy rivers gently flowing,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling thro' the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these,
Illinois!

Chicago gets full recognition in direct reference to its industrial and financial eminence, in the second stanza, which runs:

From a wilderness of prairies,
Straight thy way and never varies,
Till upon the inland sea
Stands thy great commercial tree,
Turning all the world to thee,
Illinois!

The historical significance of the State in the great conflict to maintain the union, is touched in the concluding lines of the song:

Not without thy wondrous story
Can be writ the nation's glory.
On the record of thy years
Abra'am Lincoln's name appears,
Grant, and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois!



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Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson-Essex
World's Largest Selling
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Quality Gave This Enormous Volume
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Freight and Tax Extra

Quality made Essex, with Hudson, the largest selling "Six" in the world. That volume makes manufacturing economies not approached elsewhere, and permits a price way below any rival.

The Super-Six principle increases power and smoothness of a "Six" without added weight or motor size. It has proved longer car life. Essex has many of the exclusive qualities of Hudson, for it is the product of Hudson engineers and is built by Hudson.

You get qualities of the "Six" not found in any four. And, equally important, you get the famous Super-Six advantages in performance and reliability over every rival "Six."

For any closed car you will pay almost as much as the Essex Coach costs. Why accept any performance short of a "Six"?

Why not have the supreme type "Six"—the flexibility, power, smoothness, and long car life that are exclusive to the Super-Six, and at the low price Essex gives it.

World's Greatest Value

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

"UNCLE ARTHUR" HENDERSON, M. P., A RED?—HA! HA! HA! HA!

"THE BABBITTS OF HARTFORD" are affording Homeric mirth to the English newspapers, and no small annoyance to their American contemporaries, by allowing themselves to be stampeded into a panic over a lecturing visit from Arthur Henderson, the sedate British labor leader who has been for fifteen years a Member of Parliament, and at various times a "Right Honorable" pillar of Church and State with Cabinet portfolios in some of the most famous Governments of recent history. "Uncle Arthur," as they call him affectionately in England, is also a temperance worker and a lay-preacher of the Methodist Church. He is the Secretary of the British Labor party, and was a member of the Asquith Coalition Cabinet and one of the five men in Mr. Lloyd George's War Council. For nine months, until the collapse of the MacDonald Government last year, he was the British Home Secretary. He may yet be the Prime Minister of England. Few European statesmen, remarks the Boston *Globe*, have had wider experience or wielded greater influence. But it appears that the National Security League in Hartford, perhaps ignorant of Mr. Henderson's status as an upholder of law and order, and of his almost bull-like antipathy for the red flag, took alarm at the legend of his adhesion to the political doctrines of State Socialism, and treated him with some discourtesy. "Accustomed at home to the jibes of labor extremists for his restraint and moderation, Mr. Henderson has found himself under suspicion in the United States as a 'Red' and a 'Bolshevik.'" Commenting on the imbroglio editorially, the Baltimore *Sun* corrects a British report that Mr. Henderson was officially silenced, remarking:

International Newsreel photograph

AS LIKE A BOLSHEVIK AS PRESIDENT LOWELL

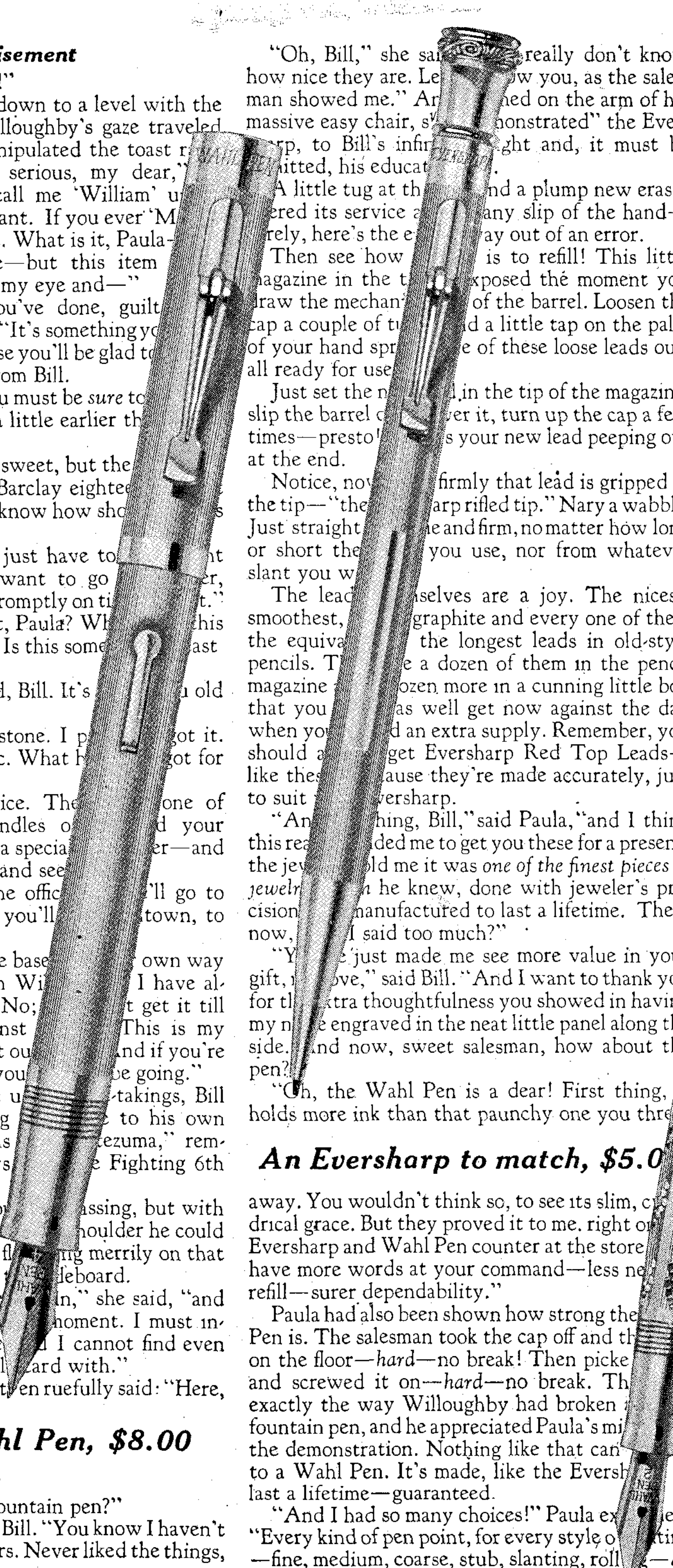
Such is a Boston comment on Arthur Henderson, the British Labor M. P., side-tracked by nervous patriots in Hartford.

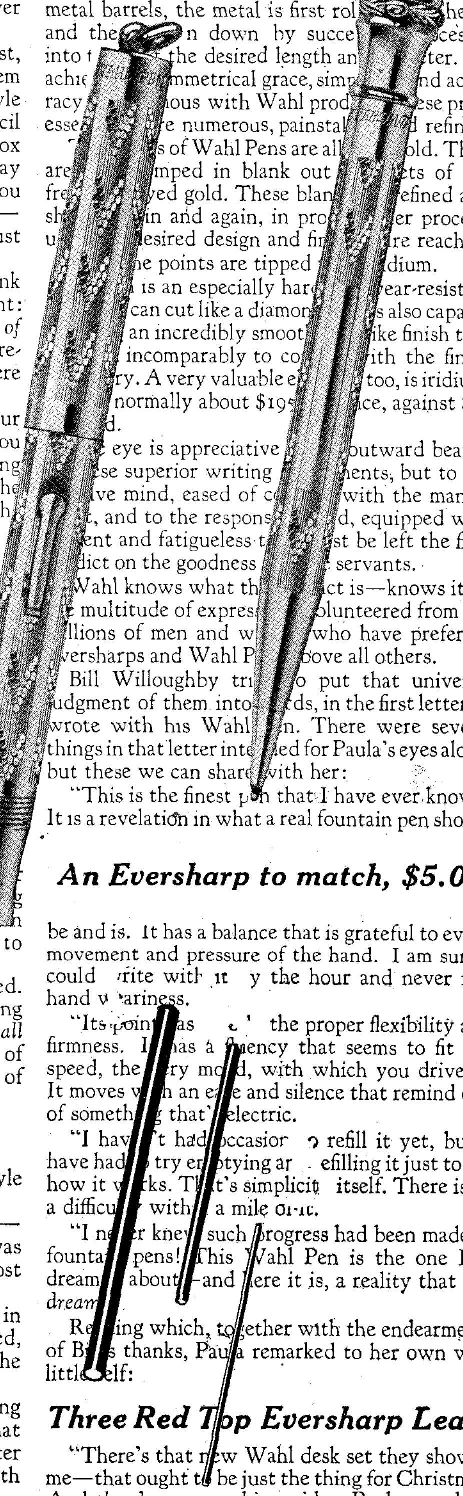
> *The Daily Herald*, London Labor organ, is making considerable capital over the treatment received by Arthur Henderson, Home Secretary of the Labor Government, at Hartford, Connecticut. In a large streamer it announces that he was "gagged."
>
> It is pleasant to be in a position to refute this statement. What actually happened was that when Mr. Henderson's lecture was announced the National Security League fell into one of those paroxysms of patriotism peculiar to it. It passed the word around that Mr. Henderson has communistic leanings—no telling what he might say to the general detriment and peril of the republic. The League sounded a warning which Kiwanis and Rotary of Hartford heeded, and consequently they withdrew the invitation they had extended to him. It was merely a combination of super-patriots indicating that they didn't care to hear what Mr. Henderson had to say.
>
> However, there was nothing in the action at Hartford to forbid Mr. Henderson's talking. If he so desired, he could have hired a hall and orated to his heart's content. The only point was that he couldn't talk under the auspices of the patriots of Hartford.
>
> Freedom of speech implies as well freedom to listen. If the Associated Clubs of Hartford didn't want to listen to Mr. Henderson, that was decidedly their own business. Mr. Henderson scarcely qualifies to wear the martyr's crown that adorns the heads of Count Karolyi and Shapurji Saklatvala. Somehow, the State Department has overlooked him. The fault seems to lie in Mr. Henderson's choice of an audience. If he wants to talk, it's up to him.

Sundry English comments on the incident are quoted by the Brooklyn *Eagle*. In an editorial sizzling with sarcasm it exclaims:

> When the Bourgeoisie, the Bœotian Bourgeoisie of the National Security League, heard that Arthur Henderson, M. P., had attended the Second International and—horror of horrors!—is a Socialist, it got busy at once. Hartford business men, Rotarians, Kiwanians or what not, must not hear Henderson speak. He must not be a guest of the Y. M. C. A. at luncheon. He was branded as "too radical for the taste of Connecticut manufacturers." And the business men yielded as did the Y. M. C. A. But Hartford isn't quite solid for narrowness as she was in Hartford Convention times, when Tory England dictated her opinion. There is a newer Hartford, which listened with delight to the former British Cabinet member, in Centre Church, where the visitor had the good taste not to allude in any way to the Bourgeoisie boycott.
>
> All of which makes John Bull merry, especially the attempt to gag Henderson as a "radical." London newspapers just sit up and howl over it. *The Evening Standard* says: "Uncle Arthur is a Methodist preacher of impeccable orthodoxy; his respectability is as staid and solid as that of any church warden. If one were asked to name the half-dozen most sober and least revolutionary politicians in England, Arthur Henderson would be nearer the beginning than the end of the list." *The Westminster Gazette* says of the Wooden Nutmeg crowd: "They obviously don't know much of British politics to mistake Uncle Arthur, as he is called, for one of our Red propagandists." *The Morning Post* declares: "Henderson is not a man to set even the heathen of Connecticut on fire."
>
> Only a plea of confession and avoidance is possible. We do have stupid people in Connecticut and in other States. They are often people of wealth and influence, as in other countries. They

(*Continued on page 41*)





Advertisement

"William Willoughby!"

The newspaper came down to a level with the coffee cups, and Bill Willoughby's gaze traveled over to where Paula manipulated the toast r

"Now this must be serious, my dear," bantered. "You never call me 'William' u there's something important. If you ever 'M me, I'll know it's divorce. What is it, Paula- discourtesy—I apologize—but this item Jock Hutchinson caught my eye and—"

"No, it's nothing you've done, guilt science," Paula broke in. "It's something y to do, and I know of course you'll be glad t

"H'm, not so sure," from Bill.

"Bill, dear, it's that you must be *sure* t for dinner tonight, and a little earlier th please."

"I'll be here, all right, sweet, but the —well, I had promised Barclay eightee Sunset this aft., and you know how sh are growing."

"You and 'Barc' will just have to t with nine, unless you want to go r, because I need you here promptly on ti t."

"Why, what's tonight, Paula? Wh his evening its special glow? Is this some ast day?"

"No saint's, I'm afraid, Bill. It's i old goose—your birthday!"

"Gosh! Another milestone. I p ot it. Many happy returns, etc. What h ot for me?"

"Never mind; it's nice. The one of Laura's best cakes—candles o d your Mother has written you a specia r—and I've—well, you be here and see

"Better drop in at the offic 'll go to lunch, Paula. I suppose you'll town, to buy the present."

"Your suppositions are base own way of doing things, William Wi I have already got your present. No; t get it till tonight. I'm proof against This is my secret. You shan't have it ou nd if you're going to make the 7:57, you e going."

With which, and the u -takings, Bill was gone, accompanying to his own whistling of "The Halls ezuma," reminiscent of his 1918 days e Fighting 6th Marines.

The day was long eno assing, but with its close came Bill. Over houlder he could see the birthday candles fl ng merrily on that wondrous confection on deboard.

"Will you unhand me in," she said, "and let me take your pencil noment. I must inscribe this little package I cannot find even the stub we mark the mil ard with."

The villain fished, and t en ruefully said: "Here,

A Large Wahl Pen, $8.00

too. Not a sign of one."

"Then lend us your fountain pen?"

"Fountain pen!" cried Bill. "You know I haven't had a fountain pen in years. Never liked the things, anyway."

"Then I guess you must accept this with just my love," said Paula.

Willoughby opened the neat little packet, lifted the lid of the gift box, and there, nested in velvet and satin, shone the twin cylindrical beauties of an Eversharp and a Wahl Pen.

His pleasure stood in his eyes, and it was with full foreknowledge of the reply that Paula asked: "Like 'em, Bill?"

"Like 'em!" he echoed. "They're not only what I want. Not only what I need. But just the most beautiful pair of the dandiest writing tools that any man could have. How did you come to think of them! You're a dear—and I'm for you."

Which he was, until Paula protested against his shoulder that dinner needed their personal attention.

Every so often during dinner, his hand strayed to the presents from Paula, and afterward, when he was pretending to read from a book that Barclay had sent him, she saw him balancing one or the other of those gifts, sending an appreciative glance along the gleaming, engraved barrel, and betraying himself with little clucks of satisfaction.

"Oh, Bill," she sa really don't know how nice they are. Le w you, as the salesman showed me." Ar ned on the arm of his massive easy chair, s onstrated" the Ever- rp, to Bill's infir ght and, it must be itted, his educat .

A little tug at th nd a plump new eraser ered its service a any slip of the hand— rely, here's the e ay out of an error.

Then see how is to refill! This little nagazine in the t xposed the moment you draw the mechan of the barrel. Loosen the cap a couple of t d a little tap on the palm of your hand spr e of these loose leads out, all ready for use.

Just set the n l in the tip of the magazine, slip the barrel c er it, turn up the cap a few times—presto! s your new lead peeping out at the end.

Notice, no firmly that lead is gripped in the tip—"the arp rifled tip." Nary a wabble. Just straight e and firm, no matter how long or short the you use, nor from whatever slant you w

The lead selves are a joy. The nicest, smoothest, graphite and every one of them the equiva the longest leads in old-style pencils. T e a dozen of them in the pencil magazine ozen more in a cunning little box that you as well get now against the day when yo an extra supply. Remember, you should a get Eversharp Red Top Leads—like the ause they're made accurately, just to suit ersharp.

"An hing, Bill," said Paula, "and I think this rea ded me to get you these for a present: the je ld me it was *one of the finest pieces of jewelr* n he knew, done with jeweler's precision nanufactured to last a lifetime. There now, I said too much?"

"Y just made me see more value in your gift, ve," said Bill. "And I want to thank you for t xtra thoughtfulness you showed in having my n e engraved in the neat little panel along the side. nd now, sweet salesman, how about th pen?"

"Oh, the Wahl Pen is a dear! First thing, holds more ink than that paunchy one you thre

An Eversharp to match, $5.0

away. You wouldn't think so, to see its slim, c drical grace. But they proved it to me, right o Eversharp and Wahl Pen counter at the store have more words at your command—less ne refill—surer dependability."

Paula had also been shown how strong the Pen is. The salesman took the cap off and t on the floor—*hard*—no break! Then picke and screwed it on—*hard*—no break. Th exactly the way Willoughby had broken fountain pen, and he appreciated Paula's mi the demonstration. Nothing like that can h to a Wahl Pen. It's made, like the Eversh to last a lifetime—guaranteed.

"And I had so many choices!" Paula ex ed. "Every kind of pen point, for every style o ting —fine, medium, coarse, stub, slanting, roll g—*all* of them. Luckily I have those old love letters of yours—did you know you wrote me *hundreds* of

A Favorite Wahl Pen, $6.00

them, Bill?—and the minute I saw the style called Signature, I said, 'That's Bill!'

"I could have had any number of designs, too—Colonial, Dart, Grecian, Ripple. Jimminy, that was hard to take! They *all* looked so beautiful. I almost had to shut my eyes and *grab*.

"Also, I could have got anything I wanted in the way of precious metals—solid gold, gold-filled, or silver—and a style in any one of them at the price I felt like paying."

Paula might have added many other interesting things about Wahl Pens. She might have told what the man at the Eversharp and Wahl Pen counter knows to be the truth, that "solid gold" with Wahl means *solid gold*.

In the solid gold nibs of Wahl Pens and the gold or gold-filled barrels of Eversharps and Wahl Pens, the bank vaults are drawn on for regular consignments of the precious metal in ingot form.

Pure gold in itself being quite soft and very susceptible to wear, is always alloyed to some extent for every use—even in the coinage of America, Britain, and the great gold nations of the world. So for the purposes to which these auriferous bars are destined, an expertly proportioned alloy is made in the splendidly equipped Wahl factories.

Here another of the remarkable properties of gold comes into evidence. However thick or thin the coat of gold desired for a certain filling, as the foundation metal is rolled out into a sheet or drawn into tubular form, the original proportion of gold is maintained with exact uniformity all along its surface. This characteristic of gold assures the goldsmith of a pre-determined uniformity in the exterior surfaces of his finished jewelry.

To provide a complete range of Eversharps and Wahl Pens at prices to suit every purse, some are wrought in solid gold, others are gold-filled, others are sterling silver, silver-filled, rubbe posi- tion materials. In the making of recious metal barrels, the metal is first rol heets and the n down by succe cesses into t he desired length an ter. To achi mmetrical grace, sim nd accuracy ous with Wahl prod se proc- esse e numerous, painsta refined.

s of Wahl Pens are al old. They are mped in blank out ts of the fre ed gold. These blan efined and sh n and again, in pro er process, u esired design and fi re reached. e points are tipped dium. is an especially har ear-resistive can cut like a diamon s also capable an incredibly smoot ike finish that incomparably to co ith the finest ry. A very valuable e too, is iridium, normally about $19 ce, against $12 d.

eye is appreciative utward beauty se superior writing ents, but to the ve mind, eased of c with the manual , and to the respons d, equipped with ent and fatigueless t st be left the final dict on the goodness servants.

Wahl knows what th ct is—knows it by multitude of expres olunteered from the llions of men and w who have preferred versharps and Wahl P bove all others.

Bill Willoughby tr o put that universal judgment of them into ds, in the first letter he wrote with his Wahl n. There were several things in that letter inte ed for Paula's eyes alone, but these we can share with her:

"This is the finest p n that I have ever known. It is a revelation in what a real fountain pen should

An Eversharp to match, $5.00

be and is. It has a balance that is grateful to every movement and pressure of the hand. I am sure I could rite with it y the hour and never feel hand w ariness.

"Its poin as the proper flexibility and firmness. I as a ency that seems to fit the speed, the ry mo d, with which you drive it. It moves w h an e e and silence that remind one of someth that electric.

"I hav t had ccasion o refill it yet, but I have had try em ptying ar efilling it just to see how it w ks. Th t's simplicit itself. There isn't a difficu with a mile o

"I ne r kne such progress had been made in founta pens! This Wahl Pen is the one I've dream about—and here it is, a reality that is a *dream*

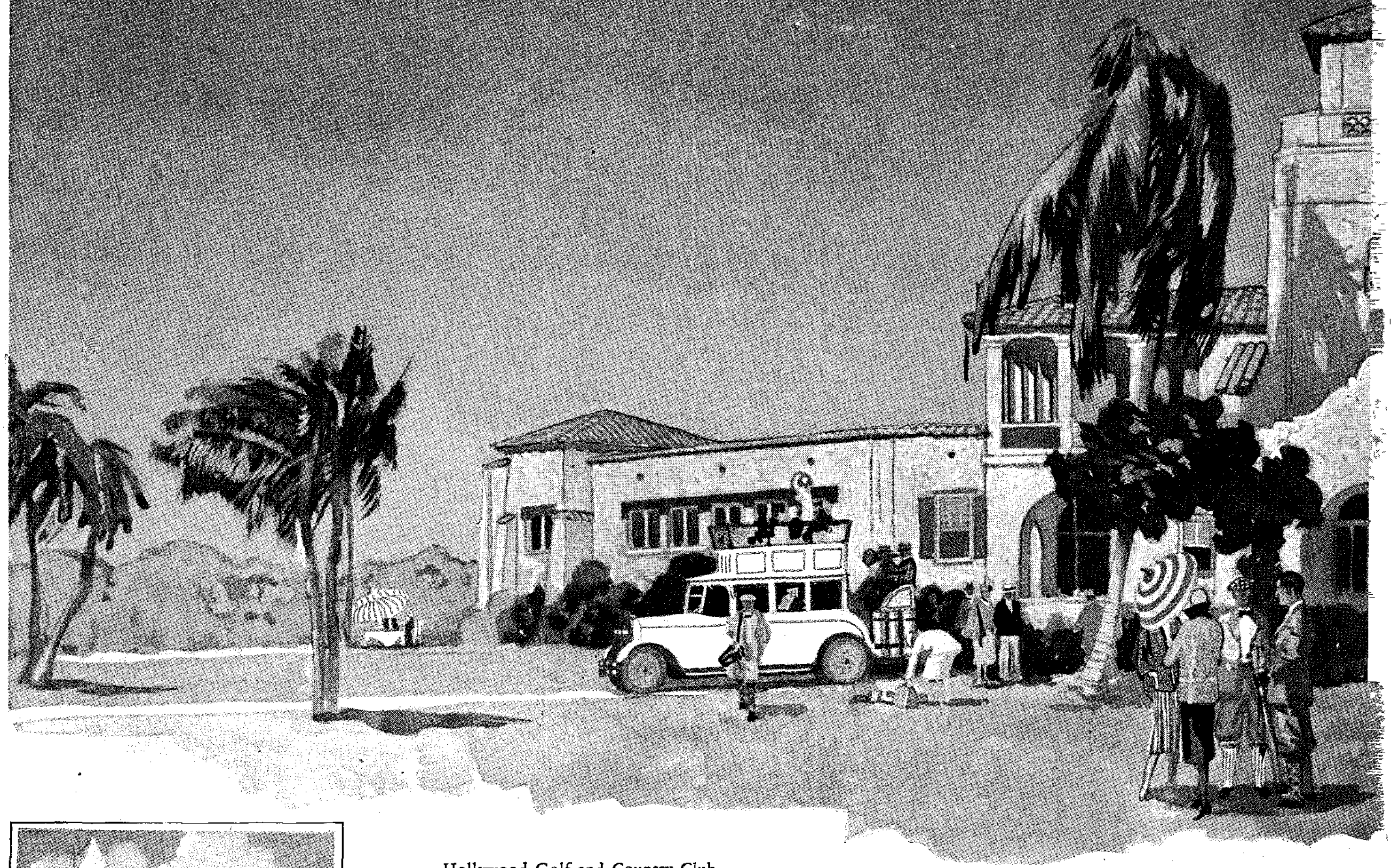
Re ing which, together with the endearments of B thanks, Paula remarked to her own wise littl elf:

Three Red T p Eversharp Leads

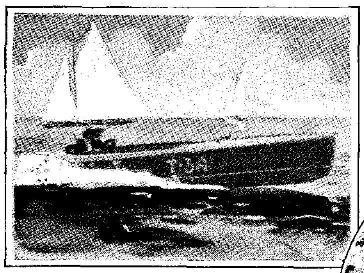
"There's that new Wahl desk set they showed me—that ought to be just the thing for Christmas. And *there's* an even bigger idea, Paula, my dear! You can take your Christmas shopping list down to the Eversharp and Wahl Pen counter, and settle the gift problem easier and more handsomely this way than any other way!"

HOLLYWOOI

BY-THE-SEA

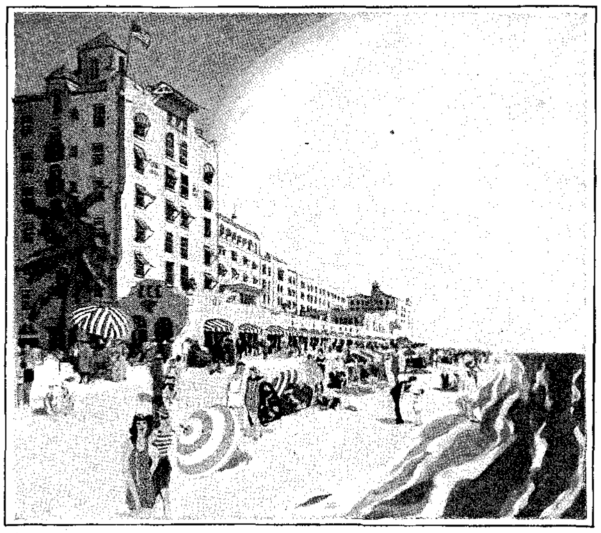


Hollywood Golf and Country Club



Motor boating, and other water sports await you.

A wonderful beach for surf-bathing.



New $3,000,000 Hollywood Hotel on the beach.

Here You Can Play an

IN HOLLYWOOD, Florida's year-'round city, peo are making their living—and living while th make it! It is a playground and a workground—o or both, as you please.

In this thriving, growing, sea-side city, situated direc on the broad Atlantic, about twenty miles north Miami, Florida, is a fascinating opportunity for ev form of sport, recreation and pleasure—amid s roundings of tropical beauty and splendor—sun days and starry nights—and delightful breezes fr the Gulf Stream, all the year 'round.

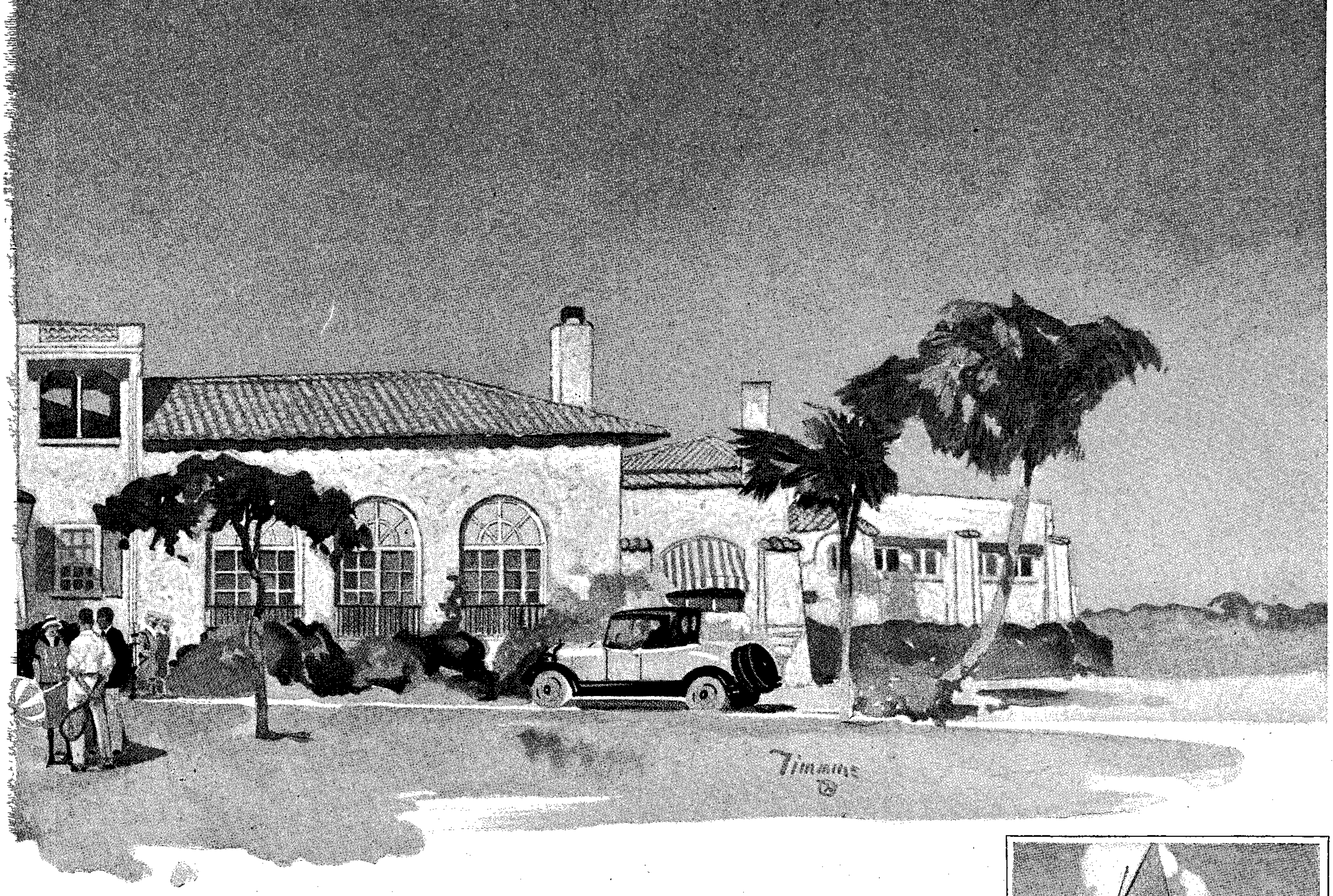
The Golf and Country Club attracts visitors a guests from near as well as distant places. eighteen-hole golf course is a joy, even to pro sional sportsmen. The facilities and appointme of the club are complete. One of its remarka

HOLLYWOOD RESOR

J. W. YOUNG,

On the Ocean . . . On the Florida E

in FLORIDA

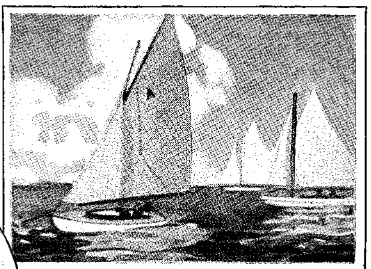


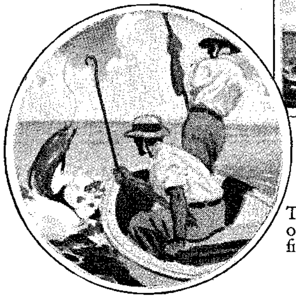
y Life the Year 'Round

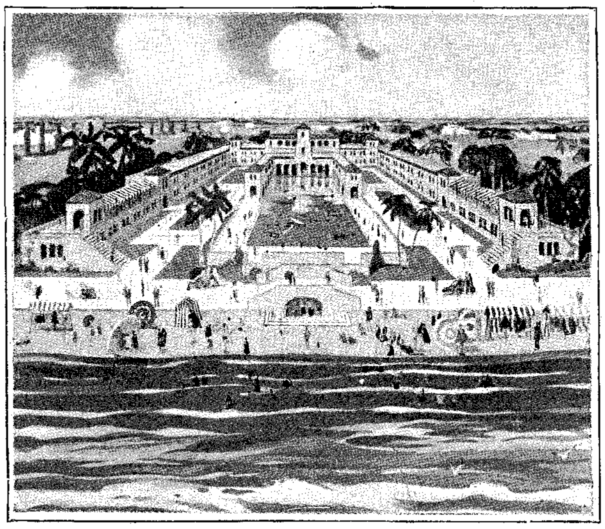
tures is its ball room—a patio open to the skies with a glass floor through which colored lights nce upward through the night.

ncing, golf, boating, cruising, fishing, music, surf- thing, wonderful roads! Choose!

llywood is truly a city of dreams linked with deeds a city of splendid achievements—and other big ojects like the deep-water harbor, already under y. Comfortable homes, busy streets, splendid tels—including the new $3,000,000 Hollywood otel on the beach. The Hollywood Hotel is of ncrete, fire-proof construction. Most of its rooms erlook the sea. Every convenience. High-speed vators. Excellent cuisine. Reservations now be- made. Visit Hollywood By-the-Sea, when you in Florida.


The thrill of sailing on the ocean can be yours.

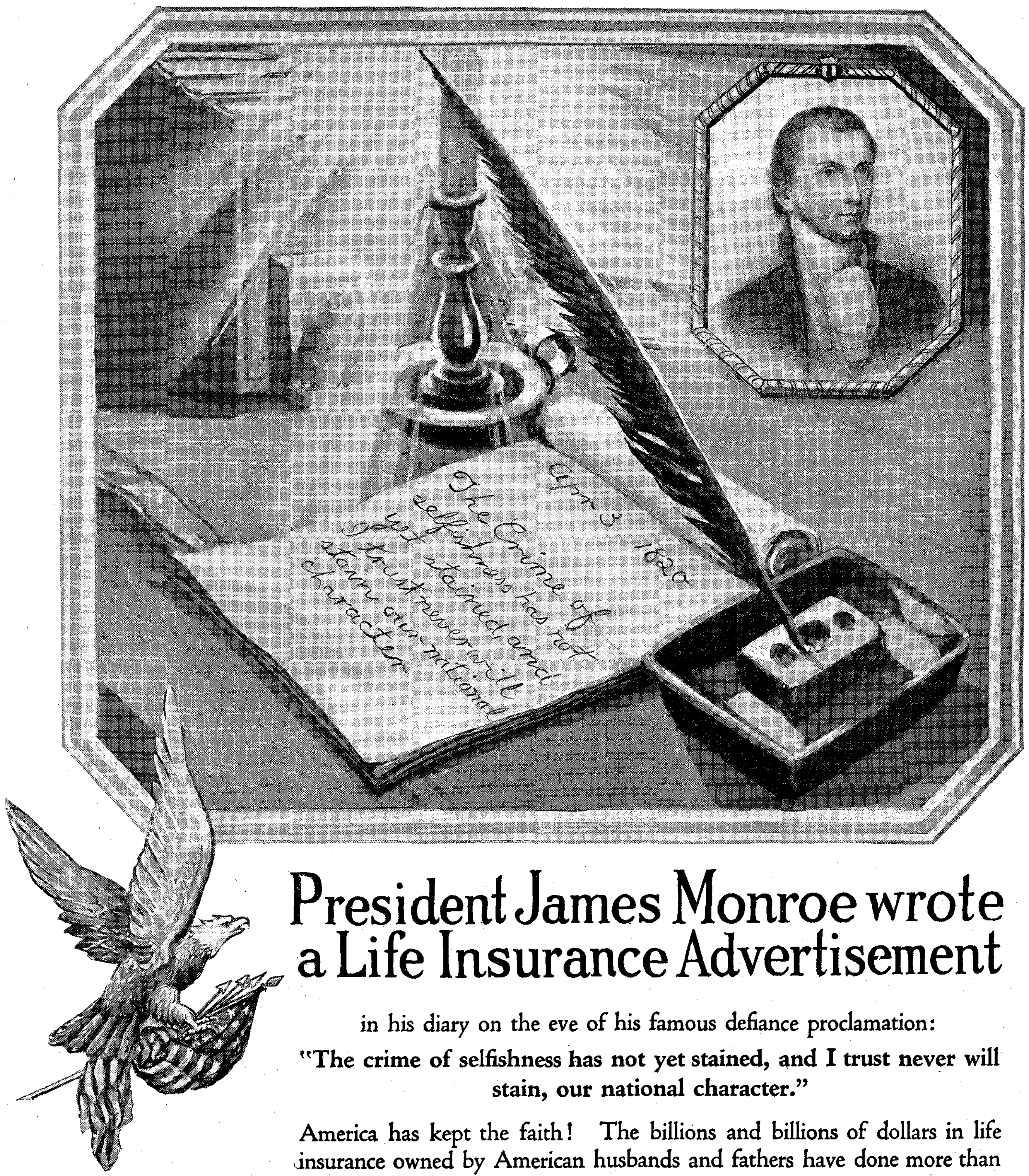

Tarpon and other game fish abound here.


New Hollywood Bathing Casino on the beach.

INDUSTRIAL BOARD

ood *in* Florida

Railroad . . . *On the Dixie Highway*


Apr 3 1820
The Crime of
selfishness has not
yet stained and
I trust never will
stain our national
character

President James Monroe wrote a Life Insurance Advertisement

in his diary on the eve of his famous defiance proclamation:

"The crime of selfishness has not yet stained, and I trust never will stain, our national character."

America has kept the faith! The billions and billions of dollars in life insurance owned by American husbands and fathers have done more than all else to keep green this hope of James Monroe.

And America will continue to keep faith! If there is one unselfish trait in American fatherhood it is this love of the family circle, this buying into the future to keep the home secure.

LET YOUR HOME CIRCLE BE PROTECTED

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

(*Continued from page 36*)

do at times succeed in making us all ridiculous. But they are outnumbered by sane folks, as Henderson's church audience at Hartford adequately demonstrated.

American business men resent hotly being called "Babbitts"; and it is unfair to set up a type and tag it as being a true representative of any group, remarks the Milwaukee *Journal.* But "the provincial action of these men of Hartford, unfortunately, will be taken as another proof of this charge of 'Babbittism.'" And the conclusion is drawn that if business men would not let propaganda organizations and little groups of directors in Chambers of Commerce do their thinking, they would not so often make themselves look ridiculous. Says this writer:

Business men of Hartford, Connecticut, apparently have caught the "willies" from our State Department, which breaks out with perspiration every time it hears the word "radical." For the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, British labor leader and statesman, is barred from lecturing to them. Here is a man, honored in his own country, who ought to appeal to business men. There is romance in the career of any man, who after quitting school at twelve rises by sheer untiring efforts from an apprentice in an iron factory to a position of eminence in public life.

Many are the honors and the responsibilities that his own Government has conferred upon Mr. Henderson—fifteen years a member of Parliament, with service as Mayor and magistrate, member of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge Universities, President of the Board of Education, and a member of that trusted small group of men that made up the war cabinet in the dark days when England's life was at stake. Yet at the behest of the National Security League, an organization which periodically takes upon itself the professional duty of "saving the nation," the business men of Hartford brand Mr. Henderson an undesirable person.

What the National Security League objects to apparently is Mr. Henderson's connection with the Labor party in England. Mr. Henderson with Ramsay MacDonald shares the leadership of the Labor party, and was Home Secretary in England's Labor Government. It is such men as he who have stood firmly against Communism within the ranks of English labor. In great part, it is Mr. Henderson's genius for organization that has held British labor steady in the face of great provocation, and made the extremists an inconsequential minority. His life has been devoted to furthering better understanding between employers and employees within the "capitalistic" system. Without men of his caliber and clear-sightedness business organizations of the type of this Hartford aggregation would soon find themselves in a very serious predicament.

Mr. Henderson was caught on the wing as he passed through Boston, subsequent to the international incident that has made Hartford more famous than it was, and Charles A. Merrill writes these impressions in *The Globe:*

Henderson looks and acts about as radical as President Lowell. He has the European statesman's aversion to newspaper interviews. His hair and mustache are gray; he has a broad intellectual forehead, and there are pouches under his eyes. An unemotional but intelligent face lights up responsively when he talks on a subject in which he is interested. He exudes an atmosphere of middle-class respectability.

On casual meeting, one might put him down as a banker. Dignified in demeanor, soberly attired (blue suit, white stiff cuffs and collar, with a gray overcoat and black derby for out of doors), possest of a perfect command of English and a remarkable ease of diction, he certainly does not suggest the militant labor leader. Tho averse to newspaper publicity, he is amiable and courteous in personal contacts. When he does talk, there is no hemming and hawing or beating about the bush. He is direct to the point of bruskness.

Born in Glasgow, Henderson left school at the age of twelve. To-day in any gathering of educated men he would be a person of intellectual distinction.

His son, William Wallace Henderson, also a member of Parliament and publicity secretary of the British Labor party, is with him on the American trip.

The younger Henderson acts as his father's body-guard, protects him from personal contacts and sits at his elbow, prompting him occasionally, when he speaks.

Mr. Henderson made two public appearances on his Boston visit, speaking at Ford Hall one evening, and before 100 members of the Harvard Liberal Club at its Cambridge club-house the next day at noon.

Prior to departing for Cambridge, he remarked:

"I rushed from the conference of the Labor party at Liverpool to catch the steamer. Now I must rush back for the opening of Parliament. As the party whip, I ought to be there on the 16th, when Parliament assembles, but I can hardly arrive before the 17th."

Mr. Henderson exprest amusement over the intimation that he had anything in common with the Communists.

Somewhat ironically he also discust the distinction between the Third or Communist International, directed from Moscow and championing a dictatorship of the proletariat, with the so-called Second Socialist and Labor International, of which he is secretary, reminding his hearers that the latter is a constitutional movement, whose delegates are responsible to their constituents in their respective countries.

In his political objectives, Mr. Henderson is as radical, one might say, as some of the insurgent Senators from the Middle West. In the British labor movement he and his colleagues are extreme right-wingers, as conservative as are President Green and his fellow officers of the American Federation of Labor. Both groups are vigilant in checking any extremist move, any intrigue threatening domination of their movements by those who derive their inspiration from Moscow and the tenets of Communism.

The joke of it is that the leaders of the British Labor party, of whom Mr. Henderson is one of the most powerful, have had far more influence in inoculating Britain against the "Red epidemic" at a very critical and unsettled hour, than Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Stanley Baldwin, or any leader of the two older parties in British politics.

However, if Mr. Henderson should ever become Prime Minister, with an absolute majority control of Parliament, he would undoubtedly gradually introduce public-ownership projects. Given a popular mandate to do so, he would experiment in State Socialism.

That is the extent of his radicalism. It is a constitutional and non-violent brand.

In a Hartford dispatch to the same paper we read that the Henderson incident had recalled to public attention the fact that Sinclair Lewis, author of "Babbitt," was forced to leave Hartford a year or two ago because of the cold reception accorded him by the city's so-called intellectuals. And the correspondent continues:

The business men, whom Lewis so harshly treated in his book, now comprising the Hartford service luncheon clubs—namely, the Lions, Kiwanians, Rotarians, Exchangites and Civitans—in decreeing that the British Methodist Church preacher was too much of a radical for them to listen to, are hearing themselves called the titles of "Hartford Babbitts."

The result has been that the name of Hartford has become known internationally overnight, the city has become literally divided over the affair, and sharp rebukes have been administered to the "men of closed minds" from certain Hartford pulpits.

The cancelation of his scheduled address before the luncheon clubs, however, did not mean that Mr. Henderson did not address a Hartford audience. In fact, he addrest five large audiences, in his capacity as a Methodist lay preacher. And, furthermore, he did not leave Hartford without administering a rebuke—by his comparative silence on the subject—to those who attempted to rebuke him.

A plea for Christianity in public affairs was the keynote of Mr. Henderson's first address in Hartford from the pulpit of the First Methodist Church. "The Christian Gospel is not a thing of the stars, but of the streets," he said.

Robert J. O'Brien, agent of the National Security League, was present at the meeting of the Luncheon Club Council when the decision concerning Mr. Henderson was reached. He has been addressing numerous street-corner audiences throughout the State, offering to expose to the Socialists the fallacies in their doctrines.

In direct contrast to the light in which he had been left through the peremptory action of the clubs, Mr. Henderson delivered hot shot to the "Reds" in an address before the Foreign Policy Association, which had been arranged in lieu of his canceled address before the combined service luncheon clubs.

On Monday the view-point of the clubs in reaching their decision was made known in a public statement issued by Mr. O'Brien, agent of the National Security League, who said that the clubs had a right to refuse to listen to him. Mr. Henderson declined to comment on this statement.

W. W. Henderson, secretary to his father, said that the English labor leader was on a private visit, was making addresses whenever convenient, before any group whatever which invited him to do so, and that he was not in any sense a propagandist. When invited, he said, he had given information and instructive talks on the European situation as he saw it, working for international peace.

THE KING OF KINGS OUT OF A JOB

WITH A FABULOUS CHESTFUL OF JEWELS to draw upon when the waiter brings the "bad news," Ahmad Mirza, the deposed Shah of Persia, is said to be "fully qualified to found an ex-king's Don't Worry Club." The loss of his throne, by an upheaval of which the political aspects were set forth in last week's LITERARY DIGEST, does not appear to have perturbed the even current of his life, which he has spent for the last few years in flitting like a particularly plump butterfly from Paris to Nice, to Deauville, Aix or Cannes. The most indifferent and certainly the most detached of modern monarchs, as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* calls him, shows every sign of having found in the boulevards and the Riviera ample consolation for the lost glories and perils of his peacock throne. All who have observed his career as a pleasure-seeker agree that he is most unlikely to lose any sleep over the *coup d'état* by which he has been thrown upon the mercies of a cold, plebeian world. As the Manchester (N. H.) *Union* reminds us:

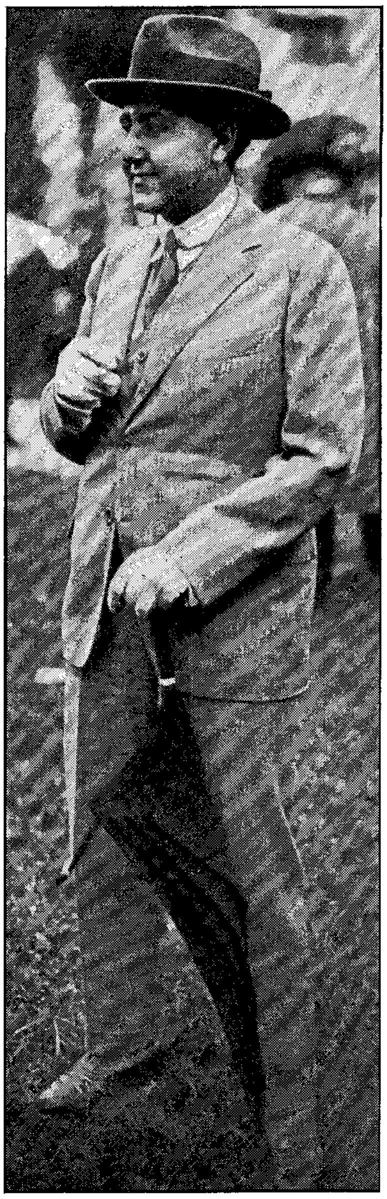
> He likes to be where the lights burn brightly and the band is playing. He seeks amusement on the bathing beaches and in the casinos where a monarch with a fancy for testing Lady Luck can take a turn or two with the cards or the wheel. He is generally accompanied in his rambles by a very pretty young woman and a sagacious, elderly French detective. Yet it is recorded that he has avoided the pitfalls ready for the visiting potentate. Somehow or other he has escaped scandal and likewise the blackmailers. He has been shy of the interviewers, and has contrived to say remarkably little about Persia or his reasons for prolonging his vacation in Europe.
>
> Perhaps his most noteworthy performance has been in the matter of reducing weight. As a banter he is a class by himself. When he came to Paris he was a plump youth of 250 pounds. Three years ago he set himself to work to improve his silhouette, taking a treatment that carried him down to the neighborhood of 120 pounds. Naturally enough, he looked for a time like the ruin of his former self, but lately he has been in very good form. And his cheerfulness has been admirably maintained.
>
> Ahmad has always had plenty of money to spend, and has not let the coins rust in his pocket. Apparently he has plenty of money now. Likewise he thoughtfully brought with him from Persia a choice lot of royal jewels, which he can dispose of if he runs short of funds. As he showed no disposition to go back to Teheran, while the going might have been considered good, he isn't likely to undertake the journey under the new conditions. A deposed monarch seeking a restoration is a sure hunter of trouble, and Ahmad is not clamoring for a fight. The common notion is that he will continue his sojourn in France, and concentrate his attention upon resisting the insidious approach of adipose tissue. With a digestion and a treasure chest still to be depended on, the question of whether he is Shah or ex-Shah really isn't of vital concern.
>
> In the gallery of Retired List Rulers Ahmad may not be an impressive figure, but he looks a very comfortable one.

The New York *Herald Tribune* tells us that when the young Shah first arrived in Paris he appeared to be deeply shocked by the sights that greeted his royal eyes, especially by Parisian feminine styles and the gay night life of the French capital. But we are told:

> He soon learned to know better, however, so much so that within six months, thanks to the tutelage of a group of friends and a coterie of feminine admirers, he became a fervent and devoted Parisian.
>
> Altho warned repeatedly of the effect produced in his country by the stories which reached there of his life and doings in Paris, he failed to heed all importunings to return to his country. Paraphrasing the retort of Alexander III of Russia in another situation, the Shah simply shrugged his shoulders, saying, "When the Shah is amusing himself Persia can wait."
>
> But Persia has apparently finally grown tired of waiting, and now the Shah has paid with his throne for his devotion to Paris.
>
> Whether this news will be a shock to him or not it is impossible to tell on the basis of the dispatches, but it will no doubt produce an unpleasant impression on those who have for the last two years been the beneficiaries of his bounty, not only in Paris, but also in Deauville, Cannes, Biarritz and Monte Carlo, where he was always on the lookout for new beauties and new excitement to dispel his soft, dreamy, melancholy moods—moods which, according to his enemies, he was a master in simulating.
>
> Every once in a while he would appear to be attending to official business and would pay official calls on European rulers, or make short, flying trips to Persia, but always he would go back to his palace in the Bois de Boulogne, from where he made his sorties over Paris and to other gay resorts of France, taking part in most extravagant entertainments, inventing new dances, making proposals of marriage to noted beauties and scattering money with a generosity that made those about him hold their breath.
>
> His gambling losses alone were estimated at $3,000,000. His parties on his yacht on the Mediterranean, it is said, cost him another $1,000,000 within the last two years. To toss a 10,000 franc tip to a flower girl was as easy for him as to lift a glass of champagne to a titled beauty.
>
> In 1918, during the war, the Shah invested $100,000 in Liberty Bonds in recognition of the service performed by the American Relief Committee for starving Persians.
>
> His jewels are valued at $400,000,000 and his kitchen utensils alone, it is said, will fetch $25,000,000. Among his jewels is the Great Mogul, regarded as the most beautiful diamond in existence and second in size only to the recently discovered Cullinan diamond, belonging to the King of England.
>
> According to those familiar with the Shah's personal affairs, he has sold many of his jewels since his arrival in Paris and has given away many valuable gems to those who have provided for his amusement or struck his fancy.
>
> In this he resembles his grandfather, Mozaffer-ed-Din, who died only twenty years ago and who was a character as picturesque as his now deposed grandson. On visiting Paris just before his death he was much touched by the admiration exprest by various people for his diamonds. "Try one of these," he would say as he stuck his hand in his pocket and handed a diamond to the rhapsodist.

Moralizing on all of which, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* remarks:

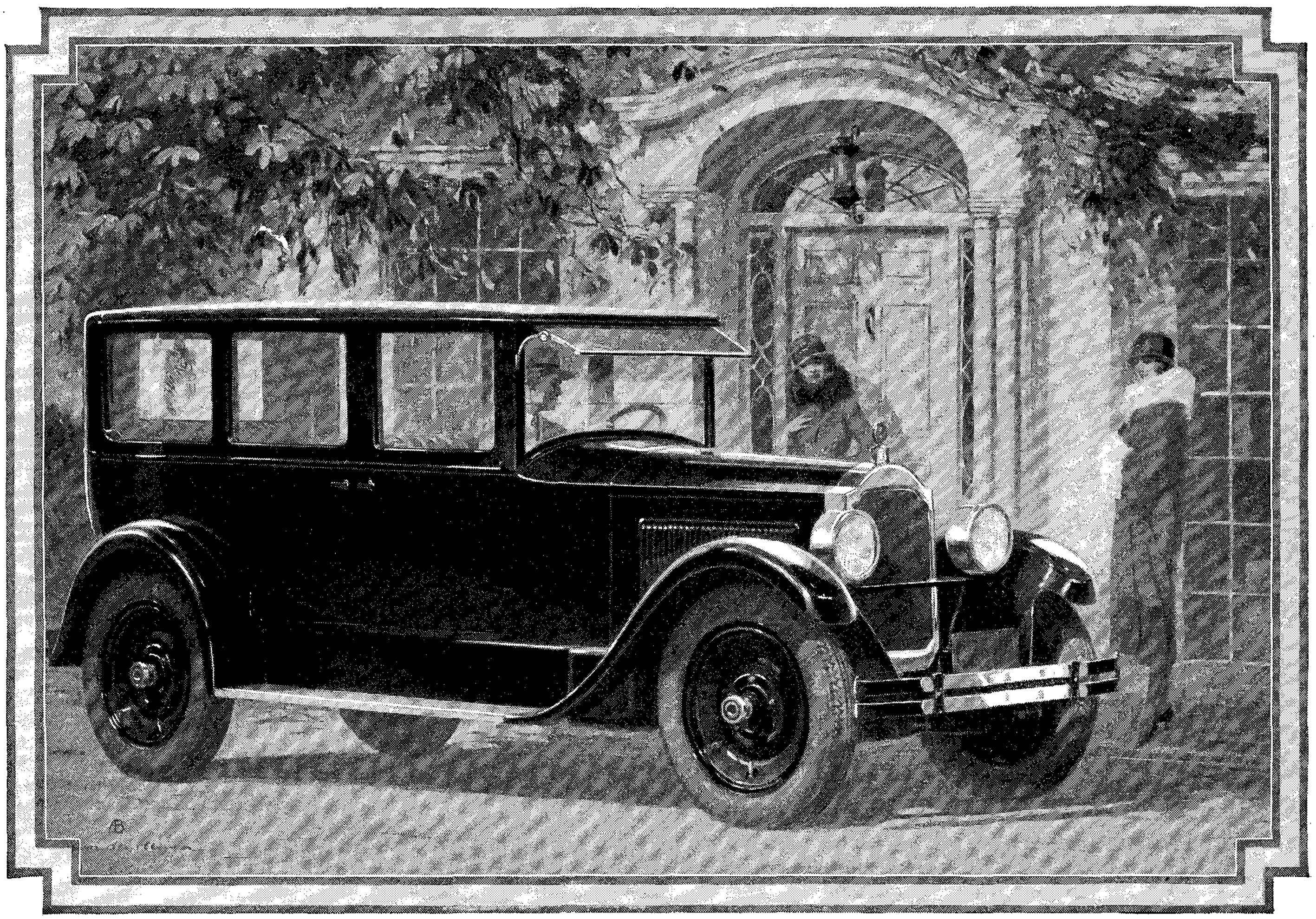
> For the past few years Ahmad Mirza has been a wholly unedifying figure—a fat, self-indulgent roué of a monarch, who had deserted his Eastern capital and its affairs of state for the worldly allurements of Paris. The wonder is that the Persians have put up with this comic opera ruler as long as they have. Their patience must be attributed to that character of immutability that still clings to the laws of the Medes and Persians despite the changes that are being wrought by new facilities for intelligence and transportation and by the East's belated awakening to the stirrings of democracy.



Photograph copyrighted by Keystone View Company

AN UMBRELLA HIS SCEPTER

But the deposed Shah of Persia is too steeped in the delights of the Riviera to worry about his fallen throne.



How Often Do You Buy a War Tax?

EACH time you buy a motor car you pay for five things in which you never can take a ride:

These are: war tax—freight charge—factory's profit—dealer's profit—salesman's commission.

Once every five years or more is often enough to afford yourself the luxury of such purchases.

Those who buy the Packard Six expect, on the average, to keep their cars more than five years, spending the minimum in war tax and other outside charges.

Packard encourages its owners in keeping their cars, through retaining the beauty of Packard lines and in announcing no yearly models. It is now more than ten years since Packard offered yearly models.

The most recent evidence of Packard's interest in its owners is the chassis lubricator and motor oil rectifier, found only in Packard cars. Together they double the life of the car.

The Packard Six Five-passenger Sedan is illustrated—$2585 at Detroit. Packard Six and Packard Eight both are furnished in nine body types, four open and five enclosed. Packard distributers and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

PACKARD

The PACKARD SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

"YOU CAN'T HELP LIKING NICK"

THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY IN WASHINGTON says about the new Speaker of the House of Representatives. According to William Hard, a veteran Washington correspondent, Nicholas Longworth "has the human affection of the House of Representatives as really no other Speaker in our times has had it. If Longworth should ever die, there would be more cheeks wet with true physical tears for him than for any other public man that Washington to-day knows." As Mr. Longworth will take the gavel for the first time when the new Congress convenes next month, it is interesting to turn to an account of his personal characteristics, as related by Mr. Hard in *The Review of Reviews.* First of all, the gentleman from Ohio is said to be one of the most deceptive persons in Washington. "In manner he is so light and airy that he might be said to have the specific gravity of feathers. In action, when the favorable moment for action has come, he has the weight of lead-shot." Speaker Longworth has shown, we are reminded, that he knows how to win partial victories by compromising. He also knows how to be hard boiled on occasion. But with it all he "seems to have no personal hatreds, no personal resentments, no political bigotries, no political alarms." He knows, according to Mr. Hard, that the American republic and the human race are going to go on. "He smilingly, laughingly, strikes what blows he can to make them go on in his way. If they will not go on in his way, well, he goes to dinner, smilingly, laughingly, flippantly." And at dinner or in the evening Nicholas Longworth will not discuss public affairs but "only foods, only jokes, only games." Gone now is the Nicholas Longworth who knows every practical detail of politics and who also knows "the almost incomprehensible rules of the House from stem to stern and from core to rind." There is much that this new Speaker of the House does not reveal. "He does not even, except to the most remorseless diggers and excavators, reveal the fact that he is one of the most skilful of musicians." The violin, it seems, is about the only thing Longworth takes seriously. Yet his power as an artist, "along with his power as a statesman, he customarily conceals under banter at others, under badinage about himself." Mr. Hard follows with some details of the Longworth career:

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THE NEW SPEAKER IS "LIGHT AND AIRY"

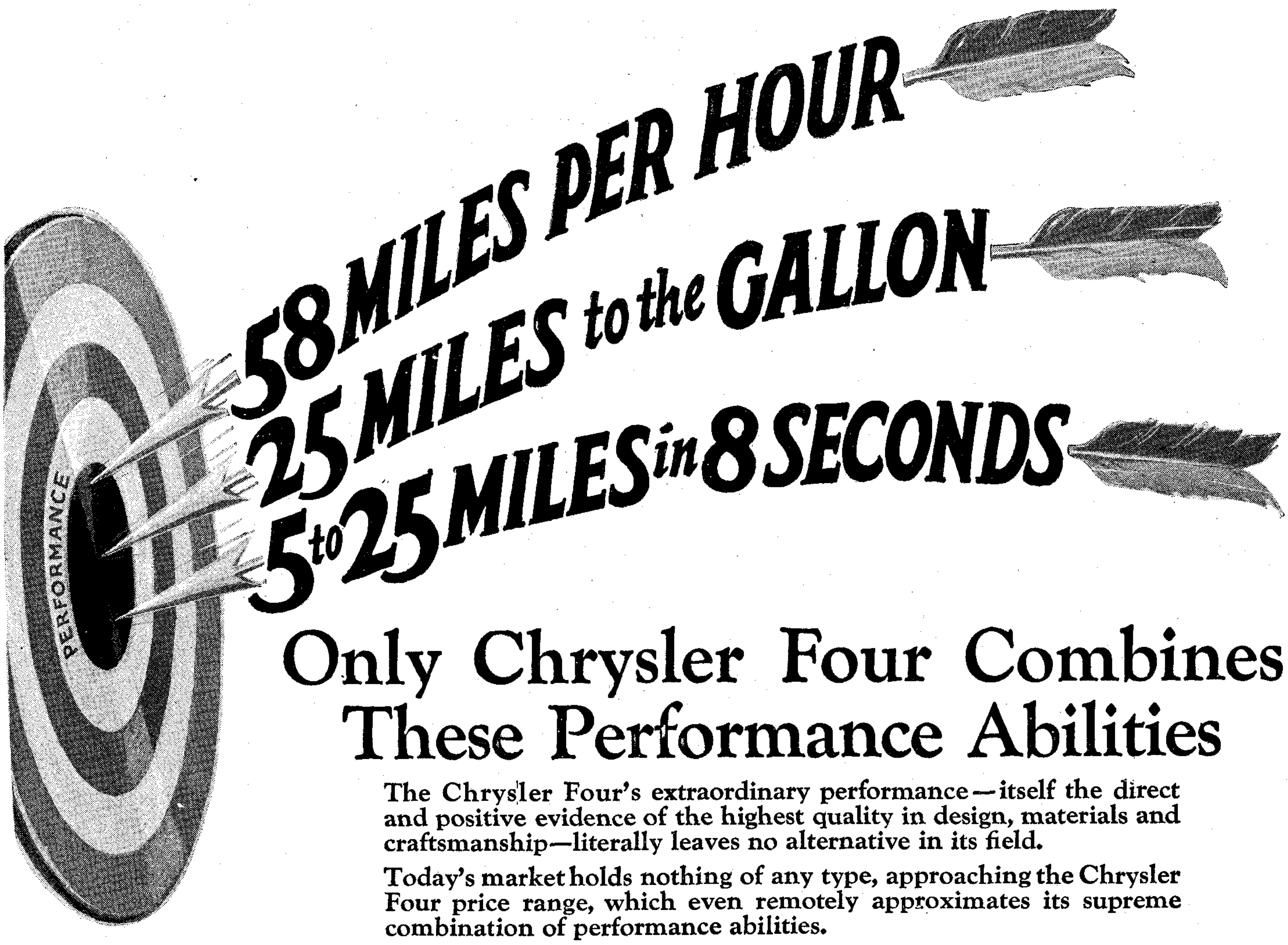
But when the time comes for action, we are told, Nicholas Longworth shows the force that is in him.

> He was born of a most distinguished family in the city of Cincinnati. Mr. Justice Brandeis once related to this writer an incident that occurred between Nicholas Longworth's grandfather and the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
>
> Longworth, the grandfather, had gone to see Longfellow. He politely apologized for coming to intrude upon the privacy of the poet and said that at any rate his name and the poet's name began with the same syllable.
>
> He inspired Longfellow to a delightful remark. It was:
>
> "You have the better of the argument. 'Worth' makes the man, and want of it the 'fellow.'"
>
> Nicholas Longworth grew up to go to Harvard and to get admitted to the bar. He became a member of the school board of Cincinnati. He became a member of the House of Representatives of Ohio. He became a member of the Senate of Ohio. He was elected to the House of Representatives of the Fifty-eighth Congress of the United States in 1902.
>
> He has been elected to every subsequent Congress except the Sixty-third, which was chosen in 1912.
>
> In that year Mr. Longworth's father-in-law, Theodore Roosevelt, ran for President against William Howard Taft, the Republican nominee, and against Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic nominee. Mr. Longworth, altho the son-in-law of Theodore Roosevelt, did not join Mr. Roosevelt's Progressive party. Accordingly Mr. Roosevelt's Progressive party, being a perfectly fair party and no respecter of persons or of relatives, nominated a candidate against Mr. Longworth in the First Congressional District of Ohio. Mr. Longworth thereupon was defeated. A Democrat succeeded him from the First Congressional District of Ohio in the Federal House of Representatives for one term.
>
> Except for that one term he has been a member of the Federal House of Representatives for twenty-two years.
>
> Only five members of the next House of Representatives will exceed him in number of years of service. Yet he is now, after all, only fifty-five years old.
>
> It is not surprizing that some newspapers in his Congressional District have started the idea of Nicholas Longworth for President. He has time for it—plenty of time for it.
>
> He could be Speaker of the House of Representatives for eight years, if the Republicans (with the present distractions of the Democratic party) should continue in power, and he would then be only sixty-three.

If this ever should happen, Nicholas Longworth "would retain his physical vigor." And this prediction naturally leads to a few words about Mr. Longworth's personal habits and appearance:

> On Sunday mornings he puts on a heavy sweater and does many miles of walking (often with Senator Wadsworth of New York), and comes back weighing a few pounds less. "His victuals nourish him." He puts on pounds, and he takes off pounds. There is nothing the matter with what new-fangled persons would call his metabolism or what old-fashioned persons would call his nutrition—or his stomach.
>
> He is full-bodied, florid, stanchly and stubbornly sturdy, with nothing gone of his youth except hair from his head.
>
> He has both irreverence toward others and humility about himself. He comes into a room in the evening time, jesting, gibing, slapping greatness on the cheek, diminishing his own greatness with laughter to the lowest visibility.
>
> Longworth is inwardly esthetic, sensitive, impressionable, and thereupon impressioned, fixt, inflexible. Outwardly he is worldly, tough-fibered, rough-languaged, careless, accepting, accommodating.
>
> Under his skin he is pretty nearly Washington's feelingest human being and knowingest, exactingest politician.
>
> He never asks anybody in Washington to support him for anything. He just keeps on being amazingly industrious in working hours and incredibly playful in off-time hours; and people come and snatch him from play into honor. Now nobody can tell how high the highest honor may be that he may come to.

William Hard almost succeeds in writing about Nicholas



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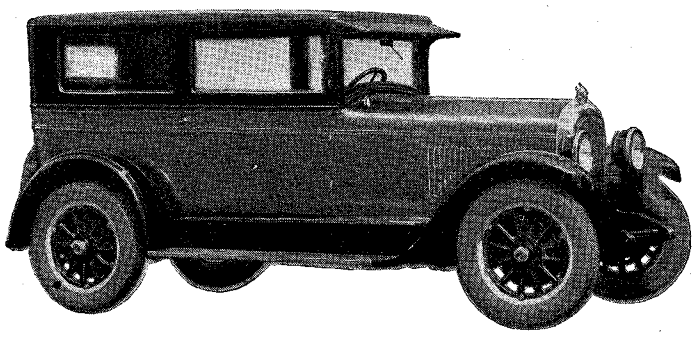
In speed, the Chrysler Four gives you a new standard—58 miles an hour, achieved quickly and easily, not for a momentary spurt, but for eager mile after mile, as long as you like.



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FIVE DOLLARS

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Tan Scotch Grain
Oxford—$5
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rubber heels

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Men's Tan
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Bellows tongue
$6

Also made
in Boys'
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Men's
$3.50
and $3

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Longworth without mentioning Alice Roosevelt Longworth. He merely reminds us that "their partnership is marital, not political." In other words, "she flames in her own orbit." And then, of course, there is the hardly less-famous third member of the family, Paulina, born last February. The last time Mr. Hard saw her before writing the article in *The Review of Reviews* she exhibited "the squared forehead, the scowl, the glare, the blazing blue demonic eyes, of her grandfather, Theodore the Strenuous. She also exhibited, however, a certain negligent imperturbability which she derives perhaps from her father, Nicholas the Affable."

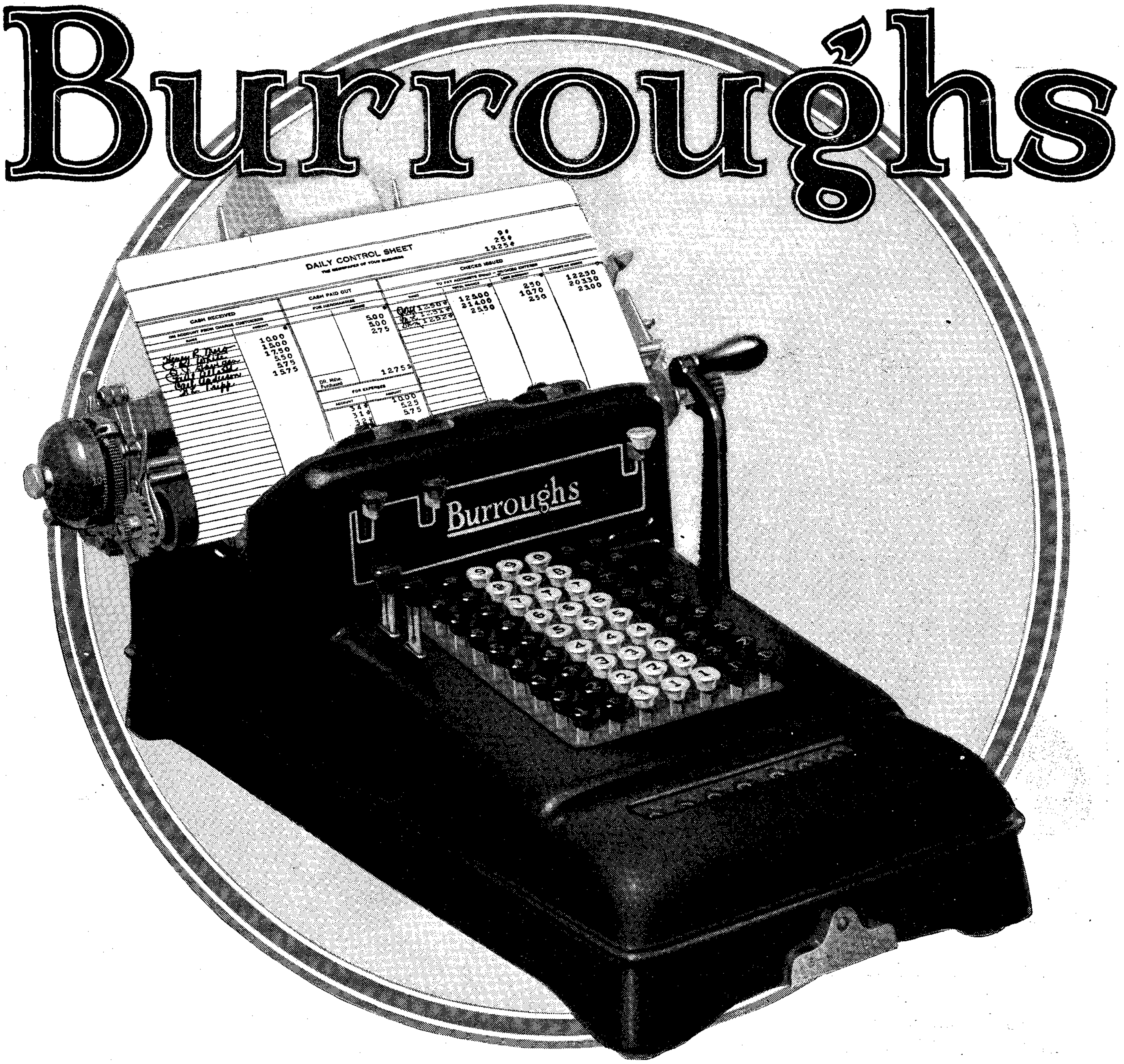
A somewhat playful account of the launching of a "Longworth for President" boom is given by Robert T. Small, who writes in the Washington *Star:*

> "Nick" Longworth of Ohio, unfamiliarly known as Nicholas, the new Speaker-designate of the National House of Representatives, was hailed either at a late hour last night or early this morning as a future President of the United States. Mr. Coolidge, of course, wasn't present at the height of the hailing. The occasion for this ceremonial or unceremonial launching of the Longworth boom for some indefinite date in the future, when the present reign at the White House shall have ended, was the annual fall dinner of the Alfalfa Club, that unique and more or less mysterious institution of Washington life. No one appears to know just when, how or why the Alfalfa Club came into being, and archeological studies of the origin of the species have developed only the fact that an alfalfa root will go farther for a drink than any other known entity of the animal or vegetable kingdom. Some doubt is cast upon this theory, however, by the discovery that the drink craved by the alfalfa root is only water.
>
> Despite the levity that was made with and at the new Speaker, the dinner given by his fellow Alfalfans to celebrate his fifty-sixth birthday anniversary had many significant phases. It developed that during the past summer, Mr. Longworth, visiting Europe, made an exhaustive study of legislative methods in the German Reichstag, the French Chamber of Deputies and the British House of Commons. He naturally came home with higher respect for the American legislative system than he ever had before. The Alfalfa dinner was Nick Longworth's first public appearance in Washington since he was designated to preside over the House. The new Speaker declined to commit himself to any specific reforms of rules or rituals, but definitely promised a few things he would not do. He promised he would not wear long frock coats, after the manner of Champ Clark and Speaker Gillett. He promised he would not wear whiskers like "Uncle Joe" Cannon did. He promised he would not wear a wig, like the speaker of the House of Commons, and he promised he would call out the Fire Department if the wildest debate in the American House ever approached the stage of a desultory discussion in the French chamber. Just what he may or may not have learned in Germany the new Speaker failed to say.
>
> Mr. Longworth's hat was cast into the Presidential ring of the future by Representative John Garner of Texas, Democratic leader in the House. Nick wasn't sure whether his Democratic opponent was viewing him with alarm as a prospective G. O. P. candidate, or pointing to him with pride. Mr. Garner paid quite a remarkable tribute to the new Speaker, and from all he said one might infer that during the sessions of the House presided over by the gentleman from Cincinnati the political lions and lambs will lie down together and the legislative proceedings will lapse into one long, lingering love feast.
>
> Celebrities of the theatrical world were drawn upon to help the Alfalfans do honor to "Nick." Gene Buck chaperoned an imposing party of troubadours from New York, headed by Wilton Lackaye, William Courtney, Silvio Hein, Charles Irwin, Yellen and Ager and Kalmer and Ruby. Tito Schipa, tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, also was a star of the evening. The serious numbers were interspersed with such mirthful numbers like "Yes, Sir, That's Nick's Baby Now," and "Loud Speaker Papa."
>
> In "accepting the nomination," Mr. Longworth said he hoped the Democratic party would prosper and grow strong—but not too strong. He felt he could look ahead to trouble at the next national convention, but when he mentioned a certain tiger there was a wild demonstration and cries of "Oh, you Al."
>
> Ostensibly the dinner was given to "dish the dirt" on Nick prior to his assuming the dignity of the Speakership, but it was disappointing in this respect. Those who came to knock remained to boost, some of the more striking tributes falling from the lips of Senator Ernst of Kentucky and Judge Milton Elliott, former counsel of the Federal Reserve Board. Not the least of the chorus of praise, it was announced, came from the Longworth baby, which had just referred to its father as a "Wow." Half of official Washington cheered Nick's nomination for the Presidency, and the statement that he, being a young man, might still go far politically and paternally.

Two speeches delivered by Mr. Longworth in Chicago recently are given much attention in the local journals. Philip Kinsley tells us in *The Tribune* that the new Speaker "outlined what the militant Republican majority intends to accomplish during the next session of Congress, which begins December 7." We read further:

> He was accompanied by Mrs. Longworth (Alice Roosevelt) and appeared with her in the evening at a dinner given to them by the Woman's Roosevelt Republican Club in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. Paulina, their year-old daughter, had been left in Cincinnati.
>
> Mrs. Longworth, presented to the members by Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, the club's president, contented herself with radiating her smile throughout the room. She is noted for her ability to keep still. Mr. Longworth, presented as "third ranking member of the Government and a bully good fellow," gave the history, accomplishments, and plans of the party.
>
> There, and before the Hamilton Club at noon, he made it plain that the Administration will give no quarter to the Wisconsin Radicals. They have shown their colors, he said, and they are not entitled to important committee places or seats in the inner councils of the party they fought. He has no use for Republicans in name only, for

Burroughs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CRISPY • CRUSTY • CRACKLY BROWN • and wholesome as well as good to eat. The secret of delicious wholesome frying is—Wesson Oil.

The goodness of food fried in Wesson Oil is due to the goodness of Wesson Oil itself—pure, delicious salad oil.

The wholesomeness of food fried in Wesson Oil is not only because Wesson Oil is so wholesome in itself, but also because Wesson Oil can be heated hot enough to fry perfectly, without burning. Poor fat or burned fat is responsible for most of the objections to fried foods. At the right temperature for frying most fats smoke and "break down." But Wesson Oil can be heated hot enough to fry perfectly long before it burns—and with reasonable care the food you fry in Wesson Oil is just as wholesome and just as digestible as any other way you cook it. A thin, crisp crust forms quickly, and, inside this crust, the food cooks to a tempting lightness and delicacy.

Frying with oil is not a new way to cook. You always melt any fat to a liquid before it is hot enough to fry in. With Wesson Oil you start with an oil. There's no difference in the way you fry—but an amazing difference in what it tastes like, because you have used a good-to-eat salad oil instead of a melted fat that you'd hesitate to eat by itself.

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Wesson Oil

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Reds, for the League of Nations, for bloc government, which he has observed in Europe during the summer, for lobbyists, or for "loud minorities."

Mr. Longworth gave the Hamilton Club members a picture of what might be expected in the way of tax reform. He said Congress, probably before Christmas holidays, would pass the new tax bill, and that it would be aimed at coaxing back into useful industry the fifteen billions now hidden away in tax-exempt securities.

While he said that Congress would welcome the advice and cooperation of the President, cabinet members, etc., "we will submit to no dictation from outside sources, whether it comes from other branches of the Government or organized groups representing interested or vocal minorities of any kind or sort."

He spoke of the President as a "square peg in a square hole."

Mr. Longworth said the next Congress would be an effective force for crystallizing into legislation the public will, as registered in the last general election. He gave the club members his impressions of the rapid-fire changes in the French Government under the bloc system.

"Such instability of government would not work here," he said. "In this country, in order to have effective legislation, it must be obtained by responsible party government. That's what we are going to have in the next Congress.

"We had a taste of bloc government in the last Congress. The nominal Republican majority was only 15. There were 20 who called themselves Republicans, but who had an entirely separate organization. They did not act with us, if they did not feel like it. On many occasions they united with the political minority and became an actual majority against the interests of the Republican party. My job as titular leader of the majority was made rather difficult and precarious. No one knew who the majority leader was when the titular leader could not get votes.

"That is all by and gone. Some of them, 11 or 12, under Wisconsin leadership, showed their true colors at the election. They not only had their own Presidential candidate, but worked harder against the Republican candidate than the Democrats did.

"And, lo and behold, in Congress they asked to be restored to full membership in the councils of the party which they had done their best to destroy. They wanted high positions on the key committees. We said no, that they had to start over, if they wanted to be Republicans.

"It was not an attempt to discipline them or punish them. They had a right to do what they did. But we have not the right to keep them in the inner councils of the Republican party after they repudiated the candidate of the American people in the last election. There are certain things that we are committed to leave undone—those things that would weaken the courts or the Constitution.

"I promise you that at the next session there will be an effective majority to take responsibility. If we fail, you have an opportunity to turn us out two years from now. We are united thoroughly on the basic principles of government. We are glad of the responsibility and think we are going to make good."

WHO SAID TURKEY?

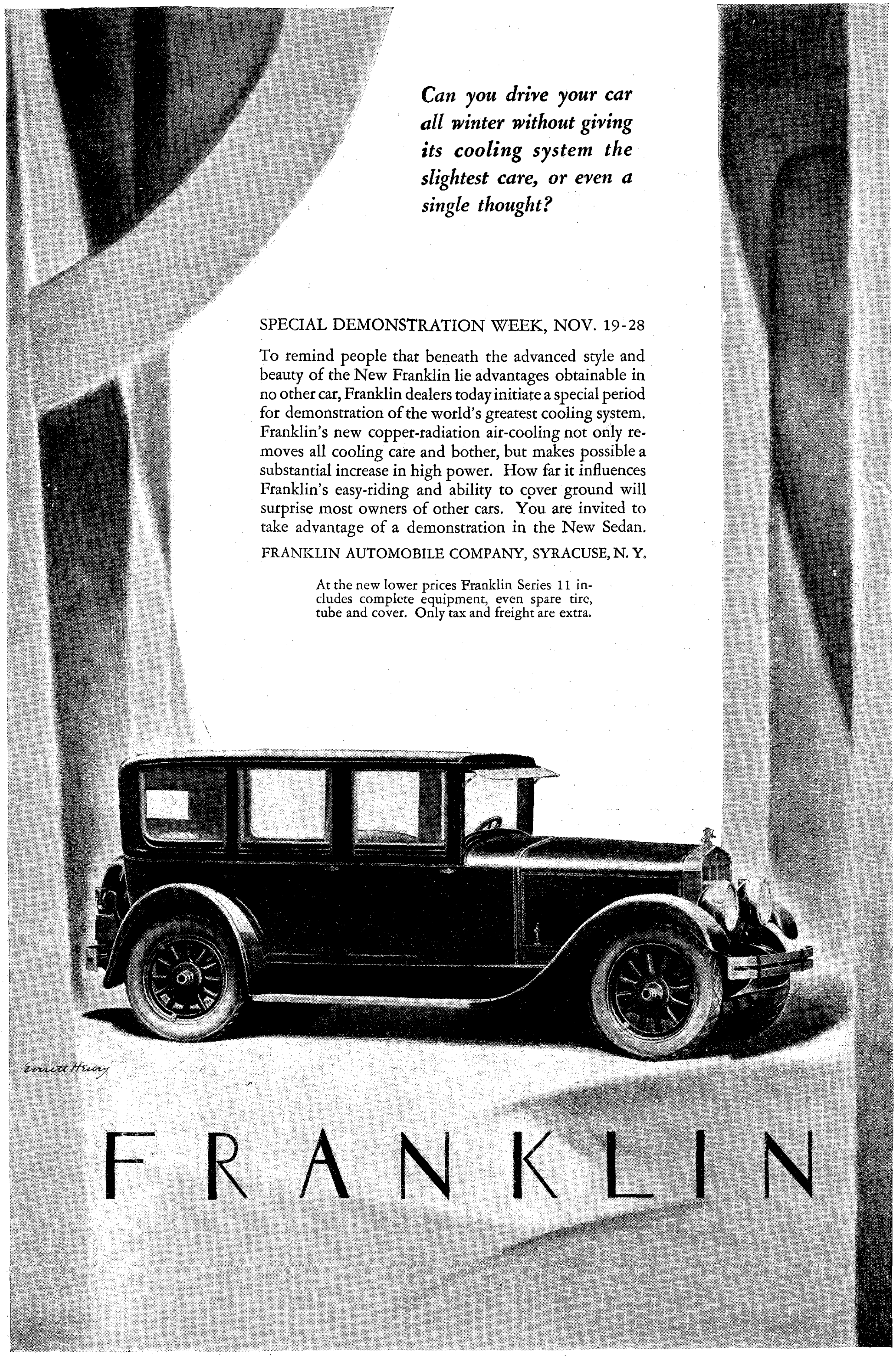
ALTHO we honor it as our national bird, especially at this season, most of us have never really appreciated the turkey. At least, so we are told by a beguiling authority, apparently a feminine Brillat-Savarin, who reveals astonishing erudition on the subject of the gobbler—or, more properly, of the gobbler's wife, for this expert assures us that the female of the species is more edible than the male. And, altho everybody gobbles turkey at Thanksgiving as a religious duty, we are informed that this orthodox rite will not save our gastronomic souls, for "turkey dry-roasted is about as succulent and satisfying as a mouthful of last summer's straw hat." Such is the dictum of one who, if she can cook as engagingly as she can write on cooking, must be something of a superwoman. Warming to her subject in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Florence Brobeck tells us that it is this dry-roast habit that is responsible for the turkey's "present unheralded condition"—for she discounts the bird's feverish Thanksgiving flurry—and we read on:

He rightfully should be to America as bouillabaisse is to Marseilles, his praise sung by poets as the fishermen's famous stew is lauded in the Latin countries.

In spite of the mistreatment accorded him, he persists in getting on hotel and restaurant menu cards, proof of his fundamental worth and a hopeful sign, withal. American cooks are not entirely indifferent to the turkey, but for the most part they are disinterested after a certain amount of kitchen effort has been expended on him. They have been content to follow an unimaginative, traditional recipe. Unless you are blest with an exceptional cook, you eat dry turkey at home; the turkey in the hotel dining-rooms, unless he be especially à la-ed or crême-ed by an inspired chef, is a dry roast and flat to the palate. The turkey which your host carves at dinner or slices for a bridge supper is dry. The tea-room turkey, alas! comes from his long cold-storage sleep, to mingle with a strange gravy and indiscriminate seasonings. The cold-turkey sandwich, unless befrilled with lettuce and salad dressings, chopped chives and olives and other good things, presents a sapless nourishment. The brave bird's reputation has suffered, therefore, and unjustly, as is proved by a few scattered devotees to his savory charms, a few gourmets who know the turkey as he is capable of being properly cooked and fittingly sauced and drest.

How deplorable that we meet him in his worst table form from coast to coast, except in those few happy spots. A hotel chef or a restaurant cook or a housekeeper here and there has evolved a dish in which lurks the essence for luscious dining. Sometimes it's the stuffing; more often it is the sauce plus the stuffing plus the bird. For the savory qualities of a good turkey dish start with the bird. He may be a richly fleshed fowl, tender and sweet, a quality market bird; or he may be pale as to meat and tasteless.

The average market turkey in the larger cities is all that he should be in size and quality. His ancestors, if he is a turkey of the Eastern and Central States (except Missouri), were the wild birds whose plumage was a blending of black, bronze and



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

coppery gold, while down in the Southwestern States and Mexico they were blacker birds, whose Egyptian beauty was shaded just a little with bronze and white-tipped at wing and tail. The tame descendants of these two, particularly the latter, are the present-day favorite table turkeys with market-growers.

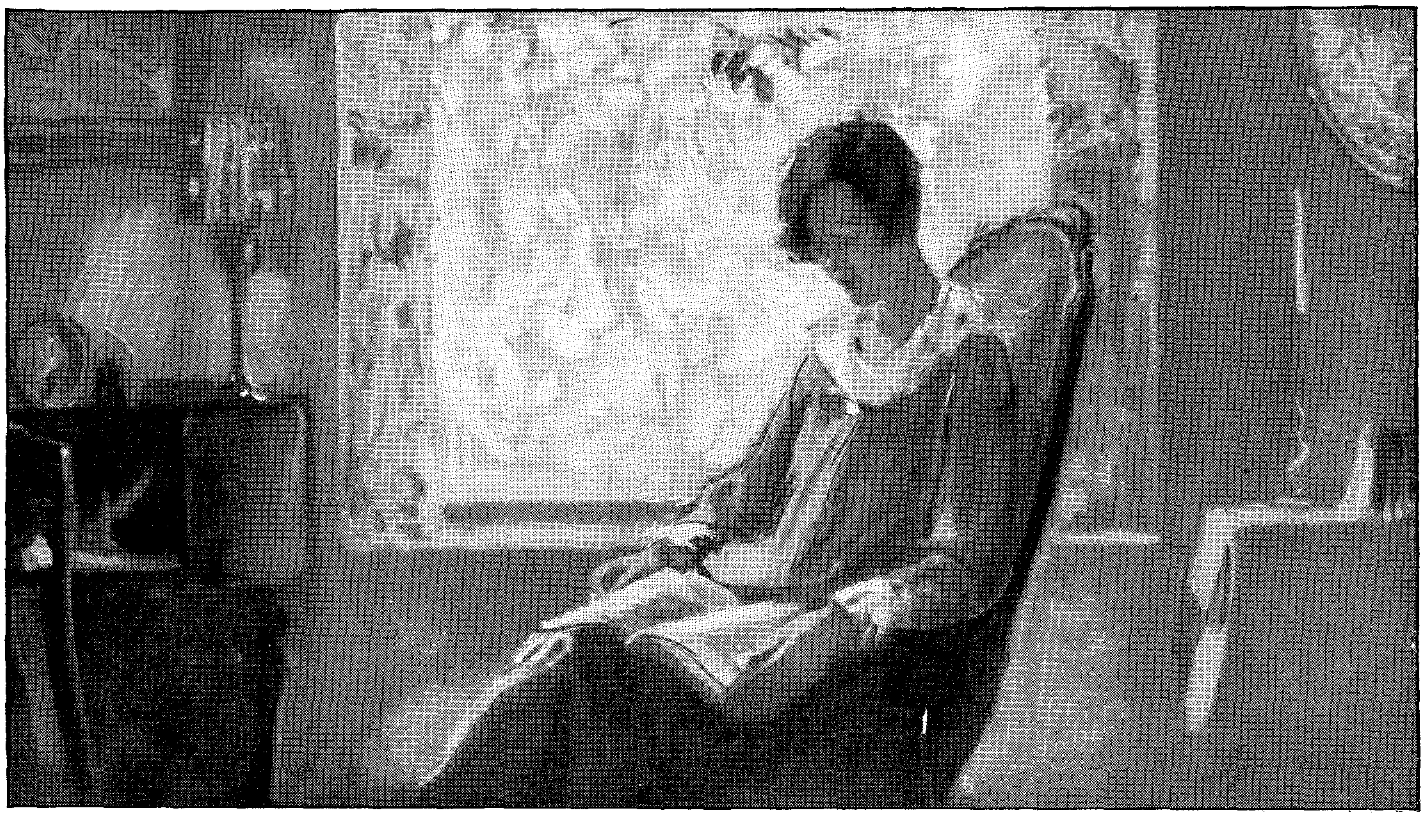
The meat is tender and even, with a subtle and enriching distribution of fat and a flavor characteristically turkey, but not at all game. If you buy your turkey on the hoof it is easy enough to choose from the two classes and avoid the smaller brownish red birds, with white wings and tail, and the pale gray turkeys, which also are marked with white, and which do arrive at the markets in some sections of the country. The meat of the brown and gray turkeys is paler and less succulent. If you buy the bird drest you must select him by size and weight and certain earmarks which, to the knowing cook, promise a rare dish. See that the turkey is plump, with a broad, full breast; the legs pliable, black and smooth, and mark you that the spurs are soft and loose. The shorter the neck the better the bird—and choose the lady, please, for tenderness. Eight to ten pounds is the ideal size for quality meat, other points being equal. The big, prize birds are handsome strutters, but coarse and stringy as to flesh.

In Missouri a delectable turkey, snow-white, from its handsome spreading tail to insipid little head, is raised by the thousands for market. The nobility and dignity of a white bell-turkey as he marches his great flock of ivory birds down a Missouri country road to market is a picture not soon forgotten for its piquant, whimsical beauty. It is particularly impressive if your horse objects to so many small white folks cluttering up his highway and chucks you over the fence among the cabbages.

The writer acknowledges that "certain cooks down Missouri way have a knack with sauces and stuffings." Some of the recipes came over the mountains with them from the South, some are inspired by their rich surgar-cane and cornfields, their orchards and berry patches. "They may roast the turkey there, but dry-roasting and dry-turkey meat are exceptions." And this appetizing disquisition runs on:

One roast which comes from their ovens, brown and savory and juicy besides, starts out something like this: Tiny button onions, with a clove poked into each; cubes of cooked potato and chopped, browned slices of bacon; a wisp or two of celery-tops, chopped; butter-browned giblets, all mingled with bread crumbs, previously crisped in hot butter, are mixed. Salt, pepper and a dash of celery salt is the seasoning. Rich bouillon is poured over the stuffed fowl, and the baking proceeds. No pale-face dressing this, gray and soggy and indifferent, when the bird is carved, but cloves, onion and brown bacon are magically combined, the fowl is tender and juicy and redolent of unnamable flavorings —a dish famous round the countryside.

The delicatessen and fancy grocery stores are not unknown in Mark Twain's State, and a variation on this stuffing theme is made of paté de fois gras, truffles and mushrooms, all blended in a rich,



THE GENTLE READER

Carol's window looks out across the top of the small town's post office and the red-and-white sign that flickers "Drugs." Lucy stares at the sunset across the sage-brush plain. Christianna, on a square of elevator space, drops sixteen stories sheer to a crowded street. . . Women in distinct worlds, with distinct horizons. Yet those horizons intersect . . for Fifth Avenue smartness may easily step from a western doorway. . . A new percolator gets to small-town women as quickly as to apartment dwellers. . . A new dessert may appear simultaneously on the dining table of a metropolitan hotel and a tiny ranch house.

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Advertising to these women, no matter where, carries with it the definite value of news. For news to most women means . . "This frock has the new long sleeves." . . "A new electric washer has been perfected." . . "New food makes breakfasts better." . . "Children's shoes that wear longer." . . These, and thousands of items like them, demonstrate the power of the printed page to change the material aspects of life. They are read and compared. They are studied for what they can add in leisure and save in labor. And they help make life easier and more pleasant for the millions of house executives who buy an overwhelming majority of all the merchandise that is sold.

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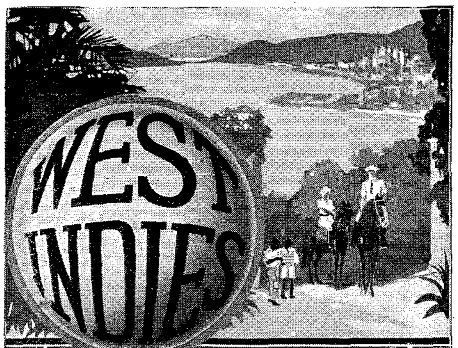

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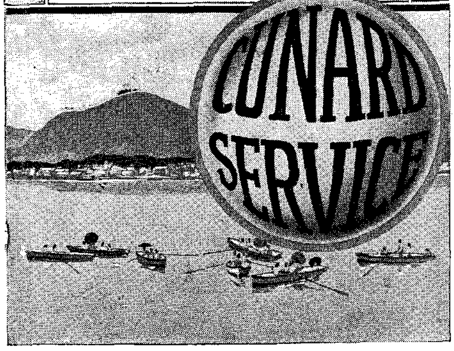


PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

brown sauce with a suspicion of curry powder mingled therein. Bouillon is again the diplomat which keeps the outer bird from drying and browning too suddenly. Frequent bastings while the roasting proceeds keeps the meat sweetly moist and the rich interior flavors permeate the white meat and dark alike. The finished roast, brown as autumn leaves, is garnished with tiny pastry crusts (whose centers contain chopped ripe olives) and thin slices of broiled sweetbreads.

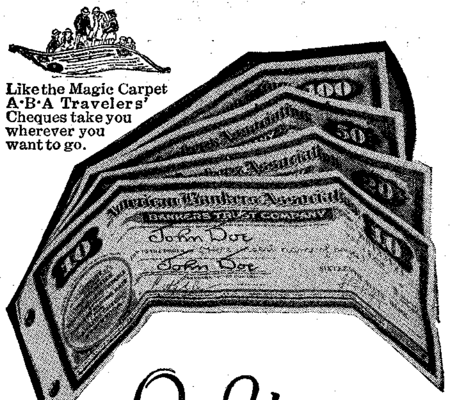
Displaying a culinary imagination seemingly lacking in some other States, the Missourians turn to their cabbage patches for the makings of another worthy stuffing. Boiled cabbage is braised briefly in meat stock and butter, seasoned with Hungarian paprika, salt and pepper. The cabbage is then chopped and mixed with cubes of cooked potato and the merest hint of mint leaves. White-grape juice or wine is used to baste the bird while he roasts, and just a moment before he comes from the oven, he is brushed with melted butter.

Cooked rice, mushrooms, browned in butter; small onions and a few small sausages make another turkey stuffing at a Missouri farmhouse. Sometimes the cook mixes in a few bits of shredded pimiento, and the dish as it comes to the table is fragrant, thyme-scented, agonizing. Golden potatoes, melty cornbread or brown bread, gooseberry jam, with tender, green lima beans or peas (or both) flank the turkey platter on either side. Sometimes there is a great bowl of cottage cheese, and if you have never eaten gooseberry jam, brown bread and cottage cheese—well it's like going through life without hearing Brahms's waltzes or smelling a rose garden by night.

Nor does this exhaust their efforts to enhance the turkey. Amber-tinted and delicious is an orange sauce and turkey stuffing which comes out of Missouri. This somewhere, way back, comes from the French. The sauce is first made by making the base of cornstarch and boiling water, in the proportion of two teaspoons of cornstarch to a cup of boiling water, cooked for five minutes, smoothly stirred and mellow. At this moment, one cup of sugar is added, four tablespoons of butter and the juice and grated rind of one large orange. It is cooked for another minute or two and smoothly stirred. Part of the orange sauce is then mixed with cooked rice, chopped cooked mushrooms and little plump raisins. This is stuffed quickly into the turkey and the whole roasted. It is basted with a mixture of cider or wine and orange juice, and finally, for the browning, with melted butter. The delicious drippings are blended with the remaining sauce and served very hot with the fowl.

A somewhat sturdier stuffing is at its best when a howling nor'wester drives the snow up over the windows and hunger, man-size, moans aloud for succulent satisfaction. Yellow sweet corn, blushing a deeper gold by a few moments' heated association with butter, and sinfully painted with the red of paprika, is mixed with chopped ripe olives. An oyster or two is invited to the party. The smallest imaginable bit of garlic mysteriously appears for a moment before the whole lot goes into the turkey. The fowl is basted with butter at brief intervals during the cooking and comes brown and rich to the table.

These, declares our culinary connoisseur,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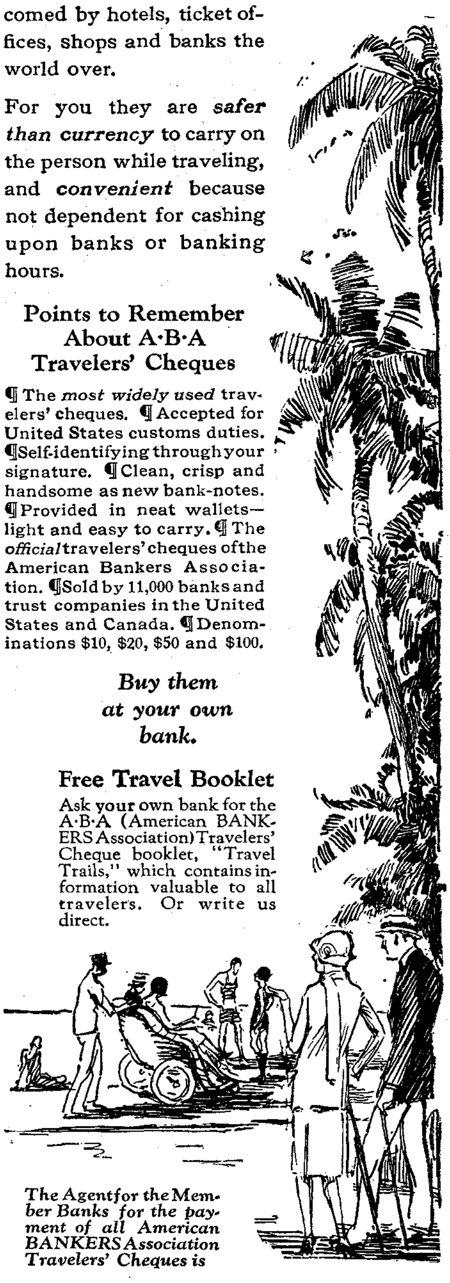

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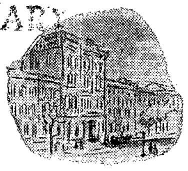

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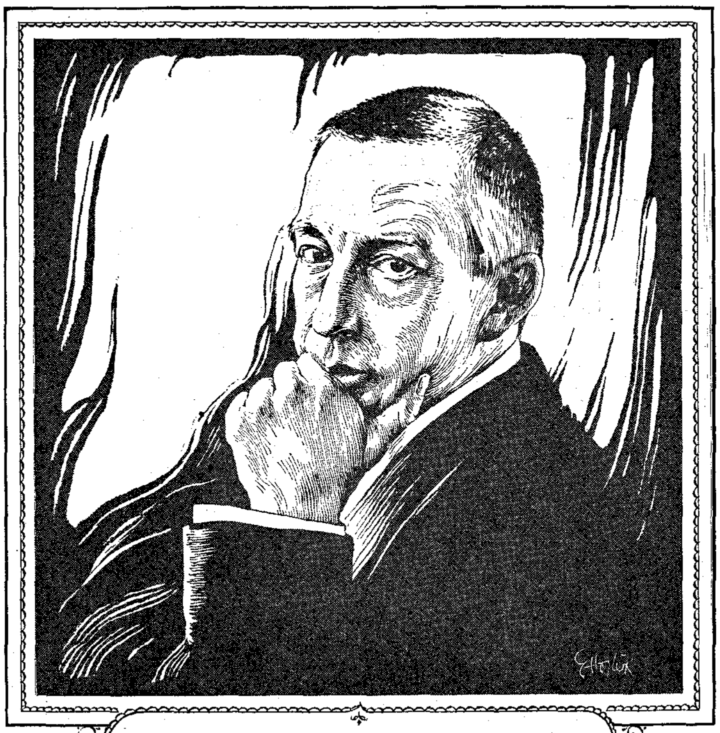

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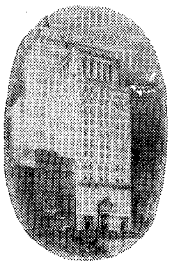

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

are exceptions to the prevailing crime of dry-roasting turkey. One or two other notable examples are to be found. For instance:

A French chef on lower Fifth Avenue will dish you a turkey to be remembered. He wisely serves it the year round, not just autumn. He starts with ham, frying two slices in butter, then removes them, but keeps them hot. Meanwhile he cuts a turkey into parts—wings, drumsticks, breast and other pieces—and cooks them in the same pan until tender and light brown. Then he pours in double cream and allows the mixture to heat ever so gently about ten minutes under cover. The luscious ham he seasons with a bit of salt, white pepper and a dash of red pepper, chopped parsley, truffles, too, chives and a little tarragon. He serves this in a chafing-dish, ham on the bottom of the pan, turkey next and sauce on the whole thing—mystery and delight, divine feasting.

Another delicious turkey dish is served in certain parts of the South. The wild turkey is sent in about three days before the dinner. After singeing him and preparing him, an onion, stuck with three cloves (mystic number), is poked inside the vent meant for the stuffing. He is then ostracized from the kitchen to a cold place for three days and basted twice each day with a little walnut catsup, mixed half and half with meat stock, heavily flavored with celery.

Twenty-four hours before the roasting he is filled with a stuffing made like this: Three-quarters of a cup of chopped celery leaves, two cups of grated bread crumbs, three tablespoons of diced bacon, one quart of oysters, a quarter of a pound of peeled, halved mushrooms; salt and paprika to taste, one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce and two tablespoons of walnut catsup. The vent is sewed up and he is baked with grape-juice or wine in the pan, instead of hot water. A few minutes before the last two bastings a good dash of kitchen bouquet must be mixed with the drippings and grape-juice. Just as if that were not enough, the drippings are mixed with cooked, chopped giblets and brown flour and stirred into a savory sauce. Old-fashioned hominy croquets accompany this to the board.

And not a word yet about anchovies and a certain French way of preparing the fowl. Turkey in anchovy cream dressing may sound like a myth on this side of the Atlantic, but it lurks in New York, and I have eaten it in Ohio and heard about it from Colorado friends. It puts to shame the average turkey dinner. It is the American bird glorified. A turkey is stewed in good bouillon, into which two laurel leaves and a little butter have been added. When the turkey is tender he is removed from the fire and let stand for about a half hour in his rich bath, then taken out and kept hot while you put a blessing in the sauce.

Melt butter, add flour and thin out the mixture to a sauce with the liquor of the cooking pot. Add one or two tablespoons of anchovy sauce and generous dashes of cayenne pepper, and simmer on a lazy fire while you attend to the bird. Pile the pieces high in the dish, pour the hot sauce over them and decorate the whole thing (according to Collette) with little snippets of fried bread.

"Hat Weavers"

Hawaii
Palm leaf hats *in* December

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There are more and more possibilities. A sauce may be evolved from the same base as the anchovy sauce. Add a pound of chopped mushrooms to the flour, butter, and stock mixture, and when they are tender stir in a little chopped parsley and two tablespoons of currant jelly. Or little slices of brown sausages and roasted chestnuts stirred into the sauce, with the jelly omitted, is something else again, and destined for the praise of gourmands. These for the turkey stewed in rich bouillon.

Chestnuts, the American variety, or the marrons of Europe, are proclaimed "true affinities of the gobbler." A chestnut force-meat is the favorite stuffing in some parts of the South, rivaling the oyster, and, like the oyster, the chestnut also figures in the sauce for the cooked bird. But observe the precautions:

The nuts are first cooked in meat stock until tender, then they are mashed to a fine paste, mixed with dry bread-crumbs, hot water, minced parsley, grated lemon-rind, melted butter, salt and pepper. For variety the chopped, cooked giblets may be added, or crisp bacon. Maybe mace, poultry seasoning or a minute dash of curry figures in it, a very small amount of minced pimiento or onion or cooked sausage meat. These are stuffings for roast or boiled fowl.

If an oyster sauce is the thing, it may start with a brown sauce, to which browned or sliced or chopped chestnuts are added, with, perhaps, a scant spoonful of lemon-juice and salt and pepper, to bring out the nut flavor. Or a rich yellow cream sauce may be the base, and with a modest number of mushrooms serves to bring the oyster to an agreement with boiled turkey. A tiny bit of celery and tomato also figure in either mixture, and the shellfish must be heated in it until their edges curl.

Luther Burbank's recipe for turkey is warranted to bring out the best there is in a bird. It calls for a two-hour steaming. Then, and not until then, the bird is removed to the roasting-pan. Meantime the dressing is prepared of one loaf of bread, sliced and toasted to a golden brown and buttered while hot. The slices are placed in a deep dish. The cooked giblets are ground with the juice of one lemon and three large onions. One teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of cayenne pepper, a little powdered sage, two teaspoons of summer savory and two tablespoons of sugar are mixed and stirred into the ground onion and giblets. The meat juice from the steamer is thoroughly mixed with the bread, added to the other mixture and stirred well.

This is stuffed into the turkey and roasted for an hour or more in a moderately hot oven. A few slices of bacon are laid over the gobbler's breast while he roasts.

Montague Glass closed his recital (in the Stag Cook Book) on bouillabaise with: "Repeat the whole process the following Friday." Turkey in one of its numerous and best forms ought to be repeated next Friday and a great many more days between now and Thanksgiving. It will be in our house, for, like Mr. Glass: "God! How hungry I am!"

An Important Distinction.—MISTRESS (angrily)—"I never heard such impudence in all my life. You had a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady's maid."

NEW MAID—"I don't call myself that now, ma'am; but I was a lady's maid before I got this job."—*The Continent.*

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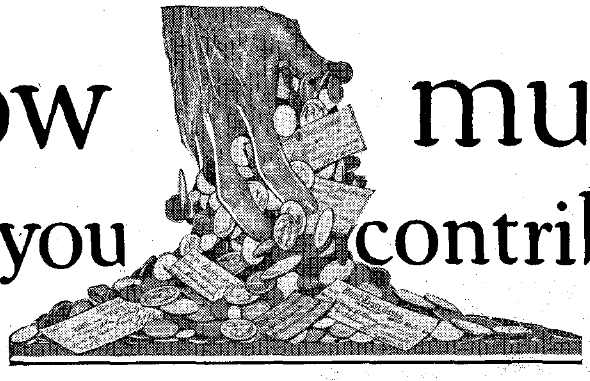

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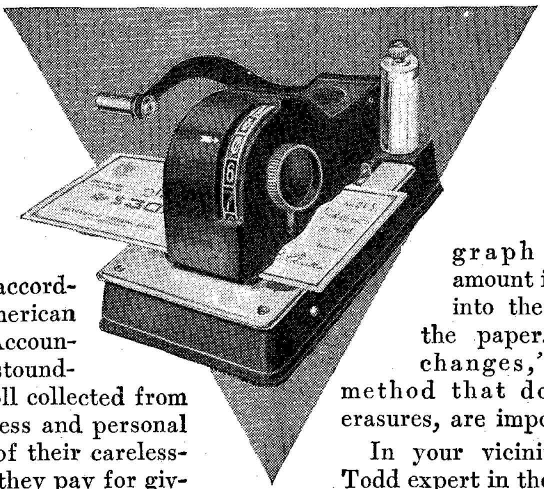

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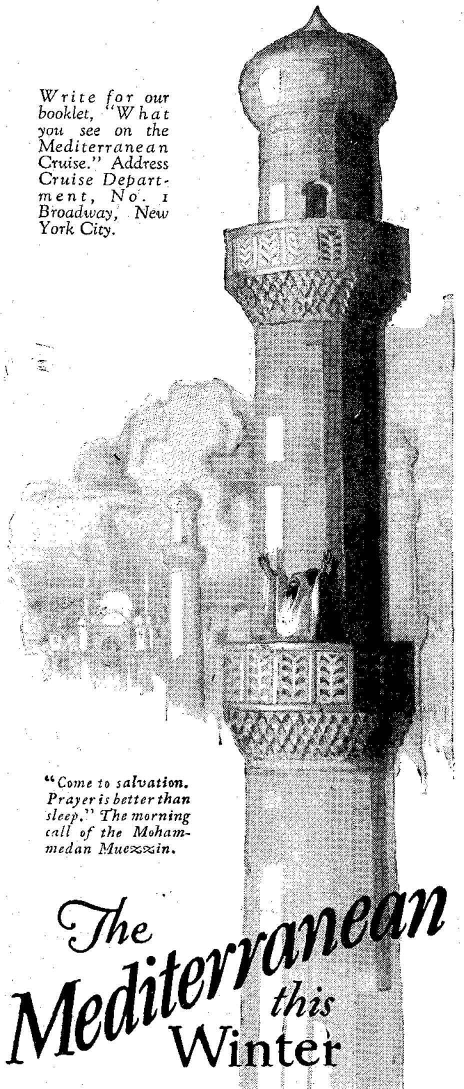

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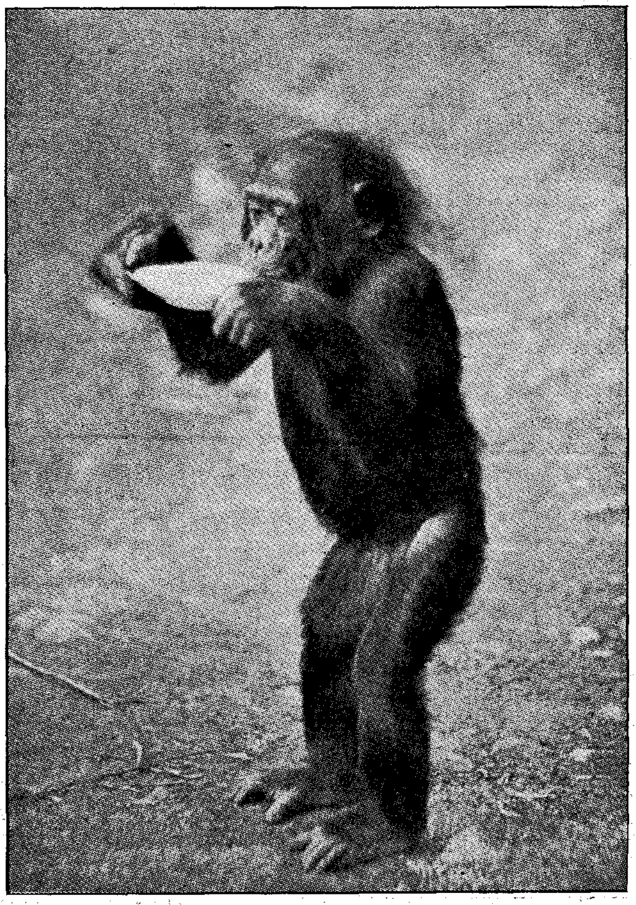
TOTO, A FAITHFUL CHIMPANZEE FRIEND

THE elephant hunter walked into camp with a small, forlorn bundle under his arm; a bundle with a grave furry face and bright, beady eyes, and Mr. Cherry Kearton saw that Toto had arrived. Poor Toto! So far from the sunny and friendly jungle tree-tops of the "Mountains of the Moon" where he would be warm and safe. When Toto was at home one of his greatest pleasures was to peer down on the "lower levels" of forest life and see the elephants with their babies, or the stealthy okapi stealing along like a shadow, away from the pigmy black men. However, probably his mother had been killed and Toto crept to the dangers of earth only to be found by the elephant hunter. Mr. Kearton extended his finger and Toto, being a gentleman, gript his finger in a friendly grasp, and so the friendship between a most superior chimpanzee and a human friend was cemented, for from that day, through the long journey from the African jungle to the roar of London streets, Toto and Mr. Kearton were inseparable. Gilbert Parker, in his preface to the book "My Friend Toto," by Mr. Kearton (Arrowsmith, London) says: "Toto, I salute you, for a better animal than you never was on earth or at the zoo. Toto, you are in heaven, and I shall try to find you there."

And so Toto started his journey through Africa with London as his destination, but before London was reached the friends pass through many adventures:



"HE WAS A VERY WELL-BEHAVED LITTLE FELLOW"

And had evidently risen to the point of elegance where he drank from his saucer.

I need not attempt to describe Toto. Whether or not he was handsome may best be judged from the photograph. Certainly he had features which would not count for beauty in a man—a large mouth, a very flat nose, and protruding ears. Yet in spite of that there was something very pleasing about him; something pathetic that called for sympathy, and at the same time something roguish that showed him a real companion, always game for anything "sporting," and always ready to share a joke.

He stood about two feet high. He had very long arms and big hands. He was surprizingly strong, active, and quite untiring.

When the elephant hunter left me, I put Toto down on the end of my bed and went outside to call Mahomed, the native boy who acted as my cook, valet, and gun-bearer. But when we returned to the tent we found that Toto had his own ideas on the subject. Chimpanzees build nests for themselves in the tree-tops—roomy, flat nests made of intertwined twigs and padded with dry grass. Toto seemed to have made up his mind already that he had come to my tent in order to stay there, and he was proceeding to build for himself a nest—on my bed. He had collected material from all round the tent: anything that resembled a stick, including my miniature telescope, had been carried into the heap.

I laughed at the sight. "He's determined to save you the trouble," I said to Mahomed. "But we'll have to do better for him than that. Go and get him some dry grass and make him a bed in your quarters."

The next night I made him a little bed to himself in my tent, and ever afterwards he slept near me. He was happy there and as good as gold, but I knew that he regarded it as only the second best thing, for if ever I sat too long at the camp-fire in the evening, I always found that he had crept quietly into my bed and was lying there when I came, looking up knowingly,

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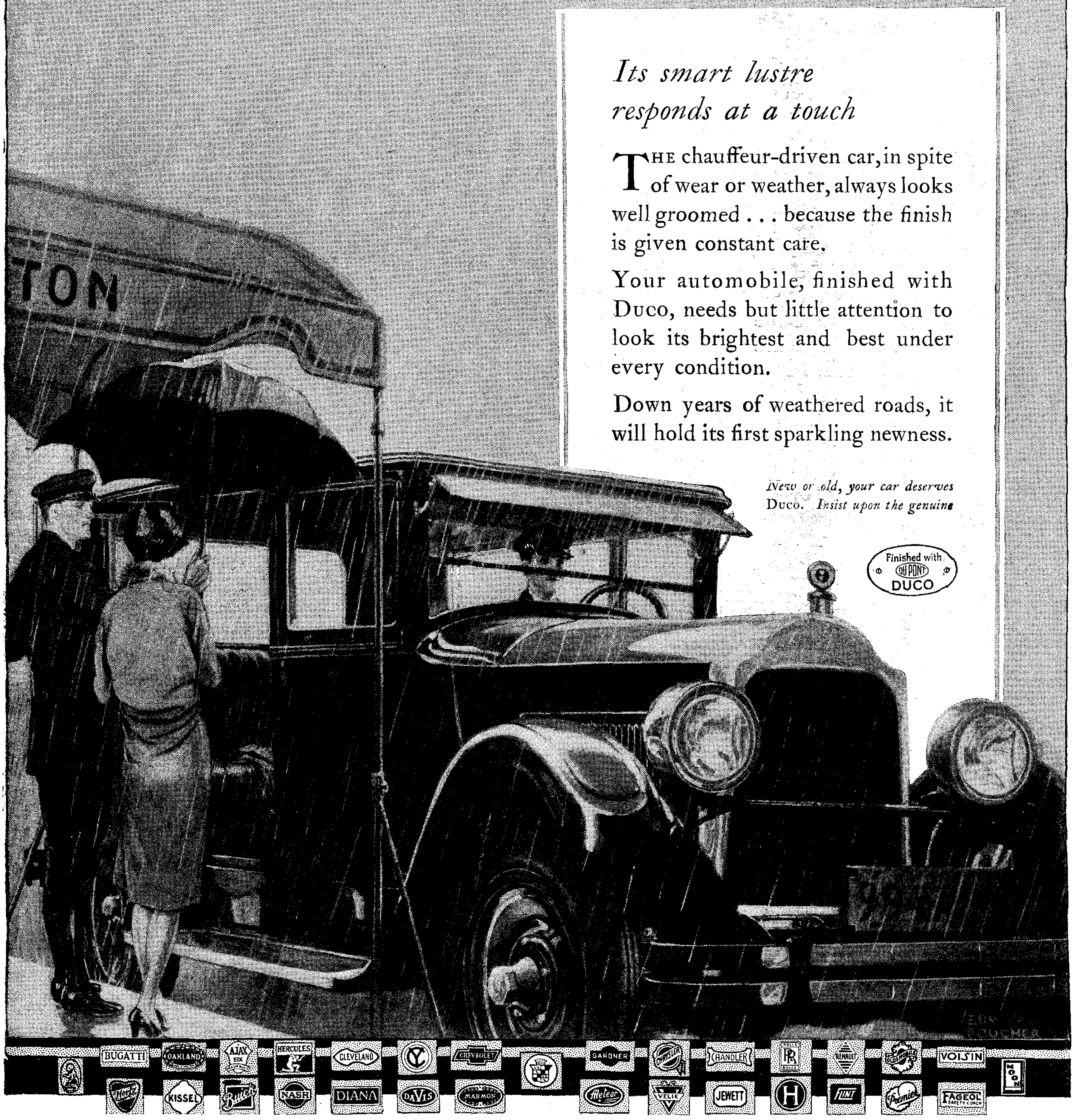

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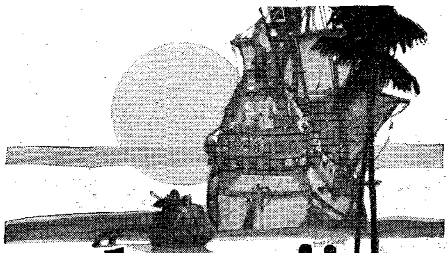

hawaii
The Fairy Isles of Captain Cook

"HE is the God Lono," said the Hawaiians when Captain Cook landed on their islands in 1778. A temple was built to him—luscious tropical fruits that no Englishman had ever tasted before were served him—runners from distant isles brought him the gifts and homage of kings.

Today Hawaii is the same "emerald set in a sapphire sea." Green palms still fringe the blue ocean. The surf still breaks white on the coral sands. Bronzed natives still ride the surf—Hawaii is still the land of poignant music and of exquisite hospitality.

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

as if to say, "Mayn't I stay, just this once?"

Now, wherever I went Toto came with me, shambling along with that curious four-legged walk which apes use when there are no trees on which to swing and they have to travel on the ground. After the first few days I tried the experiment of giving him something to carry, at first something of little value which could not easily be broken, but later, when I saw how careful he could be, something more precious. He seemed to realize then that he was helping me, and he would clutch the box of film or whatever I had given him tightly to his chest and hop along just a pace behind me, looking up every now and again with a quaint expression of pleasure and pride.

Mr. Kearton tells us that he was also helpful in other ways:

His eyesight was far sharper than that of a man, and he proved himself an excellent scout. My own eyes are accustomed to the jungle, and I do not often need field-glasses to find the animals which I then stalk until I am near enough to use the camera. But Toto's eyes were far surer than mine, and often he would give me warning and show me the direction to take.

Once while we were out together Toto and I were resting under a little bush near some rocks. Before sitting down I had, as I thought, made sure that there was nothing within sight that I wanted to photograph, so that I could rest without fear of missing valuable opportunities. Suddenly Toto stood upright, thumping his chest excitedly, and turning to me with a little grunt, as if to say, "Be careful! Be careful!" But I could see nothing. I examined every inch of the grass in front of us, but nothing was visible. I took my glasses and studied the ground ahead more thoroughly. Then, fully one hundred and fifty yards away, I saw four tiny dark specks just showing above the grass. They were the tips of the horns of a pair of deer.

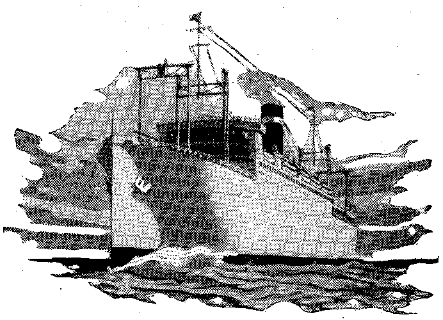
In the jungle Toto was always on the alert. Probably he had learnt caution from the dangers of life in his world of the tree-tops, when often a young monkey who strayed carelessly on the ground would disappear forever. Toto was suspicious of everything that he did not know for certain to be friendly. In particular he was always terrified of snakes; and rightly so, for snakes must have ended the days of many of his young cousins at home.

But it must not be thought that Toto was a coward, for we read:

He was very far from that. Of snakes he was always afraid. I never saw a chimpanzee that was not. And I don't think he had any particular friendship for crocodiles. Nor have I. But there was little else that he feared.

He did not walk into danger, and he always grunted his usual warning when we approached any animal that I had not seen, but I have never seen him scared into flight from a single animal, altho on one occasion, at least, I, at any rate, would dearly have liked to have taken to my heels.

This was when we were together one day at a considerable distance from the



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camp. I was looking for a suitable place to hide the camera and myself, so that I could take pictures of vultures, hyena and jackal.

A few yards away was a river, and a little dip in the ground near its bank was filled with water, either from a hidden channel joining it to the river or else from a spring. Round this pool were the tracks where many animals had come to drink, and it was there that I expected to get my photographs. A few thick bushes, making a little clump about ten yards across, stood close to the pool, and I planned to hide among them with my camera. I walked toward the spot, happily enough, thinking of the good pictures that I could obtain without great difficulty.

Suddenly something touched my arm. It was Toto. He stood beside me, gazing first at the clump of bushes and then at me. At first he merely stared, as if uncertain whether an alarm should be given or not; then he seemed to make up his mind, and he pulled harder at my sleeve as if to draw me away, giving several of his deep-throated, warning grunts.

I stopt. I knew by that time that Toto did not give the alarm unnecessarily. Undoubtedly there was something hidden among those bushes. Whether it was any animal dangerous to man I did not know, but it happened that I was entirely unarmed, and I decided to make certain what lay ahead of me before going any closer. So I turned away, getting to a greater distance from the bushes, while I worked round to the other side, where I hoped to find a gap into which I could look. Toto kept close at my side, stopping after every few yards and standing upright to look behind him.

At last we reached the opposite side of the clump, and turning, I began to approach it again, rather more warily than I had done before. Suddenly I saw the leaves of the nearest bush move, and I stopt. Something was moving into the open from behind that bush . . . something yellow . . . a lion!

Several times I have photographed lions in Africa, but I would not go toward one without a weapon, altho I should only use it in the direst emergency. But now I had nothing more effective than my camera tripod, and I quickly decided to retreat. In fact, I must confess that my main desire at that moment was to put five hundred yards between that lion and myself as quickly as possible.

But to have run would have been to invite pursuit. A man-eating lion will always attack if he thinks he has an easy victim. If I had turned to run, that lion would have been across my body, tearing at my flesh, before I had gone twenty yards.

I knew that my only chance was to face him squarely and edge quietly backward as best I could. At first I stood perfectly still, staring. It was a painful ordeal. I have no idea for how long I stood there, perhaps for a minute, or a minute and a half; but to me it seemed almost a matter of hours.

Slowly the lion moved, taking a few steps backward. Then he turned and snarled, showing his fangs as if deciding that I was unworthy of royal attention. Slowly, I began to retreat. Toto all the time had stood firmly beside me, watching as I watched and waiting till I gave the word to move. Gradually we retreated together until we were nearly a hundred yards from that clump of bushes. Then at last I turned and hurried away, glancing back every now and again to make certain that there was no pursuit.

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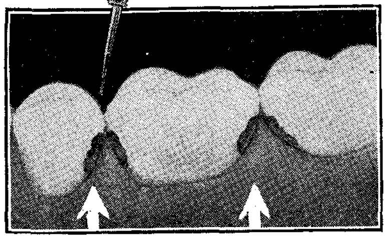

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BY IRA DAVIS JOEL, B.S., M.S.

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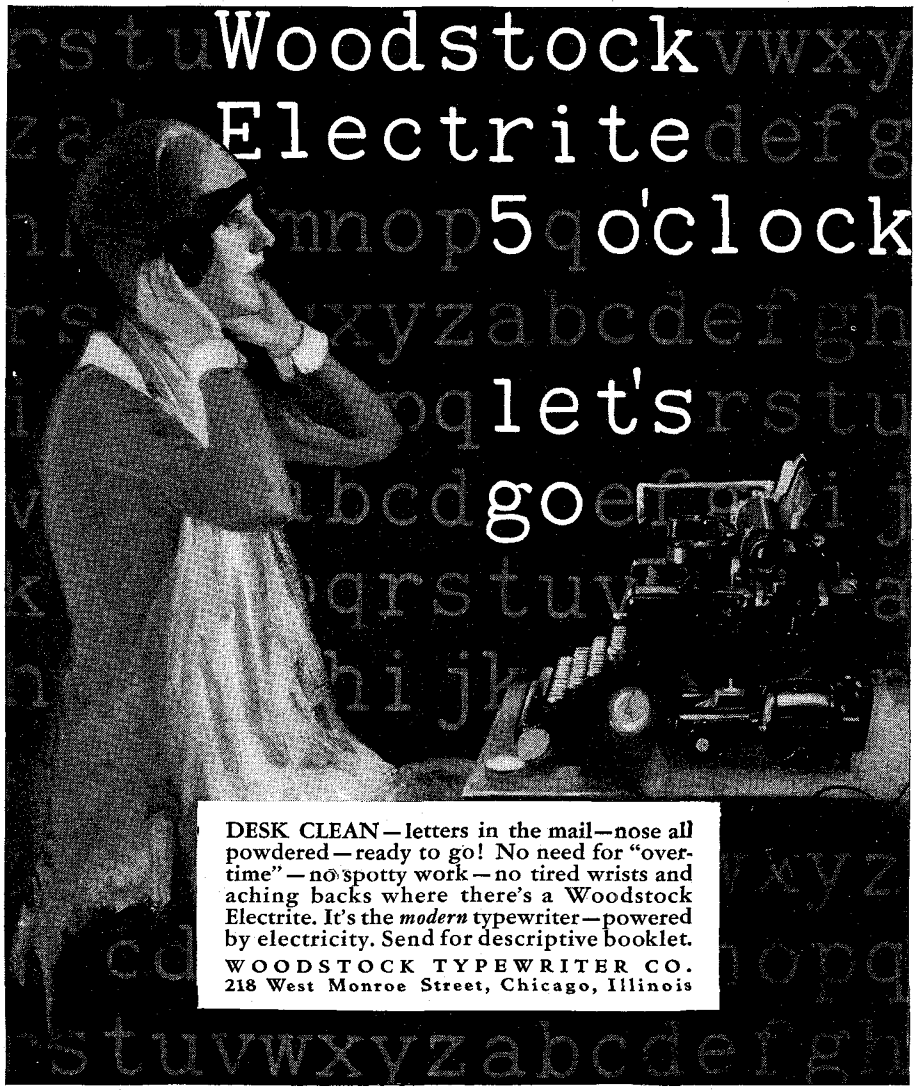

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

That night when I found Toto in my bed I did not turn him out.

Mr. Kearton carried Toto pick-a-back many miles on their journey, and while in their camps Toto learned the elegancies of washing, and even brushing teeth, and gained the habit of wanting his pipe for company every night. He was a true son of England in his taste for afternoon tea, and a gift of bananas was the last word in luxury. However, like all children, Toto sometimes took matters into his own hands:

> More than anything else he liked bananas, and however many I gave him he always wanted more. Sometimes he would help himself, and eventually I had to keep them in a locked box. But one day Toto watched me as I took the keys from my pocket, unlocked the case, tore off two bananas and gave them to him. A little later we were playing together by the fire when I felt a hand at my pocket. I went on with the game, pretending not to notice. Toto put his hand stealthily into my trousers pocket and drew out the keys. Wondering what he would do, I went outside the tent, and after waiting a minute to make him think I had gone away, I looked silently in at the doorway. Toto was sitting in front of the banana box, trying one key after another in the lock until he found the right one. Then he took out a banana and began to gobble it up as fast as he could.

After long wanderings, Toto and his master took a train to Nairobi, and there, while staying with Mr. and Mrs. Percival and their two little boys, Toto had the happiest time of his life. Says Mr. Kearton:

> Toto was now on holiday. For a while there would be no more marching and no photography. He had nothing to do all day but to enjoy himself, and this he did very thoroughly. He made friends at once with every one on the estate. He played all sorts of games with Mrs. Percival's two little boys, riding on their scooters and rocking-horses, playing catch-as-catch-can round the lawn, jumping over bushes in a furiously exciting race. Basil, the elder boy, wanted to teach him to play football, and without a doubt he would soon have become an expert if only he had understood that the rules of Rugby did not apply to the Association game. He would handle the ball as soon as it came near him, and then no one was rash enough to try to take it away.
>
> But the occupation that seemed to give Toto more pleasure than anything else was sitting on the ground with little Jim, the younger boy, and making mud pies. This he would do for hours at a time. Jim would chatter to him all the while as if he had been another child, saying sometimes, "No, you mustn't do that, you must do it this way," and Toto, very patiently, would watch what Jim did and then give a perfect imitation of it.
>
> Another game of the same sort consisted of trying to build a dam across a pond in the garden. Basil would build from one bank, while Toto, determined to give his

aid where it was most wanted, would help Jim on the other. Jim would take command, and Toto obediently carried out the orders, scooping up mud with his hands, carrying it to the edge of the water, and laying it exactly where Jim directed. Then Jim would pat it into hardness and call for more, and Toto would stop watching him and race off again to the mud-bank. It was delightful to see them, and I have little doubt that Jim, now grown to be a big boy, still remembers the games that he and Toto played together.

But the time had come to go far away from Toto's African jungle home, and so Mr. Kearton and Toto took ship for London:

One of the things that made Toto a favorite on the ship was the fact that he made himself useful. He started a laundry. He began in a small way, just as all the magnates of business have begun. He found a bucket of water on the deck, and since any small quantity of water always suggested to him either drinking or washing, he looked around for something to wash. Nothing suitable being in sight, he went to the cabin and fetched one of my handkerchiefs. Then he fetched another and another. By way of putting up the capital for the business, so to speak, I furnished him with a piece of soap. His work was very successful. He washed the handkerchiefs until they were spotless and then spread them separately round a big coil of rope to dry.

Some friends of mine thought this an excellent idea, and soon half the passengers were bringing their handkerchiefs to:

MESSRS. TOTO, KEARTON & CO.

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Toto kept it up for nearly the whole voyage. As soon as the linen was dry he would take a little pile and hand one to each person who came up the stairway. The only disadvantage was that one could not be sure of having one's own property returned to one—a failing which I have noticed to be shared by a good many other laundries. But even that had its advantages here, for a good many of the idle hours on board ship were passed in the new game, which became very popular, of exchanging handkerchiefs until every one had his own.

On the voyage Toto took cold and death nearly claimed the lovable little fellow, so Mr. Kearton thought best to leave him in the zoo at Marseilles while he went to London. As he relates it:

I think that in that strange way that animals have of feeling what is before them, Toto knew that we had come to the moment of parting. He took an instant liking to the Director, but he would not smile, and he looked very sad indeed. As a parting gift I gave him the dark velvet bag into which I used to put my head and shoulders and hands when I developed plates in the open. He wrapt himself in it, and I felt, as perhaps he did, that it was a garment of sadness.

"Good-by, old chap," I said.

The story of his later trip to London is fully as interesting, but too long to quote here.

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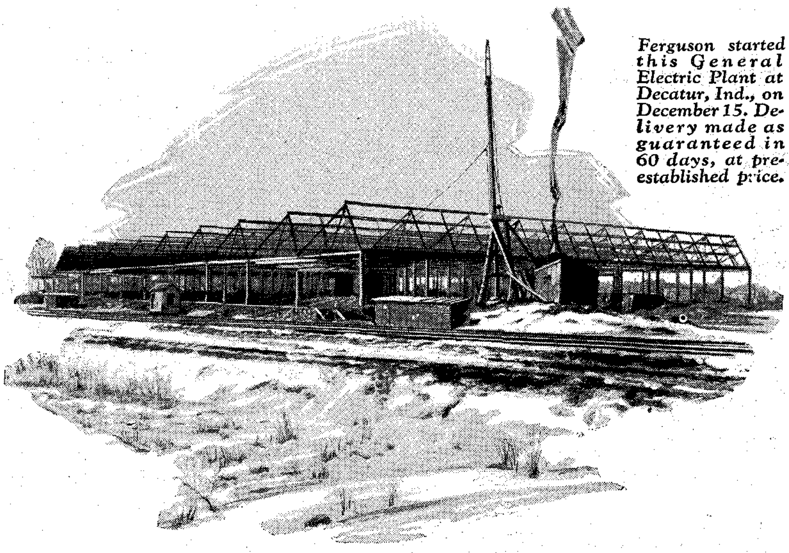

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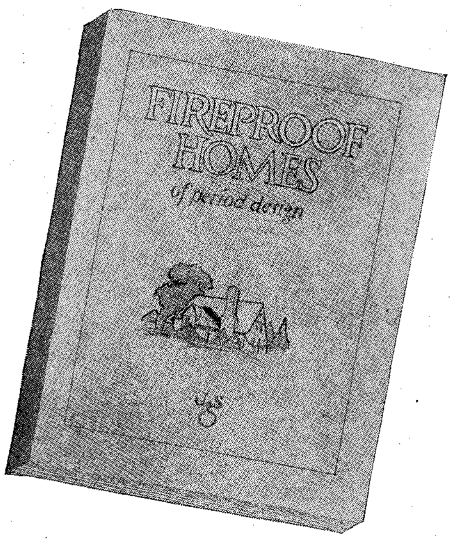

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

CATCHING FISH WITH THE HANDS

SLIPPING, sliding down through the blue-green water to the very bottom, went the bronze bodies of the Papuan "boys," and slinking along after them went the dull gray body of their enemy, the dreaded shark. Little brown boys were walking on the coral on the sea floor, and fishing as unconcernedly as if they were on dry land, and as if Mr. Shark were only a friendly caller. How they catch the fish darting with lightning speed through the water, and how one boy bested an enemy is told by Mr. Ellis Silas, F. R. S., in *The Illustrated London News:*

> Strange, but efficient, are some of the many methods practised by the Papuan to obtain fish. Withal are his fishing industries a very important feature of his daily life. By the same token do the sorcerers of the sea hold a very exalted position. For a day prior to the setting out of a fishing fleet those sorcerers will practise fishing magic, to the accompaniment of many incantations. The coastwise natives of Papua follow this occupation not only for their immediate needs, but also to trade with the bush natives, with whom they barter their fish for garden produce; moreover, the Papuan regards fish as a great delicacy, which tickles his palate mightily.
>
> Possibly their most interesting method of fishing is that which is known as "swimming fish." I shall always remember the first occasion upon which I witnessed this amazing performance. The heat was intense, the tropic sun blazed down upon the waters of the lagoon, whose placid surface mirrored the graceful coconut-palms which fringed the shore. The whaler rolled lazily to the slight swell which came in over the reef; the floor of the lagoon was a fairyland tapestried with strange coral formations; wonderful colored fish darted between the interstices of this forest of strange marine growths. In these smiling, translucent seas the water is clear as crystal and the bottom is visible at eight fathoms or more. There being no sign of a breeze, the bronze crew decided to kill time "swimming fish," to which purpose they stript them of their brilliant-hued calicoes; but, since there was no fishing tackle aboard, I was considerably puzzled as to how they could catch fish.
>
> Then ensued a scene of absorbing interest. They slipt silently over the gunwale into the sapphire water, slowly sinking to the bottom; there, to my astonishment, they commenced to walk upon the bed of the sea! How they accomplished this extraordinary feat I was never able clearly to ascertain. They walked or crawled up to holes in the coral, with one hand pushing a piece of stick into the hole, holding the other hand over the spot where the fish would make egress. In a short while they had snared quite a number. One boy caught a fish while it was darting with lightning speed through the water; this may have been a fluke, but catch it he did.
>
> Then happened the most exciting episode that I have ever seen—and I've witnessed a few. This was no "movie" thrill, but the real thing. It was fourteen feet of dull gray torpedo body. The boy was putting another fish into his net when he saw it. It was a fascinating, terrible scene down

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there in that fantastic world beneath the sea. There could be but one end—the unfortunate boy could never escape. The shark was too close; what was he going to do—what *could* he do? The boy faced and backed into a crevice in the coral; the monster sped forward, turned—I expected to see the blood gush—the brute had missed! The boy could get no farther back; its wicked eyes gleamed malignantly; there it hung motionless, its loathsome body suspended in the translucent blue. It seemed years, hundreds of years, this episode of a few minutes. The shark could not touch the boy with its teeth; he was safe for a few moments. But the boy's breath must give out; he *couldn't* last much longer—and then? Suddenly, with a dexterous movement, he flung his net of shining fish to one side—the shark darted for it; the boy shot to the surface, climbed aboard, apparently but little perturbed by the incident. He waited a little while, took a knife, and prepared to go down again.

The customary method when "swimming fish" is to take a piece of New Guinea dynamite (*tuha*). This is a species of root, which is ground into a paste and rolled into balls. The natives dive down and place the paste in holes in the coral where the fish congregate. This paste stupefies the fish, which become an easy capture to the native. But on the occasion I refer to they had none of this "dynamite."

Net, line, and fly-fishing are practised considerably, more particularly the former. There is also kite-fishing. The kite is flown from a canoe, so that the cobweb fly is dragged along the top of the water. The garfish get their teeth caught in the glutinous web; the canoe is then backed carefully and the string wound; the fish is taken off and the kite flown again.

Many times it is not the shark who eats the man but the man who devours the shark, and the monster is often betrayed by that ancient vice, curiosity. As we read:

Altho by some Papuans it is considered bad form to eat shark, and simply is not done by the best people, there are quite a few who are not ashamed to grace their board with the flesh of this much-abhorred monster. In these shark-infested seas one would not consider it a difficult matter to find them, but the Papuan dislikes waiting for his meals; besides, the *taitu* might be getting cold. So, to facilitate matters, he slings the half-shells of coconuts on to a hoop. This he uses as a rattle, the sound of which immediately arouses the curiosity of Mr. Shark. Possibly this rattle may be intended to simulate the sound of some particular fish for which the shark has a *penchant:* anyway, whatever may be the motive of this, our brown brother anchors his canoe upon the edge of a reef, plays with the rattle, and the rest is easy—for him.

Altho the Papuan is not afraid of sharks, he does not make pets of them. Shark traps are also set on the shore. The usual method is to attach a noose with a slip-knot to the branch of an overhanging tree or *sapein*, the end of which is drawn down and held in position by native cord, the bait being adjusted in such manner that the shark is compelled to put its head through the noose in order to reach the bait. The action of the shark causes the branch to spring back into its normal position, jerking the shark out of the water.

At an early age the male pickaninnies

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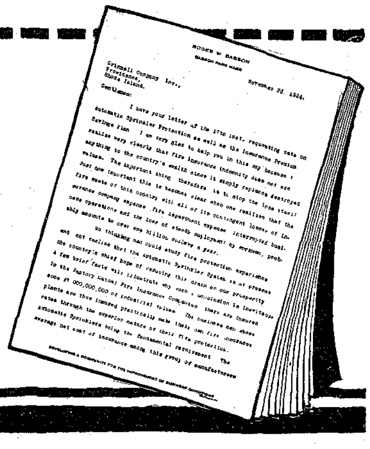

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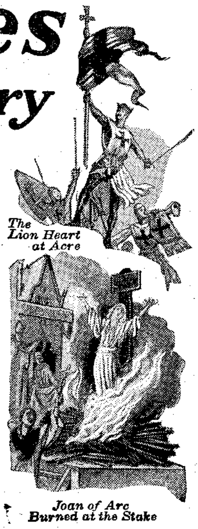
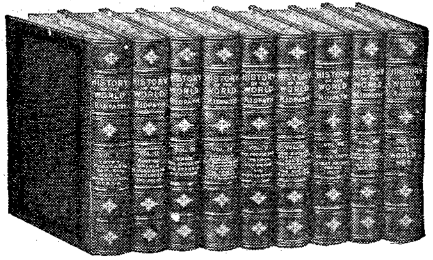


The Lion Heart at Acre

Joan of Arc Burned at the Stake



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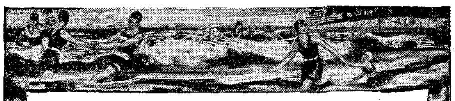

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

are instructed in the art of fishing. They are taught to make and put to practical purposes miniature nets, identical in pattern with those used by their elders; withal mesh, floats, and other details must be made to scale. One very curious method of fishing is done by the pickaninnies with bows and arrows, these quaint brown mites standing knee-deep in the water. After throwing a little bait, they will remain quite still, with arrow fitted; the fish within range, they let fly. Refraction does not appear to impede their aim, some of them returning to the village with quite a handsome bag.

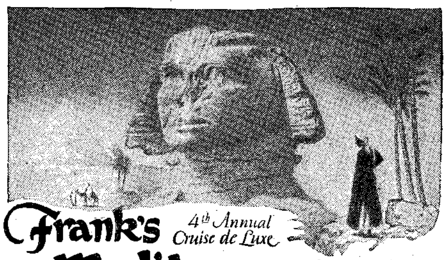
THE MAN-O'-WAR OF THE BLUE

MR. STEPHEN C. BRUNER of the Estacion Experimental Agronomica, Cuba, crept and pulled himself up to the top of the tallest tree on Crocodile Key, and felt that he was in a good position to photograph the Man-o'-War birds, which he had come so far to find. A sharp pull on the back of his coat made him turn in dismay, but it was not a dangerous animal, merely a little white fuzzy baby Man-o'-War. It pulled and tugged on the coat until Mr. Bruner realized that it was hungry and was forcibly calling attention to the fact. "Food! Food!" it seemed to say, so Mr. Bruner gave him his finger to nibble, but it was not able to arrange the finger in a suitable position to swallow and had such a quizzical look in its "mild black eyes," that it probably appreciated the joke. In *The Nature Magazine* (Washington), Mr. Bruner gives an account of his expedition in search of the Man-o'-Wars, and tells us:

Those who have been privileged to sail the tropical seas are no doubt familiar with a great slender bird with the long forked tail of a swallow, which, on motionless wings, floats in majestic circles through the cloudless sky with that perfect poise and grace peculiar to the limited number of creatures whom nature seems to have perfected and so adapted to their environment that they appear as much a part of it as are the sunlight and blue waters themselves. Such is the Man-o'-War Bird (*Fregata magnificens*).

No one with the least sense of the artistic and beautiful could fail to be stirred with admiration at the sight of this master of flight, equaled by few birds and surpassed, perhaps, by none. Altho probably not endowed with the endurance of the albatross, it is nevertheless often met with in the open sea far from land, and evidently distance is to it a matter of no great concern. A member of the *Steganopodes*—a group including the pelicans, cormorants, boobies, and tropic birds—the Man-o'-War Bird is so different in appearance from its cousins that their relationship would hardly be suspected unless by chance the small feet are examined, when it will be seen that all four toes are connected by webs, the chief character common to all.

In America it is found throughout the tropical and subtropical seas from Florida and southern California southward, but occasionally wanders much farther north



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during the summer. Except at the nesting grounds, however, it is nowhere seen in large numbers, altho it is a familiar sight in the West Indies and at many points along the Central and South American seaboard.

The Man-o'-War Bird measures about forty inches in length. The adult male is dull black, rather glossy above, with a large bare orange-red or carmine throat-pouch, which is inflated at will to an enormous size during the mating season. The female is somewhat browner in color and has a white breast, while the fully feathered immature birds are more strikingly marked with the head and neck entirely white. The long, powerful-looking beak is nearly straight and is strongly hooked at the end. The large swallow tail, which adds so much to the beauty of the bird, is usually closed, or partly closed, during flight, but may be opened at intervals, especially when making turns and in alighting. The wings are long and slender and are carried only partly extended, giving the birds a peculiar angular appearance that has called to mind pictures of certain prehistoric flying reptiles. Oddly enough, this resemblance only occurred to me while at their nesting grounds on a lonely islet far from the haunts of man and other terrestrial creatures. Here the great silent birds, floating back and forth overhead, gave the uncanny impression of beings of a past age, altho in reality they are most admirably fitted to the present.

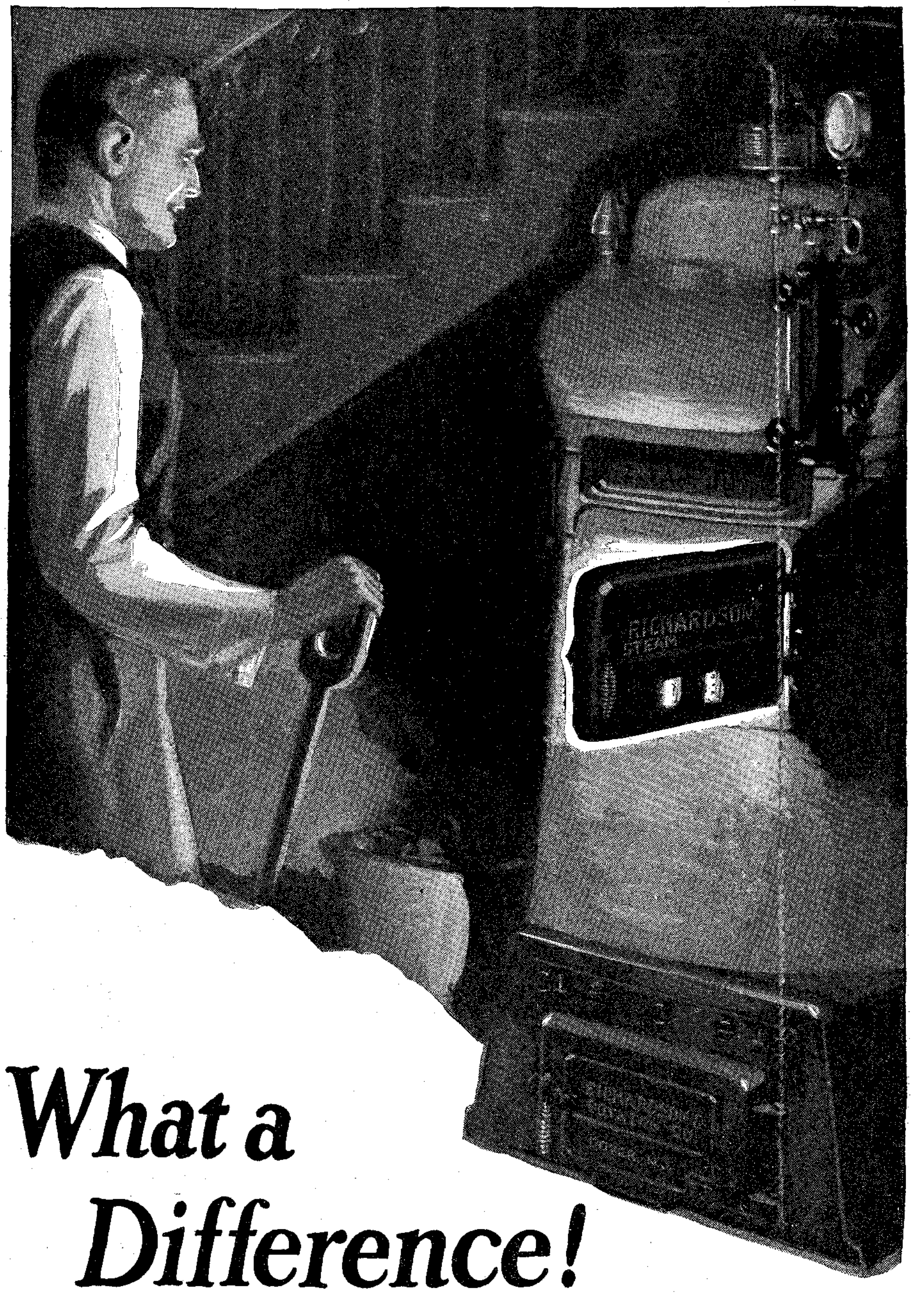
The food of the Man-o'-War Bird consists principally of fish and other animal matter which it is able to obtain from the surface of the water. It is well known, however, that at times it has the evil habit of chasing other birds, such as cormorants, gulls, terns, and boobies, when they are returning from fishing expeditions, and forcing them to disgorge their catch, which is promptly appropriated.

The Man-o'-War Birds frequenting the coasts of Cuba and near-by islands seem to nest largely on a small mangrove key situated near the south shore of Siguanea Bay, Isle of Pines. This key, consisting of only an acre or two of more or less swampy land, is known by the name of Crocodile Key, due evidently to the fact that it is very popular among these reptiles, which take an active interest in the young birds that put to sea at a too tender age.

Mr. Bruner then gives us a most interesting account of his expedition:

With a keen desire to explore the mysteries of this Man-o'-War Bird stronghold, and accompanied by several equally curious friends, I set sail one March morning from the west coast of the Isle of Pines. The south shore with its numerous outlying keys could soon be distinguished across the shallow bay, some ten miles away. After an hour or so great numbers of minute, moving specks could be made out in the sky above a streak of green on the horizon. It was Crocodile Key!

Steering straight for the islet, we were soon as near as we dared approach, because of the shallow water which surrounds it. Casting anchor, we took to the small boat to go ashore. As we drew nearer I observed a new and strange phenomenon: the mangroves, it seemed, were bearing a profusion of enormous, brilliant red fruit. A few yards more and the fruit was seen to be a part of the birds themselves, half hidden in the green foliage. The discovery was followed by the immediate disappearance of this remarkable display, as, with the roar of a thousand wings, the Man-o'-War Birds took to the air, flying back and



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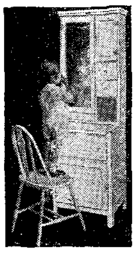

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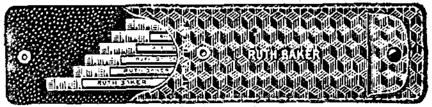

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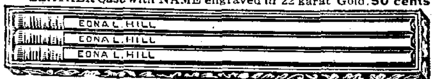

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

forth with appearance of great concern. We pushed our way through the overhanging mangroves and made a landing by swinging ourselves up through the maze of aerial roots. The trees were exceptionally large and the nests were placed some twenty feet above the ground. With some little effort I was able to reach the first branches with my camera, and from there easily made my way upward. The tree selected was full of nests, placed only a few feet apart. As I ascended I encountered a brooding female directly in my path and could not proceed without climbing over her, as the nest was placed against the trunk of the tree. As I peered through the branches I could see her watching me attentively, her formidable beak apparently ready for action. I reached up cautiously and shook the nest—no result. I then pulled her tail; still she did not stir. Becoming reckless, I caught her by one wing and pulled her half off. This kind of familiarity was more than her equilibrium could stand, and with a single beat of her great wings she was away on the breeze.

I then worked up to the top of the tallest branch of the tree, from where I could look out over the rookery and work my camera satisfactorily. I was in plain view from all sides, however, and a number of the birds took wing, but soon settled down again.

I became aware that a Mrs. Man-o'-War was at home within arm's-length. As I began focusing my Graflex on her she eyed the bright lens with suspicion and moved over a bit, exposing her nest and only egg, so I photographed them all together. In the meantime a very somber masculine representative of the tribe had alighted a few feet away, and in a most unconcerned way was now gravely engaged in inflating his brilliant red throat-pouch. This recalled to mind the operation performed by a child in blowing up a large toy balloon. After several minutes of this sport the gentleman suddenly deflated, and departed with the lively breeze which was now blowing. Altho these great sea-birds are usually silent, they were occasionally heard to emit a very low croaking note when hovering near. At times the birds circling high above the rookery would also call shrilly in a short, rapid series of peculiar, penetrating notes, somewhat like those of certain hawks.

The Man-o'-War Bird usually lays only one egg, of a dull, greenish, chalky-white color, somewhat larger than that of a turkey, broadly oval in outline, and very thin-shelled and fragile. Altho both parents are known to take part in brooding, the birds on duty at the time were all females. Could it be that the only deserted nests were those attended by the "head of the family" in each case, at the moment of our arrival?

It seems that the newly hatched nestlings are pitiful, naked, helpless little beings, resembling very young pigeons, as there is no indication of the long beak. But, we read on:

> A thick growth of white down is soon acquired, however, the beak lengthens, and they become strong enough to take some notice of the world, altho the wings seem heavy and burdensome. As the youngsters increase in size the back and shoulders develop black feathers—the interscapularies—which contrast oddly with the

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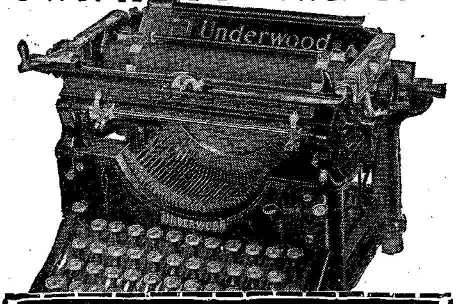

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pure white down covering the rest of the body.

At this period they are lively, interesting little fellows, and are able to sit up straight like comical little penguins. This plumage is followed by that in which the head and lower parts of the body are white and the remainder mostly brownish black, at which stage they leave the nests. The food of the young consists of small fish which are obtained from their parents' throats by thrusting their heads inside. This phase of the family duties was not observed at Crocodile Key, as our visit was made at the mid-day siesta period, meals being served during the morning and afternoon hours.

The young birds have their troubles. It is well known that imprudent or unfortunate nestlings not infrequently fall from the small, frail platforms built by well-meaning but inexpert parents. Those which reach the water are probably all well received by the patient crocodiles, while others, in attempting to save themselves, are caught by their necks in the forks of the branches and strangled to death. The birds which have thus prematurely ended their career have been seen with such frequency by those few who are acquainted with Crocodile Key that they have come to refer to them as "hang birds."

Apparently family duties may demand the attention of the Man-o'-War Bird during almost any season of the year, but early spring is evidently the busiest period. At Crocodile Key eggs and young of all ages have been found in March and April, while as late as October some nests are still inhabited, altho the nestlings are now nearly fully grown. Thus it would appear that late fall and early winter is the only period available for a general vacation.

On the opposite side of the islet from the Man-o'-War Bird colony a few White Ibises and cormorants were seen, which are supposed to nest there. None, however, had attempted housekeeping near the Man-o'-War Birds, which may be explained, perhaps, by the rather piratical attitude of the latter toward their less powerful neighbors. On the other hand, I know of no bird or beast that dares to interfere in the affairs of the Man-o'-War Bird, except man, of course, who interferes with everything. In this respect he probably does so now out of curiosity only, or perhaps occasionally to test his marksmanship, but it is recorded that formerly the negro inhabitants of some of the Bahamas, who are not fastidious as regards matters of diet, utilized certain rookeries as the source of a meat supply as long as they lasted.

It may be concluded that the Man-o'-War Bird, considering his habits, is neither directly injurious nor beneficial to mankind—that is, from the cold, economical point of view. However, nothing could be without value that so stirs the "inner self" of one as does the inspiring sight of this superb creature as it soars with such indescribable grace in the sky.

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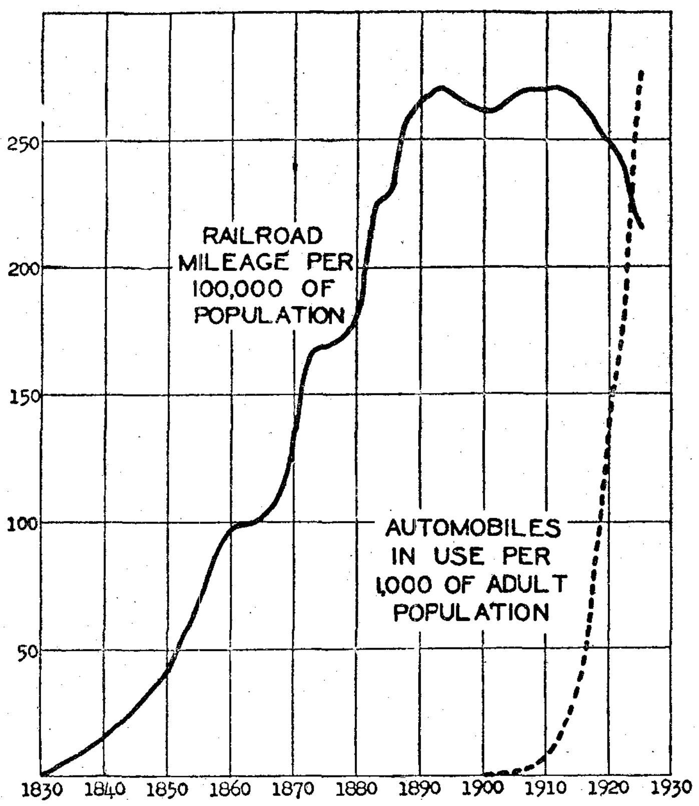
INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

HOW THE MOTOR SATURATION POINT MAY COME

ONE OF THE QUESTIONS that is puzzling motor-car manufacturers, stockholders in the automobile concerns, and more disinterested observers, is when the saturation point will come, when the equilibrium will be established between the number of motor-cars operated and the number of individuals in the population. When that time comes, we read in the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*, published in a great motor-making city, "the number of new cars that can be sold each year will be determined by the demand for replacements, the export markets, and the steady but slow increase called for by the growth of population." Since automobiles are being manufactured more rapidly than they are wearing out and greatly out of all proportion to the increase in population or the export demand, "it is clear that such a saturation point will be reached some time."

Now the common assumption has been that when this condition arrives it will come gradually over a series of years and give plain warning of its approach. But the Cleveland writer suggests that very likely it will come suddenly, "like a thief in the night." The obvious method of forecasting the saturation point in automobiles would be to study saturation points of other articles. It is noted that:

"Saturation points of a sort were reached long ago in the cases of the bicycle, the sewing-machine, harvesters, and popular-priced pianos, but the available data are not sufficiently full to make possible careful comparative studies of these examples."



From the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*

A STUDY IN SATURATION POINTS

All of a sudden in the 'nineties the country found it had enough railroad mileage. Will the same thing happen some time to the demand for automobiles, which so far shows no sign of slowing down? Of course, the parallel may be spoiled by gradual substitution of foreign for domestic markets.

A diagram is then presented (reproduced on this page) which shows the relationship between population in the United States and railroad mileage and the use of automobiles since these transportation agencies have existed. As we read in explanation of the comparison presented in the diagram:

In the diagram the two lines represent the relationship in this country between population and railroad mileage and the use of automobiles since these agencies of transportation have been in existence. Beginning almost a century ago the railroad mileage increased with almost unchecked rapidity except for short periods during the Civil War, the depression of the 'seventies, and the depression of 1884, until about 1893. It appears to have suddenly reached a true saturation point at that time, and for twenty years, or until the advent of the automobile, its relationship to the population changed but little.

The heavy dashed line shows the astonishingly rapid increase in the use of automobiles during the past fifteen years. As yet it has received no important check in its upward course, but the probabilities are that when the saturation point is approached it will make its advent known as suddenly and with as little warning as did that of the railroads thirty years ago.

TAX CLUBS, A NEW FACTOR IN TAX-REVISION

"TAX CLUBS" HAVE BEEN DESCENDING on Washington in such numbers during the deliberations of the Ways and Means Committee, that murmurings are heard which may, according to David Lawrence, be the forerunners of Congressional inquiry. These clubs come to Washington in private cars and serve banquets in the Washington hotels to members of Congress and the press. Now it is perfectly legitimate, writes Mr. Lawrence in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches, to try to influence Congress to make a scientific tax law, but the method is calculated to arouse antagonism, for "there is something about the Congressional temperament which instinctively sets up a mood of resistance to formally organized movements to affect legislation." "The tax clubs are born of a desire to tell Congress that the taxpayers, especially those upon whom the greatest burden of taxation falls, are asking for reform not merely because of their own businesses, but because every tax rate affects in some way the cost of living and conditions of employment for the millions who pay no direct taxes or a small portion thereof." Among the State tax clubs which have been very conspicuous in recent weeks in Washington are those from Iowa, Texas and Georgia. As Mr. Lawrence continues:

"The movement is novel, for these clubs are not asking for a special concession as when interested parties apply for particular tariff reductions, but for the committee's support of proposals like that advanced by the Secretary of the Treasury. The clubs are composed of eminent men in the local communities, men who are by no means involved in party politics, and whose influence 'back home' can not be ignored.

"The idea of bringing the constituency closer to the member of Congress in this way commended itself to the tax associations as likely to help get a scientific tax law, but even the most legitimate of organizations meets Congressional frowns when there is any appearance of organized wealth. Perhaps more important than the influence which the clubs will be able to exert here will be the knowledge that the individuals will get of the tax problem and Congressional maneuvers so that the people 'back home' will be better informed through these clubs of who is assisting or obstructing tax reform. Another advantage which the tax clubs have over previous methods of influencing Congress is that State groups ordinarily are not in close touch with each other. The national movement in this case will mean that the State clubs will cooperate to persuade heir members of Congress to modify extreme positions. A Congressional election is to be held a year hence and members of Congress will not readily antagonize influential constituents. It's a delicate procedure at best and may prove a boomerang to the organizers, but it is worth while to note that thus far there are only murmurings which may or may not vanish in the face of effective pressure from 'back home.'"

How investment is made simple and safe for the average man

Pointing out mistakes most frequently made by investors

BEING in touch with tens of thousands of investors gives us an unusual opportunity to observe how many there are who need to be reminded of the simple and elementary principles of sound investment. For instance, many lists of holdings show little or poor diversification. They may be made up mostly of real estate, or industrial or railroad bonds. Sometimes they are all of one issue; or, they cover a single kind of property.

Too many eggs in one basket

No experienced investor would put all his eggs in one basket. However sound the security, it is subject to changing business conditions. Industries have their ups and downs. Adverse conditions may affect one and not another.

Good bonds are the safest form of income-bearing investment. They involve very little risk. But even that risk should be averaged by investing in as many different bond issues as feasible, originating in various industries and localities. That makes security doubly sure.

The lure of high returns

Another common mistake is to yield to the lure of high returns. Many investors buy third and fourth grade securities to obtain a higher return than can be expected from conservative bonds. They may get their income for a while, even for a long while, and still they are not *investing.* They are merely *speculating,* with the attendant risk.

No investment ally

Another mistake many investors make is to use their own unaided judgment or the judgment of friends little or no better informed than themselves. Investment is simple and safe when you have access to expert knowledge of underlying values. There is a reliable place to find it. And that is, in the experienced bond house.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 4.—The Druses are reported to be cutting the railroads within the shadow of the walls of Damascus, and doing considerable other damage.

November 5.—A plot to assassinate Premier Mussolini is reported uncovered, and Signor Zaniboni, a Socialist ex-Deputy, is arrested in Rome, and Gen. Luigi Capello, a prominent Free Mason, is held by the police at Turin in connection with the alleged plot.

The inmost sarcophagus containing the body of Tut-ankh-Amen is uncovered, according to an announcement by the Ministry of Works at Cairo.

The plebiscitary commission appointed to solve the Tacna-Arica dispute accedes to Gen. John J. Pershing's resolution to reduce the number of Chilean troops and secret-service men to the number maintained by Peru.

The French Government appoints Senator Henry de Jouvenel, former editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*, High Commissioner of Syria, to succeed General Sarrail. Premier Painlevé announces that France has lost 6,632 men in Syria since 1920.

Arabs are reported joining the Druses in their war against the French, and serious fighting in the vicinity of Damascus is announced.

November 6.—Italy is further stirred by the publication of a detailed report that the alleged conspiracy to assassinate Premier Mussolini included the overthrow of the Fascist Government, the fall of the House of Savoy, and the setting up of an Italian Republic.

The French Government notifies the German Government that the Allied forces occupying the Rhineland will begin evacuation of the Cologne bridgehead December 1, on condition that Germany further limits the number of Green Police and its armament, and disbands the General Staff.

The Druse tribesmen are reported in control of a great part of the territory north of Damascus, and to be in possession of Deraya, about seven miles south of Damascus.

Clemeny Voroshiloff, peasant born, and in early life a foundry laborer, becomes chief of the Soviet Red Army, succeeding the late Gen. Michael W. Frunse, who succeeded Leon Trotzky as the Soviet war leader.

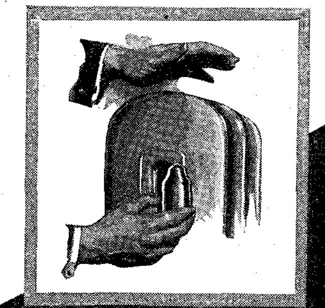
November 7.—Marshal Petain, Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Morocco, announces on his arrival in Marseilles that Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Riffs in Morocco, is now encircled, and that the French no longer have anything to fear.

The Painlevé Cabinet approves a scheme of taxation which levies as high as 15 per cent. upon the actual value of stocks and bonds and calls upon all holders of virtually all categories of assessable property to deliver an average of about 10 per cent. to the French Treasury within fourteen years.

Eight more persons, including Ulisse Ducci, head of "Italia Liberia," the Opposition organization fathered by Gen. Pepino Garibaldi, are arrested in connection with the alleged conspiracy to assassinate Premier Mussolini and overthrow the Italian Government.

November 9.—Anti-Italian demonstrations have occurred in many parts of Jugo-

have you a cold room



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Slavia because of indignation over reports that Fascists had attacked the Jugo-Slav Consulate and the office of a Slovenian newspaper at Trieste, says a dispatch from Vienna. The trouble at Trieste resulted from an article in the Slovenian newspaper saying the story of the plot against Premier Mussolini was a pure invention.

The French are reported to have arrested 200 persons in Damascus as a result of the recent outbreak there.

DOMESTIC

November 4.—The Western Joint Association of general chairmen of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Order of Railway Conductors approves proposals to ask wage-increases amounting to more than $25,000,000.

Roy Chapman Andrews, head of the third expedition of the American Museum of Natural History into Mongolia, arrives in San Francisco and reports important discoveries which indicate that prehistoric man originated in Asia.

November 5.—The Connecticut State Supreme Court upholds the conviction of Gerald Chapman, who has been sentenced to death for the murder of a policeman in New Britain on October 12, 1924.

November 6.—The House Ways and Means Committee votes to abolish the income-tax publicity clause, and approves the repeal of the gift tax, the retaining of the corporation and capital stock tax, and the raising to $20,000 of the figure on which reductions of 25 per cent. for earned incomes will apply.

The United States Government officially recognizes the provisional régime inaugurated in Persia and headed by Reza Khan, following the deposition of the Shah.

The Roumanian War-Debt Commission arrives in Washington.

November 7.—An economic review made public by the Department of Commerce shows that the living conditions during the past year were the best in the history of the country.

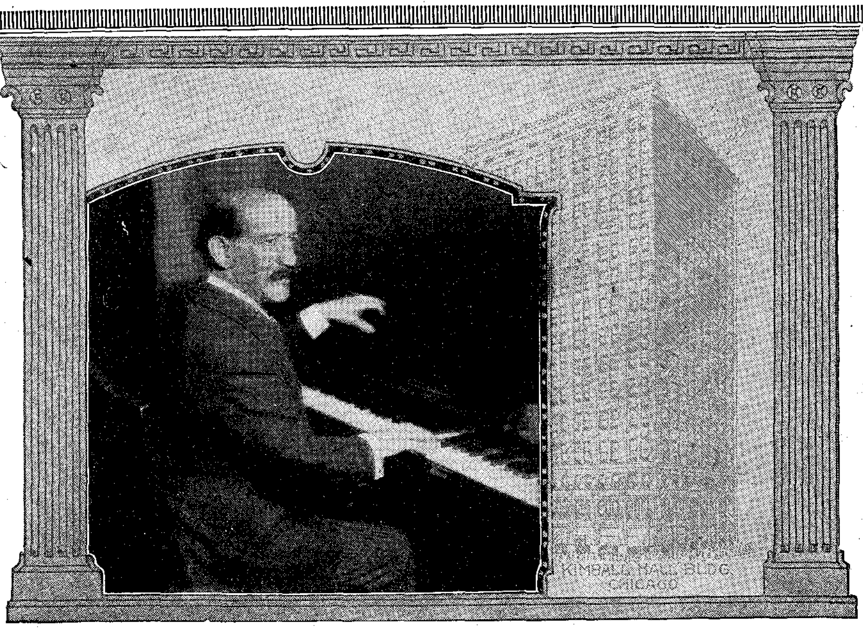
In an address to the national convention of the Anti-Saloon League, in Chicago, Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and chief enforcement officer, says that the department is concentrating its effort on dividing Prohibition Enforcement equally between the State and Federal authorities in order that there may be more "punch" to law enforcement.

November 8.—Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania warns the delegates to the National Convention of the Anti-Saloon League that "a defeatist movement" against Prohibition is under way, and Ernest H. Cherington, Secretary of the World League against Alcohol, and former Gov. Pat Neff of Texas assert in effect that the Prohibition law would be enforced if President Coolidge gave the word.

November 9.—Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania invites John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, and Maj. W. W. Inglis, chairman of the Anthracite Operators' Wage Committee, to meet with him and discuss the strike in the anthracite fields.

The House Ways and Means Committee tentatively agrees to a reduction of about $111,036,000 on various excise levies, including the automobile and tobacco taxes.

November 10.—The House Ways and Means Committee finishes work on tax-reduction and sets the final total of reduction at $308,366,709.



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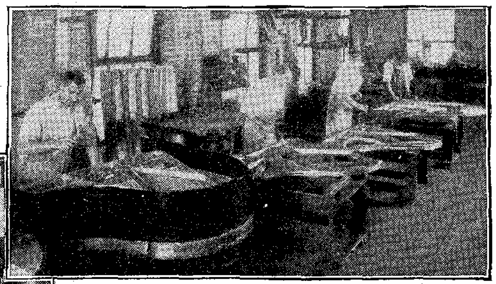

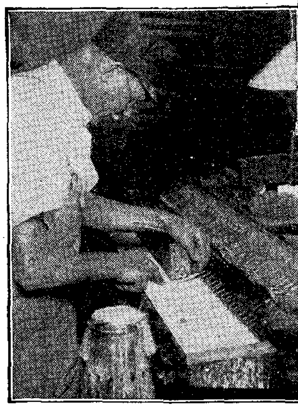

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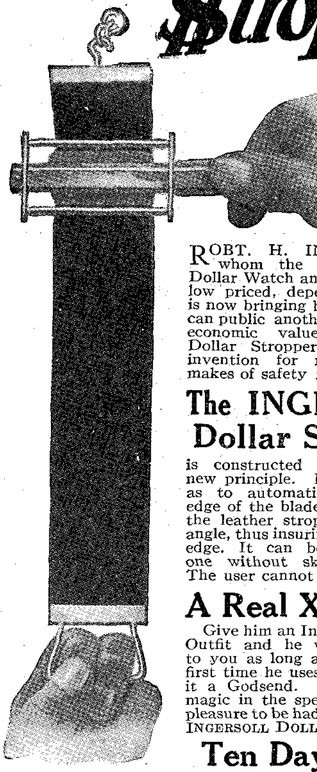

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is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop, at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any one without skill or practice. The user cannot fail.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

A Knight Errant.—Clarence Darrow believes in showing up when a felon needs a friend.—*Life.*

Harmonious Furniture.—Combined Chairs to Sing.—*Subhead in a religious item in the New York Herald Tribune.*

Sure Enough.—SHE—"What do you think of the new type of car that can be converted for sleeping?"

HE—"It's the bunk."—*Motor Age.*

Will It Bite?—LOST—A fur neck-piece on West Main name of Jeff, any information will be gratefully received at 602 Buttonwood St. Phone 3161—*Ad in a Pennsylvania Paper.*

It Might Have Been Worse.—BURLEY—Five had a narrow escape from death or more serious injury Friday afternoon when two machines collided on the highway west of Milner.—*Idaho Statesman.*

A Fatal Post-Mortem.—The cause of death was given as acute lepto-meningitis, or brain hemorrhage, following an autopsy by acting coroner, Herman G. Weiskotten, last night.—*From a news item in the Syracuse (N. Y.) Post-Standard.*

Scrambled Metaphors.—Politics is not dead—it is only sleeping. It stands adjourned. If Congress will tread softly and keep an even keel, the happy condition promises to be permanent.—*Editorial in the Dayton (O.) Journal.*

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Johnny's Diagnosis.—"Mother," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farmhouse they were visiting, "Johnny wants the listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks it's got halitosis."—*Union Pacific Magazine.*

Filial Loyalty.—FATHER—"So the teacher caught you using a bad word and punished you."

TOMMY—"Yes, and she asked me where I learned it."

FATHER—"What did you tell her?"

TOMMY—"I didn't want to give you away, pa, so I blamed it on the parrot."—*Boston Transcript.*

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He courted her at a fearful r8
And begged her soon to become his m8.
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